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A KNIGHT-ERRANT OF THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE

THOMAS DAVIDSON: WHO TRIED TO "BE ON EARTH WHAT GOOD PEOPLE HOPE TO BE IN HEAVEN"

BY

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ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

I WISH to pay my tribute to the memory of a Scottish-American friend of mine who died five years ago, a man of a character extraordinarily and intensely human, in spite of the fact that he was classed by obituary articles in England among the twelve most learned men of his time.

It would do no honor to Thomas Davidson's memory not to be frank about him. He handled people without gloves, himself, and one has no right to retouch his photograph until its features are softened into insipidity. He had defects and excesses which he wore upon his sleeve, so that everyone could see them. They made him many enemies, and if one liked quarreling he was an easy man to quarrel with. But his heart and mind held treasures of the rarest. He had a genius for friendship. Money, place, fashion, fame, and other vulgar idols of the tribe had no hold on his imagination. He led his own life absolutely, in whatever company he found himself, and the intense individualism which he taught by word and deed, is the lesson of which our generation is perhaps most in need.

All sorts of contrary adjectives come up as I think of him. To begin with, there was something physically rustic which suggested to the end his farm-boy origin. His voice was sweet and its Scottish cadences most musical, and the extraordinary sociability of his nature made friends for him as much among women as among men; he had, moreover, a sort of physical dignity; but neither in dress nor in manner did he ever grow quite "gentlemanly" or *Salonfähig* in the conventional and obliterated sense of the terms. He was too cordial and emphatic for that. His broad brow, his big chest, his bright blue eyes, his volubility in talk and laughter told a tale of vitality far beyond the common; but his fine and nervous hands, and the vivacity of all his reactions suggested a degree of sensibility that one rarely finds conjoined with so robustly animal a frame. The great peculiarity of Davidson did indeed consist in this combination of the acutest sensibilities with massive faculties of thought and action, a combination which, when the thought and

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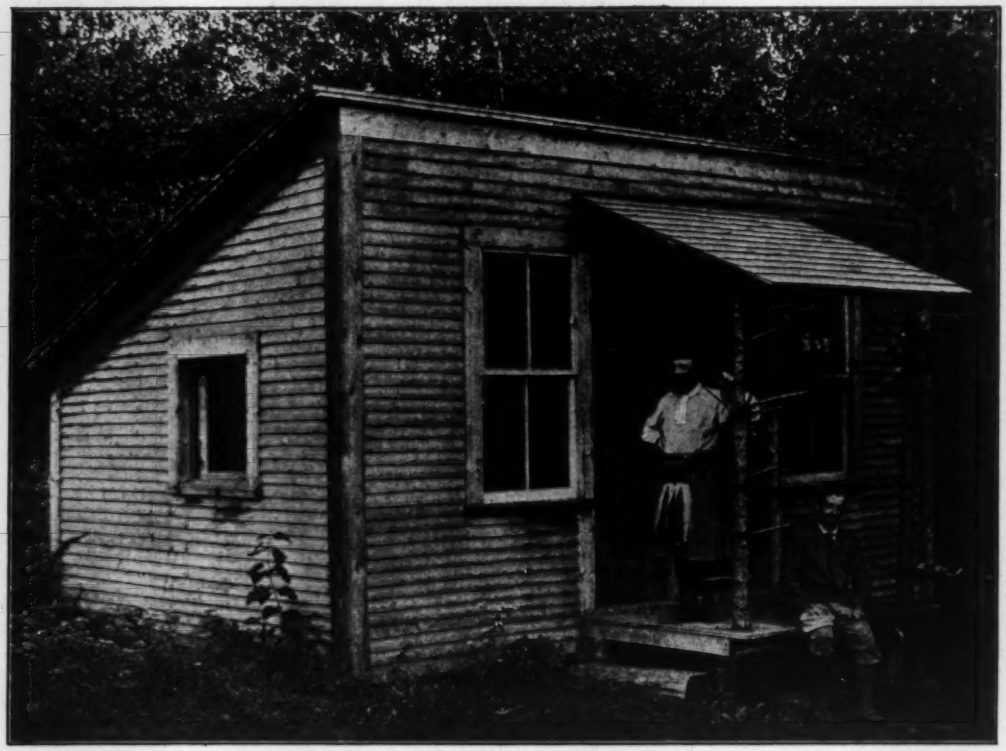


HIS FIRST COTTAGE IN THE ADIRONDACKS

Professor Davidson is in his Scottish kilts—with him is Percy Chubb, one of his first scholars

actions are important, gives to the world its greatest men

Davidson's native mood was happy. He took optimistic views of life and of his own share in it. A sort of permanent satisfaction radiated from his face; and this expression of inward glory (which in reality was to a large extent structural and not 'expressive' at all) was displeasing to many new acquaintances on whom it made an impression of too much conceit. The impression of conceit was not diminished in their eyes by the freedom with which Davidson contradicted, corrected, and reprehended other people. A longer acquaintance invariably diminished the impression. But it must be confessed that T. D. never was exactly humble-minded, and that the solidity of his self-consciousness withstood strains under which that of weaker men would have crumbled. The malady which finally killed him was one of the most exhausting to the nervous tone to which our flesh is subject, and it wore him out before it ended him. He told me of the paroxysms of motiveless nervous dread which used to beset him in the night-watches. Yet these never subdued his stalwartness, nor made him a 'sick-soul' in the theological sense of that appelation. "God is afraid of me," was the phrase by which he described his well-being to me one morning when his night had been a good one, and he was feeling so cannibalistic that he thought he might get well.

There are men whose attitude is always that of seeking for truth, and men who on the contrary always believe that they have the root of it already in them. Davidson was of the latter class. Like his countrymen, Carlyle and Ruskin, he felt himself to be in the possession of something, whether articulate or as yet inarticulated by himself, that authorized him (and authorized him with uncommon openness and frequency) to condemn the errors of others. I think that to the last he never fully extricated this philosophy. It was a tendency, a faith in a direction, which gave him an active persuasion that other directions were false, but of which the central insight never got fully formulated, but remained in a state which

Frederic Myers would have called subliminal. He varied to a certain extent his watchwords and his heroes. When I first knew him all was Aristotle. Later all was Rosmini. Later still Rosmini seemed forgotten. He knew so many writers that he grew fond of very various ones and had a strange tolerance for systematizers and dogmatizers whom, as the consistent individualist that he was, he should have disliked. Hegel, it is true, he detested; but he always spoke with reverence of Kant. Of Mill and Spencer he had a low opinion; and when I lent him Paulsen's Introduction to Philosophy (then just out), as an example of a kind of eclectic thought that seemed to be growing, and with which I largely sympathized, he returned it with richer expressions of disdain than often fell even from his lips: "It's the shabbiest, seediest pretense at a philosophy I ever dreamed of as possible. It's like a man dressed in a black coat so threadbare as to be all shiny. The most poverty-stricken, out-at-elbows thing I ever read. A perfect monument of seediness and shabbiness," etc.

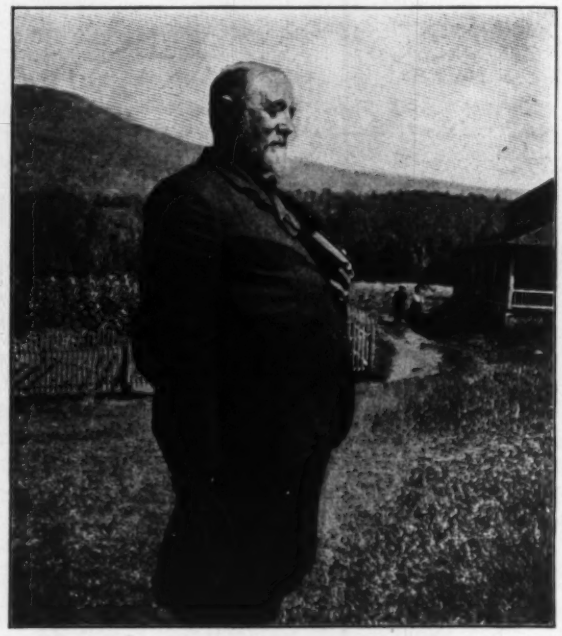
The truth is that Davidson, brought up on the older classical traditions, never outgrew those habits of judging the world by purely æsthetic criteria which men fed on the sciences of nature are so willing to abandon. Even if a philosophy were true, he could easily fail to relish it unless it showed a certain formal nobility and dogmatic pretension to finality. But I must not describe him so much from my own professional point of view — it is as a vessel of life at large that one ought to keep him in remembrance.

He came to Boston from St. Louis, where he had been teaching, about the year 1873. He was ruddy and radiant, and I soon saw much of him, though at first it was without the thoroughness of sympathy which we afterwards acquired and which made us overflow, on meeting after long absences, into such laughing greetings as: "Ha! you old thief! Ha! you old blackguard!"— pure 'contrast-effects' of affection and familiarity passing beyond their bounds. At that time I saw most of him at a little philosophical club which used to meet every fortnight at his rooms in Temple Street in Boston. Of the other members, J. Elliot Cabot and C. C. Everett, are now dead — I will not name the survivors. We never worked out harmonious conclusions. Davidson used to crack the whip of Aristotle over us; and I remember that, whatever topic was formally appointed for the day, we invariably wound up with a quarrel about Space and Space-perception. The Club had existed before Davidson's advent. The

PROFESSOR DAVIDSON IN ONE OF HIS FAVORITE HAUNTS

"Here in May and June he became almost one with the resurgent vegetation"

previous year we had gone over a good part of Hegel's larger Logic, under the self-constituted leadership of two young business men from Illinois, who had become enthusiastic Hegelians and, knowing almost no German, had actually possessed themselves of a manuscript translation of the entire three volumes of Logic, made by an extraordinary Pomeranian immigrant, named Brockmeyer. These disciples were leaving business for the law and studying at the Harvard law-school; but they saw the whole universe through Hegelian spectacles, and a more admirable *homo unius libri* than one of them, with his three big folios of Hegelian manuscript, I have never had the good fortune to know.



"A sort of permanent satisfaction radiated from his face"

I forget how Davidson was earning his subsistence at this time. He did some lecturing and private teaching, but I do not think they were great in amount. In the springs and summers he frequented the coast, and indulged in long swimming bouts and salt-water immersions, which seemed to agree with him greatly. His sociability was boundless, and his time seemed to belong to anyone who asked for it.

I soon conceived that such a man would be invaluable in Harvard University — a kind of Socrates, a devotee of truth and lover of youth, ready to sit up to any hour, and drink beer and talk with anyone, lavish of learning and counsel, a contagious example of how lightly and humanly a burden of erudition might be borne upon a pair of shoulders. In faculty-business he might not run well in harness, but as an inspiration and ferment of character, as an example of the ranges of combination of scholarship with manhood that are possible, his influence on the students would be priceless.

I do not know whether this scheme of mine could under any circumstances have been carried out. In point of fact it was nipped in the bud by T. D. himself. A natural chair for him would have been Greek philosophy. Unfortunately, just at the decisive hour, he offended our Greek department by a savage onslaught on its methods, which, without taking anyone's counsel, he sent to the *Atlantic Monthly* whose editor printed it. This, with his other unconventionalisms, made advocating his cause more difficult, and the university authorities never, I believe, seriously thought of an appointment for him.

I believe that in this case, as in one or two others like it, which I might mention, Harvard University lost a great opportunity. Organization and method mean much, but contagious human characters mean more in a university, where a few undisciplinables like T. D. may be infinitely more precious than a faculty-full of orderly routinists. As to what Davidson might have become under the conventionalizing influences of an official position, it would be idle to speculate.

As things fell out, he became more and more unconventional and even developed a sort of antipathy to all regular academic life. It subdued individuality, he thought, and made for Philistinism. He earnestly dissuaded his young friend Bakewell from accepting a professorship; and I well remember one dark night in the Adirondacks, after a good dinner at a neighbor's, the eloquence with which, as we trudged down-hill to his own quarters with a lantern, he denounced

me for the musty and mouldy and generally ignoble academicism of my character. Never before or since, I fancy, has the air of the Adirondack wilderness vibrated more repugnantly to a vocable than it did that night to the word 'academicism.'

Yet Davidson himself was always essentially a teacher. He must give forth, inspire, and have the young about him. After leaving Boston for Europe and Africa, founding the Fellowship of the New Life in London and New York (the present Fabian Society in England is its offshoot) he hit upon the plan which pleased him best of all when, in 1882 or thereabouts, he bought a couple of hundred acres on East Hill, which closes the beautiful Keene Valley in the Adirondacks, on the north, and founded there, at the foot of Hurricane Mountain, his place 'Glenmore' and its 'Summer School of the Culture Sciences.' Although the primeval forest has departed from its immediate vicinity, the region is still sylvan, the air is sweet and strong and almost alpine in quality, and the mountain panorama spread before one is superlative. Davidson showed a business faculty which I should hardly have expected from him, in organizing his settlement. He built a number of cottages, pretty in design and of the simplest construction, and disposed them well for effect. He turned a couple of farm buildings which were on the grounds into a lecturing place and a refectory; and there, arriving in early April and not leaving till late in November, he spent the happiest part of all his later years, surrounded during the summer months by colleagues, friends, and listeners to lectures, and in the spring and fall by a few independent women who were his faithful friends, and who had found East Hill a congenial residence.

Twice I went up with T. D. to open the place in April. I remember leaving his fireside one night with three ladies who were also early comers, and finding the thermometer at 8° Fahrenheit and a tremendous gale blowing the snow about us. Davidson loved these blustering vicissitudes of climate. In the early years the brook was never too cold for him to bathe in, and he spent days in rambling over the hills and up the glens and through the forest.

His own cottage was full of books whose use was free to all who visited the settlement. It stood high on a hill in a grove of silver-birches and looked upon the Western Mountains; and it always seemed to me an ideal dwelling for such a bachelor-scholar. Here in May and June he became almost one with the resurgent vegetation. Here, in October, he was a witness of the jewelled pageant of the dying foliage, and saw the hillsides reeking, as it were, and aflame with ruby and gold and emerald and topaz. One September day in 1900, at the 'Kurhaus' at Nauheim, I took up a copy of the Paris *New York Herald*, and read in capitals: "Death of Professor Thomas Davidson." I had well known how ill he was, yet such was his vitality that the shock was wholly unexpected. I did not realize till that moment how much that free companionship with him every spring and autumn, surrounded by that beautiful nature, had signified to me, or how big a piece would be subtracted from my life by its cessation.

Davidson's capacity for imparting information seemed endless. There were few subjects, especially 'humanistic' subjects, in which at sometime or other he had not taken an interest; and as everything that had ever touched him was instantaneously in reach of his omnipotent memory, he easily became a living dictionary of reference. As such all his friends were wont to use him. He was, for example, never at a loss to supply a quotation. He loved poetry passionately, and the sympathetic voice with which he would recall page after page of it — English, French, German, or Italian — is a thing always to be remembered. But notwithstanding the instructive part he played in every conceivable conversation, he was never prolix, and he never 'lectured.'

From Davidson I learned what immunities a perfect memory bestows upon one. I never could discover when he amassed his learning, for he never seemed 'occupied.' The secret of it was that any odd time would do, for he never had to acquire a thing twice over. He avoided stated hours of work on principle. Reprehending (mildly) a certain chapter of my own on 'Habit,' he said that it was a fixed rule with him to form no regular habits. When he found himself in danger of settling into even a good one, he made a point of interrupting it. Habits and methods make a prisoner of a man, destroy his readiness, keep him from answering the call of the fresh moment. Individualist *à outrance*, Davidson felt that every hour was an unique entity, to whose claims one should lie open. Thus he was never abstracted

PROFESSOR DAVIDSON IN HIS LIBRARY AT GLENMORE

"His own cottage was full of books whose use was free to all who visited the settlement"

or preoccupied, but always seemed, when with you, as if you were the one person whom it was then right to attend to.

It was this individualistic religion that made T. D., democrat as he nevertheless was, so hostile to all socialisms and administrative panaceas. Life must be flexible. You ask for a free man, and these utopias give you an 'interchangeable part,' with a fixed number, in a rule-bound organism. The real thing to aim at is liberation of the inner interests. Give a man possession of a *soul*, and he will work out his own happiness under any set of conditions. Accordingly, when, in the penultimate year of his life, he proposed his night-school to a meeting of young East Side working-men in New York, he told them that he had no sympathy whatever with the griefs of 'labor,' that outward circumstances meant nothing in his eyes, that through their individual wills and intellects they could share, just as they were, in the highest spiritual life of humanity, and that he was there to help them severally to that privilege.

The enthusiasm with which they responded speaks volumes, both for his genius as a teacher, and for the sanity of his position. A small posthumous book of articles by Davidson and of letters written from Glenmore to his class, just published, with an introduction by his disciple Professor Bakewell,* gives a full account of the experiment, and ought to stand as a model and inspirer to similar attempts the world over. Davidson's idea of the universe was that of a republic of immortal spirits, the chief business of whom in their several grades of existence, should be to know and love and help one another. "Creeds are nothing, life is everything. . . . You can do far more by presenting to the world the example of noble social relations than by enumerating any set of principles. Know all you can, love all you can, do all you can — that is the whole duty of man. . . . Be friends, in the truest sense, each to the other. There is nothing in all the world like friendship, when it is deep and real. . . . The divine . . . is a republic of self-existent spirits, each seeking the realization of its ideas through love, through intimacy with all the rest, and finding its heaven in such intimacy."

We all say and think that we believe this sort of thing; but Davidson believed it really and actively, and that made all the difference. When the young wage-earners whom he addressed found that here was a man of measureless learning ready to give his soul to them, as if he had nothing else to do with it, life's ideal possibilities widened to their view. When he was taken from them, they founded in New York the Thomas Davidson Society, for study and neighborhood work, which will probably become perpetual, and of which his epistles from Glenmore will be the rule, and keep the standards set by him from degenerating — unless, indeed, the Society should some day grow too rich, of which there is no danger at present, and from which may Heaven long preserve it. In one of his letters to the Class, Davidson sums up the results of his own experience of life in twenty maxims, as follows:

1. Rely upon your own energies, and do not wait for, or depend on other people.
2. Cling with all your might to your own highest ideals, and do not be led astray by such vulgar aims as wealth, position, popularity. Be yourself.
3. Your worth consists in what you are, and not in what you have. What you are will show in what you do.
4. Never fret, repine, or envy. Do not make yourself unhappy by comparing your circumstances with those of more fortunate people; but make the most of the opportunities you have. Employ profitably every moment.
5. Associate with the noblest people you can find; read the best books; live with the mighty. But learn to be happy alone.
6. Do not believe that all greatness and heroism are in the past. Learn to discover princes, prophets, heroes, and saints among the people about you. Be assured they are there.
7. Be on earth what good people hope to be in heaven.
8. Cultivate ideal friendships, and gather into an intimate circle all your acquaintances who are hungering for truth and right. Remember that heaven itself can be nothing but the intimacy of pure and noble souls.
9. Do not shrink from any useful or kindly act, however hard or repellent it may be. The worth of acts is measured by the spirit in which they are performed.
10. If the world despise you because you do not follow its ways, pay no heed to it. But be sure your way is right.
11. If a thousand plans fail, be not disheartened. As long as your purposes are right, *you* have not failed.
12. Examine yourself every night, and see whether you have progressed in knowledge, sympathy, and helpfulness during the day. Count every day a loss in which no progress has been made.
13. Seek enjoyment in energy, not in dalliance. Our worth is measured solely by what we do.

* "The Education of the Wage-Earners." Boston, Ginn & Company, 1904.

14. Let not your goodness be professional; let it be the simple, natural outcome of your character. Therefore cultivate character.

15. If you do wrong, say so, and make what atonement you can. That is true nobleness. Have no moral debts.

16. When in doubt how to act, ask yourself, What does nobility command? Be on good terms with yourself.

17. Look for no reward for goodness but goodness itself. Remember heaven and hell are utterly immoral institutions, if they are meant as reward and punishment.

18. Give whatever countenance and help you can to every movement and institution that is working for good. Be not sectarian.

19. Wear no placards, within or without. Be human fully.

20. Never be satisfied until you have understood the meaning of the world, and the purpose of our own life, and have reduced *your* world to a rational cosmos.

One of the 'placards' Davidson tried hardest to keep his Society from wearing was that of 'Socialism.' Yet no one felt more deeply than he the evils of rapacious individual competition. Spontaneously and flexibly organized social settlements or communities, with individual leaders as their centers, seem to have been his ideal, each with its own religious or ethical elements of discipline. The present isolation of the family is too inhuman. The ideal type of future life, he thought, will be something like the monastery, with the family instead of the individual, for its unit.

Leveler upwards of men as Davidson was, upon the intellectual and moral level, he seemed wholly without that sort of religion which makes so many of our contemporary anarchists think that they ought to dip, at least, into some manual occupation, in order to share the common burden of humanity. I never saw T. D. work with his hands in any way. He accepted material services of all kinds without apology, as if he were a patrician, evidently feeling that if he played his own more intellectual part rightly, society could make no further claim upon him.

This confidence that the life of the spirit is the absolutely highest, made Davidson serene about his outward fortunes. Pecuniary worry would not tally with his program. He had a very small provision against a rainy day, but he did little to increase it. He used to write as many articles and give as many 'lectures,' 'talks,' or 'readings' every winter as would suffice to pay the year's expenses, and thereafter he refused additional invitations, and repaired to Glenmore as early in the spring as possible. I could but admire the temper he showed when the principal building there was one night burned to ashes. There was no insurance on it, and it would cost a couple of thousand dollars to replace it. Excitable as Davidson was about small contrarieties, he watched this fire without a syllable of impatience. *Plaie d'argent n 'est pas mortelle*, he seemed to say, and if he felt sharp regrets, he disdained to express them.

No more did care about his literary reputation trouble him. In the ordinary greedy sense, he seemed quite free from ambition. During his last years he had prepared a large amount of material for that history of the interaction of Greek, Christian, Hebrew, and Arabic thought upon one another before the revival of learning, which was to be his *magnum opus*. It was a territory to which, in its totality, few living minds had access, and in which a certain proprietary feeling was natural. Knowing how short his life might be, I once asked him whether he felt no concern lest the work already done by him should be frustrate, from the lack of its necessary complement, in case he were suddenly cut off. His answer surprised me by its indifference. He would work as long as he lived, he said, but not allow himself to worry, and look serenely at whatever might be the outcome. This seemed to me uncommonly high-minded. I think that Davidson's conviction of immortality had much to do with such a superiority to accidents. On the surface, and towards small things, he was irritable enough, but the undertone of his character was remarkable for equanimity. He showed it in his final illness, of which the misery was really atrocious. There were no general complaints or lamentations about the personal situation or the arrest to his career. It was the human lot and he must even bear it; so he kept his mind upon objective matters.

But, as I said at the outset, the paramount thing in Davidson in my eyes was his capacity for friendship. His friends were innumerable — boys and girls and old boys and old girls, Papists and Protestants, Jews and Gentiles, married and single; and he cared deeply for each one of them, admiring them often too extravagantly. What term can name those recurrent waves of delighted laughter that expressed his greeting, beginning from the moment he saw you, and accompanying his words continuously, as if

his pleasure in you were interminable? His hand too, stretched out when yards away, so that a country neighbor said it reached farther than any hand he ever met with. The odd thing was that friendship in Davidson seemed so little to interfere with criticism. Persons with whom intercourse was one long contradiction on his part, and who appeared to annoy him to extermination, he none the less loved tenderly, and enjoyed living with them. "He's the most utterly selfish, illiberal and narrow-hearted human being I ever knew," I heard him once say of someone, "and yet he's the dearest, nicest fellow living." His enthusiastic belief in any young person who gave a promise of genius was touching. Naturally a man who is willing, as he was, to be a prophet, always finds some women who are willing to be disciples. I never heard of any sentimental weakness in Davidson in this relation, save possibly in one case. They warmed themselves at the fire of his soul, and he told them truths without accommodation. "You're farther off from God than any woman I ever heard of" "Nay, if you believe in a protective tariff, you're in hell already, though you may not know it." "You had a fine hysterical time last night, didn't you, when Miss B. was brought up from the ravine with her dislocated shoulder." To Miss B. he said: "I don't pity you. It served you right for being so ignorant as to go there at that hour." Seldom, strange to say, did the recipients of these deliverances seem to resent them.

What with Davidson's warmth of heart and sociability, I used to wonder at his never marrying. Two years before his death he told me the reason — an unhappy youthful love-affair in Scotland. Twice in later life, he said, temptation had come to him, and he had had to make his decision. When he had come to the point, he had felt each time that the tie with the dead girl was prohibitive. "When two persons have known each other as we did," he said, "neither can ever fully belong to a stranger. So it wouldn't do." "It wouldn't do, it wouldn't do!" he repeated, as we lay on the hillside, in a tone so musically tender that it chimes in my ear now as I write down his confession. It can surely be no breach of confidence to publish it — it is too creditable to the profundity of Davidson's affections. As I knew him, he was one of the purest of human beings.

If one asks, now, what the *value* of Thomas Davidson was, what was the general significance of his life, apart from his particular books and articles, I have to say that it lay in the example he set to us all of how, even in the midst of this intensely worldly social system of ours, in which each human interest is organized so collectively and so commercially, a single man may still be a knight-errant of the intellectual life, and preserve full freedom in the midst of sociability. Extreme as was his need of friends, and faithful as he was to them, he yet lived mainly in reliance on his private inspiration. Asking no man's permission, bowing the knee to no tribal idol, renouncing the conventional channels of recognition, he showed us how a life devoted to purely intellectual ends could be beautifully wholesome outwardly, and overflow with inner contentment. Fortunately this type of man is recurrent, and from generation to generation, literary history preserves examples. But it is infrequent enough for few of us to have known more than one example — I count myself happy in knowing two and a half! The memory of Davidson will always strengthen my faith in personal freedom and its spontaneities, and make me less unqualifiedly respectful than ever of 'Civilization', with its herding and branding, licensing and degree-giving, authorizing and appointing, and in general regulating and administering by system the lives of human beings. Surely the individual, the person in the singular number, is the more fundamental phenomenon, and the social institution, of whatever grade, is but secondary and ministerial. Many as are the interests which social systems satisfy, always unsatisfied interests remain over, and among them are interests to which system, as such, does violence whenever it lays its hand upon us. The best Commonwealth will always be the one that most cherishes the men who represent the residual interests, the one that leaves the largest scope to their peculiarities.

WE'RE ALL SO MUCH ALIKE

BY

WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK CRAIG

LAWRENCE gave his testimony and stepped down from the stand without looking over to the left where Professor Barnard, his wife and daughter sat together.

"Call Louise Barnard," said the lawyer for the defense.

The young woman arose and came forward. In passing, a glance brushed Lawrence's shoulders; but when she stood up to be sworn and afterwards, she looked steadily ahead. She gave her age as twenty-six, her residence in Hyde Park, Chicago, and answered "Yes" to the question whether she saw the assault upon Policeman Donahue. The woman reporter was busy with her hat and gown. The man could get nothing better than "striking blonde" for his introductory line. Asked to tell in her own way what she saw, the witness replied in clear, firm tones that were easily heard over the court room.

"About eight o'clock in the evening of July 26, I was in the back room of a saloon on Halsted Street opposite the Stock-Yards. With me were Robert Lawrence, three young women whom I knew only by their first names and this defendant, Jan."

Looking at the big defendant for purposes of identification her eye met Lawrence's, and both quickly looked away.

"We were sitting at a table drinking beer," she continued calmly, "when a quarrel arose in the front room of the saloon, where the bar is. It was the first day of the strike and every one was anxious there should be no disorder. Jan and Mr. Lawrence got up and walked to the swinging screen between the back room and the front room. They were tall enough to look over the screen, and they stood there a moment while the sounds of the quarrel grew more violent. The three young women ran out and I went up to the screen and asked what the matter was. Jan went into the front room and Mr. Lawrence suggested that I retire, which I did not wish to do. So we stood together at the screen, holding it open and looking in as Jan walked forward. Ten or a dozen men stood together at the front of the bar, all talking excitedly at once. I saw this officer, Policeman Donahue, in the center. He had caught one of the men by the collar. Another man struck him in the face with his fist, staggering him a little. Then I distinctly saw a small, swarthy man spring forward and strike him — this officer — in the breast with a knife. Jan caught at the man with the knife and the man struck at him, cutting

his hand, then dropped the knife to the floor and dodged by and ran out of the front door. The other men, excepting Jan, ran out, too."

"What happened next?"

"I went away — out of the side door, as I had come in."

"And Mr. Lawrence?"

There was a certain coldness in her voice as she replied, "He left at the same time I did."

She looked down at the figure of the preceding witness, and her face and eyes flamed. Lawrence was sitting perfectly still, looking studiously at the floor; but he held his hand over his mouth.

"The policeman was bloody. I was frightened. I asked Mr. Lawrence to take me away," said the witness resolutely, with hot cheeks.

The cross-examination was brief.

"You speak of this defendant as 'Jan'?" said the assistant state's attorney. "That is his first name."

"It was the name I knew him by."

"You knew him, then, before this evening of July 26th?"

"Oh, yes. He boarded in the same house on Forty-third Street with Mr. Lawrence and other workmen at the Stock-Yards. I staid several times at a house next door, and often talked with Jan."

"Felt a friendly interest in him?"

"We were friends."

"Yet I believe you did not testify in his behalf at the preliminary examination when he was held to the grand jury on the charge of assaulting the policeman with a deadly weapon."

"I was persuaded not to."

"Who persuaded you?"

She struggled over that a moment; and answered, "Several persons. It was represented that Mr. Lawrence's testimony and that of the bartender would surely be sufficient to clear Jan. The circumstances of my connection with the case would be repugnant — and painful to such of my friends as saw only the superficial things and did not sympathize with my interest in the lives of those people. I was somewhat shaken myself by this assault — and returned home."

"You live in Hyde Park, I believe," the assistant state's attorney commented drily, which received no other response than a disdainful look. Miss Barnard's temper had been much injured by people's insisting that living in Hyde Park made a difference.

"This defendant and Mr. Lawrence were fellow-unionists, fellow-workmen, fellow-strikers, were they not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Mr. Lawrence was, soon afterwards, sent to jail for violating an injunction issued in connection with the strike?"

The defense objected.

When Miss Barnard left the witness-stand her mother arose, the professor a little in her wake.

"Are you free to go now?" Mrs. Barnard asked as the daughter came over to her. She had the air of handling the whole affair with tongs, at arms length.

"I'll see," Louise replied quite humbly. She stepped over and spoke to the lawyer for the defense, and nodded affirmatively to her mother. Father, mother, and daughter walked out, Mrs. Barnard looking neither to right nor left, her erect head making an impertinence of the court itself. Professor Barnard followed the two women, plucking gently at his neatly trimmed iron-gray beard and looking into his hat.

"Do you think the cause of the common people would have been lost if you had been less scrupulous about explaining that you were drinking beer with tramps?" Mrs. Barnard asked, as the carriage started. She was still handling the affair with tongs.

"It was the truth, mother," Louise answered with pride. She hesitated a moment. "And you saw how he glossed it over in his testimony," she added, indignantly.

"I wonder how he came by that touch of decency," the mother observed.

"He always had it. That's why I couldn't stand him," the daughter replied. It was one of the speeches which made Mrs. Barnard feel how futile, after all, were her tongs.

"I mean that degrading attitude toward women," Louise pursued, "as though the poor creatures couldn't get on at all unless some man were always throwing his coat in the mud for them to step on. He knows it was perfectly simple and natural for those foreign born working-women to go into the back room of a saloon. But he can't get over the silly prejudice that there must be some explanation, some apology for my going with them, as though I was different."

"If you are different, no one would say it was your fault."

"But I'm not. We're all about alike.

The professor cut in defiantly. "Thank goodness, I can see a difference between the

men I know and the fellow who took you into a cheap saloon!"

"I know, father," Miss Barnard answered mildly. "The men you know wouldn't take respectable women of their acquaintance into a cheap saloon — only into a very expensive one that called itself by some other name. So far as going into that saloon is concerned, it was very pretty — really, very pretty."

"I believe there's one a few blocks north of us — so you needn't go to the Stock-Yards," said Mrs. Barnard, with the patience of despair.

"Really very pretty," Louise repeated — not combatively, but thoughtfully. "You see Jan was courting one of the girls; but he wouldn't join the union — didn't like the management; thought there was too much graft and all that. So she gave him the cold shoulder. But when it came to the strike he did join the union and go out with the men, although he had a superior place. Then the girl made up with him. The other girls caught him kissing her in the hall. They demanded that he treat them — to celebrate his good fortune, you know. As — Mr. Lawrence and I were there, we were taken along. It was a kind of betrothal you know — of a piece with the lives of those people. Yes, it was really very pretty."

"Charming, I'm sure," said Mrs. Barnard. "I wonder that you didn't invite them over — to sit on the front steps with us in their shirt-sleeves and stockings. I'd have had your father — 'rush the can,' I believe they call it. I notice you are careful to exclude your parents and reputable friends from the joys of knowing these good people."

"You and father are prejudiced; you wouldn't understand it," the daughter replied calmly, evidently willing to drop the subject with that.

At dinner, however, the family being alone, Mrs. Barnard returned to it, with a full heart.

"You don't know how glad I am, Louise, that at any rate, you've dropped all that — the settlement business, and the lives of the common people — and that man Lawrence."

"I haven't been over to the settlement in six weeks," Louise replied.

"You're so headstrong, my daughter, and go at so tremendous a pace when you get started. And — Lawrence did seem serious. There was a time I lay awake nights expecting to hear — that you'd become engaged — in a pail of beer over on the railroad tracks somewhere.

"You needn't fear that," the daughter replied with a touch of scorn. "He couldn't do it."

Mrs. Barnard took the blow with a patient hopelessness.

"He isn't genuine at all," Louise added.

"I admit that he has some ability," the mother observed, mollifyingly.

"Yes. He's able — but unprincipled."

The professor stared and his wife exclaimed:

"I mean he isn't sincere," Louise continued. "His interest is scientific, finally. He wishes to know, to find out how those people live and what they think, for information, you know — not just to plunge in and be one of them body and soul. In fact he's writing a book."

Professor Barnard stroked his beard, a little complacently, and Mrs. Barnard cried, "Oh!" in an indefinitely gratified manner.

"And he has the old vulgar, immoral attitude toward women — that they're not human beings, but just women; creatures to be favored and protected and lied to and all that. He wheedled me into staying away from that preliminary examination by saying my testimony wasn't wanted, when in fact it was only because he thought it would be disagreeable to me. And at other times he betrayed my confidence in him in the most contemptible way."

"As when he got you out of that saloon, I suppose," Mrs. Barnard suggested.

"Yes. It made me faint for a moment to see the policeman bloody. He took advantage of my weakness of the moment — as unprincipled men always will — and carried me away"

"I don't know," the professor ventured, "but I could stand his lack of principle, if that was all there was against him."

"It doesn't matter now, father; we've broken off."

"Our friendship, I mean," she added, as her parents looked alarmed. "I was much interested in him, much attracted, before I fully found him out. I met him over there at the settlement, you know, and I saw at once that he was not a gentleman. I think that was what misled me into liking him. For really you can't always tell. One may not be a gentleman and still not be genuine. I saw a good deal of him. Then, he was put in jail for speaking to non-union

men, which was said to be a violation of the injunction. I went to see him a good many times that month. And — yes, I was very fond of him when he was in jail. I couldn't really see him, you know — just peer at him through the big double screens of heavy wire, with other prisoners on his side and with other women on my side — sweethearts, sisters, wives with babies in their arms, talking through to their men-folk who were also in jail. The conversations were often about money, the bit of rent that was past due, and when the men would get out and all that. And Robert did things for those men. Perhaps — well, something might have happened then."

"I suppose you could find some one else up there," said Mrs. Barnard. "There are always plenty of men in jail, fortunately."

Louise ignored this. "And then his mother and father came in."

"Oh, he has — people?"

"He has a mother and father, although the father doesn't count when the mother is around. They live in a little village in central Illinois where Robert was born and grew up. It seems the father ran a general store in the village, until he sold out and bought a bit of land and retired on six or seven hundred a year."

"Quite a capitalist," said the professor.

"It's only a cipher, you know, father, to our six or seven thousand. They're quite 'prominent citizens' in their village, and very proud of it. The mother is what is called a woman of strong character. It goes mostly into her religion. She has the sort that you seem to find only in the country. I suppose living in a city and seeing so very many people every day makes you hesitate about consigning ninety-nine per cent of them to perdition. She had made up her mind that her son was to be a minister; and when he got of an age to know that his interest lay in other things, there was a hard siege — until he ended it by going away from home as a man-child can. He went to another town and worked in a printing office; then came to Chicago and got a place on a newspaper. His parents gave him up — in grief and despair, as parents usually do when a child is unable to go the way they select."

The professor and his wife looked at their plates. "A newspaper is not what I should choose," said the wife, standing to her guns; "but at least it is not disreputable."

"It was to Mrs. Lawrence, mother. To her a newspaper reporter is a mere brand in the burning."

"She is narrow-minded."

"I suppose," said Louise, casually, "that we all get narrow-minded when we insist that one particular mode of living is the only possible one. When they learned that — Mr. Lawrence was in jail, they came up to the city — a reversal of the prodigal son, you know, they going to him amid his husks and swine. He asked me to meet them, as they didn't know their way about."

"You must have found them pleasant."

"I was much interested in them from the beginning — for I was interested in him and I fancied they helped me to understand him. I picked out a nice boarding-house for them on Dearborn Avenue — where Jessie Foreman and her husband were, you know — and went to the train to meet them. I identified them easily enough — a large, determined-looking woman in a black bombazine dress and little black bonnet, carrying a blackcloth bag; and a rather small, meek-looking man in a clerical coat and white tie, with a large, shiny, black valise. This was near enough his description; then I knew they were strange to the city from the way they halted on the platform and looked helplessly about. So I sailed right up with my best smile, called their names and introduced myself and said Mr. Lawrence had sent me, and was going to carry them off. But what do you think they did? Mrs. Lawrence clutched her black bag tighter and held it behind her back, and Mr. Lawrence put his foot on the shiny valise, and neither said a word."

"The idea!" exclaimed the mother.

"Well — do you know, it interested me at once, for you remember when Robert — Mr. Lawrence came down here to dinner that first time in a sack coat, how you held your bag behind your back and father put his foot on the valise."

"I'm not required to have men to dinner in sack coats," said Mrs. Barnard, with asperity.

"No; but we're so much alike!" Louise declared, genially. "I kept right on talking to them, with my best and largest smile, trying to win their confidence. It was rather difficult, for they didn't say a word — simply looked at me, like two wooden Indians except for the candid doubt. I couldn't see but I should be there talking to them at the end of the month, so I signaled a porter, who trotted up and made a dive at the

black valise. Mr. Lawrence grabbed it with both hands and hung on for dear life. I tried to explain that the porter's intentions were honorable; but finally I had to give him a dime and send him away. I brought out the Dearborn Avenue place that I had engaged, and Mrs. Lawrence said — it was about the first thing she did say —' We will go to the Sherman House.' Somebody in their town had recommended it. I tried to win them by falling in line and declaring that the Sherman House was an admirable place. They rejected my suggestion of a cab and of an omnibus. The neighbor had said they could go on the street-cars. Mr. Lawrence carried the huge valise over to the street-cars all alone, and sat with it between his feet so that everybody that came in or went out could fall over it. Also he carried it from the street-car, and I went two blocks out of the way and had to ask a policeman where the Sherman House was. I think that set me back all I had gained on the way uptown. I tried with all my might to interest Mrs. Lawrence in things as we walked across town. But it wasn't a success. I thought a show of dresses on some lay-figures in a window would catch her. Unfortunately they were evening gowns, and she actually blushed with shame and indignation at the wax arms and bosoms. She seemed unable to see anything but saloons. I attempted to lay the blame on out-of-town people — so many transients whose alcoholic vices the hotels were forced to pander to. That brought on another crisis, for she stopped short on the corner and exclaimed, 'You don't mean to say they sell liquor in the Sherman House?' She really looked frightened. I had to confess I was afraid they did. She wouldn't budge. We stood on the corner fifteen minutes and I never felt so disgraced in my life as when I had to acknowledge that I didn't know for sure of any hotel where they didn't sell liquor — in fact, that the only two I personally knew anything about surely did. You can imagine how I stood with her then; and I was in a cold perspiration lest she remember the Dearborn Avenue place I had urged upon her — where they had California claret at dinner and called it Chianti. By and by, I sort of got side-blinds on her so she wouldn't notice the bar-room and coaxed her into the Sherman House. When they thought I had gone, I overheard her say, very despairingly, 'I'm not surprised. I suppose our son, with all the rest, would end by getting mixed up with a woman!' You see, to them, I was more or less the husks and swine."

"I can believe your statement that the son of such parents is not a gentleman," Mrs. Barnard observed.

"Well, you see, mother, if — that is, if anything had happened they would have been just as little willing to receive me as you would have been to receive him."

"A complimentary parallel!"

"They had made up their minds that their son was everlastingly disgracing himself, and they met me with their prejudices all ruffled up — partly on that account and partly because I wasn't of the tiny world which they thought was the only one. I came in a sack coat. And then, when they tried me on the fundamental liquor question and I turned out so shaky — why, it was as bad as when poor Bob — I mean Mr. Lawrence was at the dinner and father got him to talking politics and it came out that he was miserably tolerant of socialism."

"We wish to keep you in that order of society which gives you the best of life," said the professor, again defensively.

"Their purpose was even larger, father. It was their son's salvation as they understood it. When you get a crust of prejudice formed that way it's awfully hard to crack it. But — really — I cracked theirs."

"Oh! You kept on with them?"

"Surely. I could understand how good and plenty their son had had it rubbed into him, and why he was so chock full of rebellion against some things — which, after all, is only another form of narrow-mindedness. I kept on with them and I found, at once, that they had mortgaged the land, turned their possessions into money, and were prepared to sacrifice everything to rescue Robert. I suppose that disarmed my prejudice against them. And then there was the work of keeping them from doing it — as he was in jail and wild over the idea. So I laid myself out. Mr. Lawrence was easiest. He had been to Chicago only once since the war — at the World's Fair. His wife wouldn't come because the fair was open on the Sabbath, and I suppose there was something of a revolt. Anyway he came, with two recklessly liberal-minded elders, and they staid two days and saw the agricultural exhibit. I took him to the library and the Field Museum and the parks. He told

"'They rejected my suggestion of a cab and of an omnibus

"'You don't mean to say they sell liquor in the Sherman House?' She really looked frightened"

me one day that he was afraid they had been pretty hard on Robert.

"When Robert got out — well, he went to church with them, and took them around and was very gentle and attentive. He explained to them all about the work-people over there at the yards — their needs and what he would like to do and so on. It was really a sort of family reunion. I suppose Mrs. Lawrence fancied I'd had my finger in the pie, for she mellowed up to me very decidedly. Of course, my feelings toward him changed when his immoral side came out; but I said nothing to her about it. I didn't wish to wound the poor soul, and I used to go to see her when he wasn't in. She asked me what the trouble was and I said it was temperamental, which is always a safe thing to say. When she left for home she held my hands and talked to me very kindly."

"What did she say?" asked Mrs. Lawrence.

"I've forgotten," replied Louise and blushed — probably over her poor memory.

"What was the trouble, Louise — with the young man?" the professor inquired mildly.

"A lack of moral and intellectual stamina," the daughter replied. "He has no principles worth mentioning. I've told you that his interest among those people over there was largely for information. He wished to find out. I can't endure that timid shop-keeping attitude of waiting to find out all about it. One should have convictions and wade right in, and let the information come along afterwards. It's the same way about socialism. He has reservations and doubts. He's unable to make up his poor mind without inquiring all around a subject. I suppose it isn't fair to blame him for his mental limitations; but you can understand how annoying that is. He is also a liar. Really! He lied to me a number of times, merely to keep me out of things that he thought would be unpleasant. Then he had the meanness to twit me with getting him to go to church, when he didn't believe in it, to please his mother."

The professor looked over at his wife with a whimsical sympathy. "I can imagine the young man's case," he said, with the freemasonry of a common affliction.

Louise threw up her chin. "I don't think, father, that I'm ungenerous!" she cried in a voice as though another shaft might bring tears.

"Oh, no, my dear!" the professor exclaimed quickly. "In fact, you're so generous that — well, sometimes it's difficult living with you."

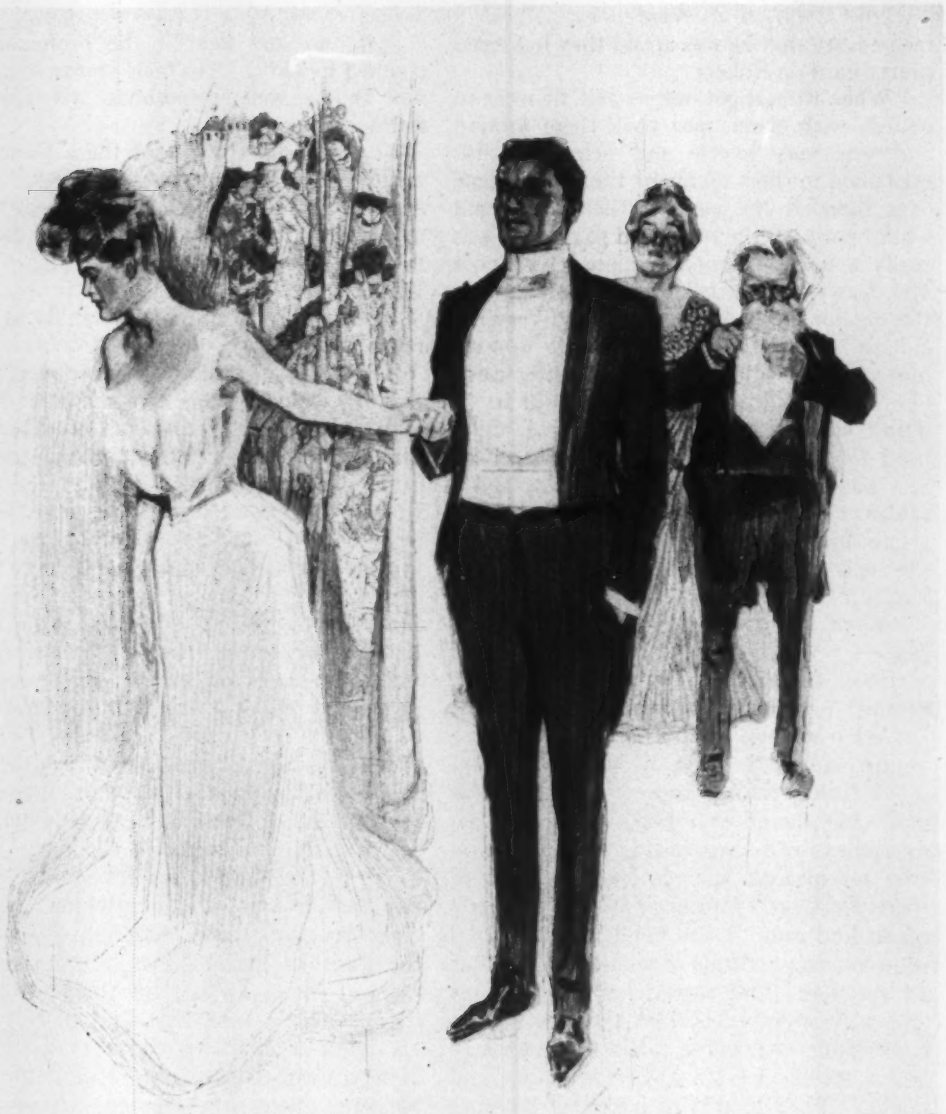
"I would not have laid these things up against him, father," she protested; "for I did like him — and you don't expect much of a man. But, truly, he wasn't at all nice to me — over a matter of some money that I gave him."

Mother and father looked blankly at each other.

"Poor Bob — I mean Mr. Lawrence, never had any money of his own to speak of, for more than two days at a time. I will say for him that he was perfectly genuine and sincere about being broke most of the time. I had a little money that I had saved, and if he had been frankly and honorably my friend as he pretended, he would simply have taken it when I offered it; but he couldn't get over that degrading conception of me as a woman. You see, toward the last of the strike they were very hard on the strikers, arresting them and fining them right and left, although the men very often had to protect themselves against the hired thugs that the employers had put in there to intimidate their pickets. The union was in a bad way and couldn't do much for the men. Robert paid some fines while his money lasted, and yet he was always pitching into the men because there were disorders — as though they didn't have troubles enough without being bullied by their pretended friends. So I took him $150 that I had. He made a difficulty about taking it — I being a woman. So I said I wouldn't trouble him about it — meaning that I'd go myself as I should have done in the first place. You see, he had begged me to keep out of the strike district, but when I tried to please him by letting him do my errand for me, he wasn't going to. It would be amusing, if it were not so annoying, the way men call women creatures of impulses and contradictions. Well, he took the money. We hadn't been agreeing very well as the weak side of his character had been disclosing itself; and this matter of taking the money was, I suppose, something of a strain all around."

"So you dropped him," Mrs. Barnard prompted as the young woman was silent.

"I did go over to the settlement one day," Louise continued, "and a most revolting thing happened. Mr. Lawrence never did



"The discovered criminals stood before them"

like Mr. Thompkins of the settlement, and showed his dislike plainly enough — although Mr. Thompkins and I were very good friends," she added innocently. "Well there is a man named McMurtry, a man of the lowest character and reputation. He was discharged from the police force for assaulting a citizen while intoxicated, and has been under arrest and all that — in short, exactly the type of low-browed ruffian and professional thug that they were hiring over there, under the name of watchmen, to beat and intimidate the union pickets. Mr. Thompkins saw this thug abuse a young woman — a reporter for the *Evening Furor*, who had been writing up the strike most sympathetically. The young woman was walking along the street when McMurtry stepped around the corner and confronted her. She was very much frightened and started to run. The man caught her roughly by the arm and spoke to her — something very insulting evidently, for she wrung her hands and cried out pitifully, 'I have to make my living!' Then she ran away, quite white and shaking. Mr. Thompkins saw it all from

across the street, with the greatest indignation. He waited a moment until he saw a couple of policemen coming up the street; then he crossed over and told McMurtry warmly that he ought to be ashamed of himself and only a coward would attack a woman. The thug said, 'Well, you ain't of the gentle sex,' and committed a ruffianly assault upon him — that is, he turned him around and kicked him."

"The idea!" murmured Mrs. Barnard.

"Mr. Thompkins limped when he came back to the settlement after swearing out the warrant. I wished Mr. Lawrence to take it up, because it was right that it should be taken up and an extreme example made of the thug and — because he did not like Mr. Thompkins and it would be an opportunity to show that he could rise above his personal prejudices. I was going to see him about it. But the next day I got a note from him saying that he had used my money to pay Mr. McMurtry's fine, and when could he see me? — all in the coolest way in the world."

"Of course that settled it," said the professor, with an incipient grin, promptly suppressed.

"No doubt it seems laughable to you, father — turning the whole thing into utter ridicule that way," Louise replied. "But when one's faith has been flouted — I wrote back that he was welcome to the money, although he could hardly expect me to sympathise with the purpose for which he had used it. He replied that he would take his own money for McMurtry's fine; and he said three union men had been fined for taking a keg of beer off a wagon, and should he use my money for that — as though I would stoop to bandy insults with him. Of course, I did not reply."

"Still, Louise — twitting him about the use of the money after you had pressed it upon him," Mrs. Barnard suggested, inconclusively.

"You needn't worry, mother. He is well enough satisfied with the situation. He has done nothing whatever to change it — except to ask twice if he could call — and, because I didn't reply — send me back my money. If he had any defense, if he cared to make any defense, he would have taken the opportunity before this."

"I don't see how he could," said the professor doubtfully, "if you refused to see him — unless, of course, he was prepared to break in with a jimmy."

"I shouldn't see him if he did," Louise replied, "unless he apologized first. I'm indifferent to him."

Nevertheless when the maid announced him an hour later she turned red. "Well —" she assented dubiously, and added peremptorily, "but you are to stay."

Her eye fell coldly on the young man's evening dress, and the cordiality with which her father and mother received him sensibly lowered the temperature of her own greeting. She let them do the talking.

"You have been all through this strike, living among the working-people — even in jail in their cause. It must be very interesting," Mrs. Barnard was saying presently; and the daughter's soul blushed for the incurable hypocrisy of women. She remembered that her mother had found it anything but interesting when she insisted upon going over there.

"It seems to me a great mistake to think of them as being essentially different from other people," said Lawrence. "One of their children would step in over here, and they're doing it every now and then. Or a child from over here would step in there. I suppose we're all much alike."

"Yes. Louise is fond of saying that," Mrs. Barnard observed.

Miss Barnard reddened again and held up her chin. "I'm not so thorough-going as Mr. Lawrence," she replied. "I do make a distinction between honest workmen and a murderous thug."

The visitor laughed, shamelessly. "I suspect that's because you are personally acquainted with workmen and are not personally acquainted with the thug. I have the advantage of you in that."

"Oh. He's a friend of yours," she retorted wickedly.

"Yes, a friend of mine. You see, I knew him when he was a patrolman at the Harrison Street station and I was night police reporter on the *Index*. He did go on a spree occasionally, and that was always bad for him. He was ready enough to fight when he was sober. I was on an owl-car one night when members of the Colored Stevedores Union had been celebrating the victory of one of them over the Pittsburg Bantum under Marquis of Queensbury rules. A lot of them got on the car, where the only other passengers were myself and a white girl. I stood up, as I preferred to avoid trouble. After all the seats were taken, with a great

deal of noise and bad talk, one fat member, rather drunker and uglier than the rest, sat in the white girl's lap. I spoke to him and he spoke back. Then I struck him. I could make up my mind faster then than I can now. Of course, it was a mistake. The member drew a razor, and I tried to get out of the front door; but other members held it, wishing to witness the finale. I felt bad while the two members held me and the third came down the aisle, leisurely and grinning, with his razor. The white girl was screaming, but nobody paid any attention to that — except McMurtry, out on the street corner. He flipped aboard, throwing off a couple of colored brethern who disput the front platform with him, and pushed into the car. He was not in uniform, but he had a revolver, so he announced that all colored passengers would leave the car at that point. They left."

"And the white girl?" said Louise, with unregenerate quest for romance.

Lawrence hesitated. "Well — as to the white girl, I suppose the less said about her the better."

"Oh! Then it was all the finer!" she exclaimed. "However — I don't see that it excuses an assault upon another woman."

"There wasn't any assault, Louise," Lawrence replied with a seriousness in which he forgot himself. "You misunderstood it. McMurtry got into a good deal of trouble one way and another. Part of it on account of the sprees; part of it because he always waded into any trouble he saw. The unions were down on him and he was down on the unions. He's been in a good many scrimmages with them. They got him removed from the police force. It was hard for him to get employment. Times were pretty bad at his house. You may not believe it, but he's really fond of his wife and children, and of his mother who lives with them. He got this work at the yards, and needed it. The young woman reporter took him up in her 'Side Lights on the Strike' column — which is mostly about the women and children, as seen around the corner of the next block but one. So she went to McMurtry's home. McMurtry's wife knew trouble when she saw it coming. She met it plenty of times. So she did what she could to propitiate this representative of Nemesis; talked to her and showed her the children, you know, and asked her to stay to dinner."

"I didn't know about that," Louise murmured.

"Yes. And the reporter made something very amusing and sarcastic about it — the brogue of the two women, the funny wax flowers under a glass case — which happened to mean a funeral — the way they brought in the pie and sat it on the floor until there was room for it on the table — all very humorous. Especially the pride of the household, the snub-nosed, freckled youngest boy — of six, with only three teeth, who was made to show off for the lady and who jumped for her in the back yard and lit on a nail. If you turn to the files of the paper you will see how the howls of the young one mingled with the brogue of the excited grandmother, and how the daughter snatched one of the two red napkins from the table and ran to bind up the hurt toe."

"I — I don't blame him for shaking her!" cried Miss Barnard.

"McMurtry didn't shake her. He looked at her and when she started to run he simply stopped her. All he said to her was, 'The nail was rusty; the boy is dead.'"

After a moment's silence, winking the tears out of her eyes, Miss Barnard said, accusingly, "I think you might have told me."

"I meant to," he replied, "as soon as I got a chance."

"After all — a good deal alike," mused the professor. "And the woman reporter was stricken with remorse, too. She 'had to make her living' . . . I suppose, now, when your friend what's-his-name came over and upbraided him it was a real relief to the man."

"McMurtry isn't apt at expressing his feelings in words," said Lawrence. "I got them to let him keep his job after the fine was paid."

Miss Barnard looked at him in an odd way and the call soon came to an end.

The young man seemed to have been gone some time. The professor and his wife, after their time-honored custom, were looking to the down-stairs doors and windows. They walked thoughtfully into the hall and stopped aghast.

The discovered criminals stood before them overcome with confusion, the young man vainly endeavoring to stammer something. It was Louise who spoke first — blushing, her eyes modestly downcast.

"I think," she said demurely, "the beer's on Bob."

THE SECOND MATE

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "NICHOLAS THE LAST," "THE GRAND DUKE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. AYLWARD (FRONTISPIECE)

AS Lurgan entered, bull-headed, contemptuous, with the smartness of a prize-fighter, and something in the thick crouch of the shoulders and thwartship swing of the hands that bore out the simile, the eight smokeless, drinkless seamen who morosed their days away on his premises looked up almost with eagerness. Lurgan seldom visited his "boarders" in their own quarters save when men were wanted to "ship," and even a ship was better than the naked idleness of a penniless seaman in San Francisco. Their eyes all flew to his hard face, and they gazed at him — these men whose trade was a trespass on death — with something of that deference blended with hostility which marks a schoolboy's attitude towards his masters.

Lurgan paused as he entered, and looked down their sorrowful ranks.

"Well, boys?" he drawled, and they all hastened to answer, "Good-morning, Mr. Lurgan."

"All happy an' bright, eh?" continued the boarding-master. "Nothin' like a spell of eatin' and sleepin' after a voyage, is there?"

They all recognized the malice of the words, and yet, poor devils, they sniggered ingratiatingly.

"But I didn't come to pass the time of day, glad as I am to see yer," went on Lurgan, with an exaggerated curl of the lip. "Is there any broken skippers among yer?"

Nothing is commoner before the mast than old seamen who hold a master's qualification, tragic and prosy old wrecks of a dead efficiency; but there was none among the men to whom Lurgan spoke. One and all, they shook their heads, and the oldest of them all — spry enough aloft at sixty years — leaned forward and spat.

"Come," said Lurgan, "a mate'll do. Ain't anybody got a ticket of no kind?"

One man shuffled his feet, and cleared his throat nervously. Lurgan turned to him.

"Mate?" he demanded briefly.

"Second mate," answered the sailor, as though confessing a misdeed. The others, late of the same crew, stared at him.

"He kep' it pretty quiet," remarked the old man. "That's the first I've 'eard of it."

Lurgan nodded to the sailor and asked his name.

"Doyle," said the other. There was cockney in his voice and in his thick-set littleness of stature. He fidgeted like a fraud mercilessly exposed.

"Well, get the ticket out o' yer dunnage, an' come along wi' me," said Lurgan. "I got a ship for yer — as second mate. That 'ud ought to satisfy yer."

"I guess," commenced the man timidly, "I guess I'd ruther —— "

"Don't matter what yer'd ruther," snapped Lurgan. "What yer think I keep yer 'ere for? Get that ticket, an' come along."

"Fancy Jimmy havin' a ticket!" piped a sailor when the two had gone, and that was the view of most of them. A man who goes aft from the forecastle dies, as far as his relations with his former shipmates are concerned. He enters another world, puts on a new flesh, and leaves behind him only his name carved on a bulkhead, and a feeling of pained wonder.

When the new mate returned, blushing, with uneasy consciousness, it was Noble, perched on his sixty years, that spoke.

"What ship?" he asked.

"The 'Anchorite.' Four-mast steel bark. For Home," replied Doyle. "Goin' aboard to-night. Sailin' to-morrow."

"What's the pay?" cried an incautious voice; but the others felt the presumptuousness of the question. Doyle flushed and hesitated.

"No, no." Old Noble shook his head. "That won't do. A shipmate's a shipmate, but a secon' mate's an orficer. None o' them questions, young feller. It ain't fair to *Mister* Doyle."

"Here!" cried Doyle, in a startled tone.

The old man hushed him with a suave and compelling hand. "We're all sailors, I guess," he said, "an' we don't want nothing that ain't shipshape and Bristol-fashion. An orficer's an orficer, and there ain't no gettin' past it."

"But — but — " Doyle gulped and flustered. "Blarst it, I ain't aboard yet. Why, look 'ere!" He thrust his hand into his pocket and held forth a few bills. "I got my advance," he said; "ain't we goin' to have a drink, mates?"

Principle is principle, but principles have been sold before. The crowd were not sticklers, and old Noble was carried with the stream. But one can always slip one's hawse with a certain style. There are conventions even in surrender.

"Well," he mumbled, "if you're so glad as to buy beer for the crowd, I ain't one to stand out, and thank yer, *sir*."

That was to leave a sting in his tail, and old Noble scored. Doyle was more ill at ease than ever, and not even the liquor which they presently went forth and consumed availed to lift his depression. But the old man failed to buttonhole him for a further assault.

He bade them farewell that evening, all good companions again, save for old Noble, who shook hands and then vindictively touched his cap. The "runner" who was to take Doyle off to the "Anchorite" grinned as he saw the new second mate start and flush angrily.

"Guess you'll be pattin' yerself on the back over this trade," he remarked cheerfully, as they walked down to the wharf.

"Guess away," retorted Doyle.

"Oh, but yer needn't begin to carry dog till yer berthed aft, my son," sneered the runner, and kept up a volley of chaff and cheek till they were in the boat that should take them out to the bark, where she swung at a single anchor in the bay. Doyle climbed down, dropped his ill-filled bag into the stern, and sat beside it. The runner berthed himself on the same seat.

Doyle was silent till the boatman had pulled clear of the wharf, and was rowing about in the open water, and then he turned to the runner beside him.

"Here, go an' sit for'ard," he ordered sharply.

The other gaped at him. "What the —— for?" he cried.

"'Cos I tell yer to," retorted Doyle, with a sudden vehemence. "Think I'm goin' alongside rubbin' elbows with a greasy crimp like you? Get for'ard, or I'll knock yer head off."

"'Ere, 'ere," remonstrated the other without moving, and promptly he got it — a short-arm thump on the side of the head that made him blink and gasp. Doyle poised his arm for another, while the boatman, whose trade was largely in ferrying violent men from penury to grim hardship, rowed on stoically.

"I'll go," gasped the runner, and stumbled over thwarts and oars till he was perched in the bow of the boat. "But to take it like that! Why, I never meant — Say, Doyle, you ain't angry, are yer?"

"Don't you 'Doyle' me," was the wrathful answer. "I'm second mate of the 'Anchorite,' I am, and see yer don't forget it. I'll 'Doyle' yer."

"Second mate, eh?" The boatman displayed a mild interest. "Then maybe you'll have half a dollar for the boatman, mister."

"Course I got half a dollar," admitted Doyle. "Don't think orficers goes aboard with holes in their pockets, eh? S'pose you guessed I hadn't got a cent?"

The boatman took the half-dollar and pouched it. "Las' time I pulled *you* over here," he observed, resuming his stroke, "you didn't have a cent."

In his bunk on the "Anchorite" that night, as he lay on his back with the porthole open, Doyle had pleasant thoughts. Having served before the mast six years, he had qualified in London, out of a fine practical knowledge of the science of seamanship, and three weeks' cramming in navigation by a superannuated pilot. Then he had gone back to sea, his pay spent, his "ticket" gained, with no human prospect of ever occupying the position it entitled him to. He had signed and shipped again and again, under every rig that Providence permits to make a landfall, always before the mast, always a plebeian in the body

politic of his ship, and always a good sailor and a useful man. He had grown — as sailors do grow — to regard his place in the foc'sle with a fierce, unreasoning loyalty. He suffered with his guild, clung to his mates, and it was only seldom that the "ticket" had fired his imagination and made him a prey to ambition.

He glanced about his little room with a thrill of pride. Teak and mahogany, a brass towel-rail, a wash-hand basin, a mirror, and a hurricane lamp impressed him with a sense of gorgeous luxury. He had been similarly impressed by the interiors of chart-houses he had swabbed out; but this was his, earned by virtue of the "ticket," but yet to be justified by determined efficiency and vehement industry.

"Gosh," he said, "I ain't never seen a second mate yet that I couldn't make rings round him when it came to working."

And then there were dreams, of a mate's ticket, a master's, of commanding a steamboat even — why not? — a mail boat. He could carry them no further, and somehow, when he got so far, his thoughts slid oddly from the theme, and dwelt upon a girl he had known. He carried that last thought to sleep with him.

The next morning a twin-screw tug galloped the big bark out to the Farallones, and then left her to her own devices and a "skipper's breeze."

Doyle was at the weather braces while the hands braced her sharp up, and the spare, side-whiskered captain and spruce young mate watched him.

"One thing about a foc'sle officer," said the mate, "is that he does get the work done."

"Yes," answered the captain. "He won't be nice to grub with, an' all that; but he'll carry on on deck first class, 'specially since it's the first time he's shipped aft."

"Ah, he'll know all the dodges," said the mate. "A chap that's wasted time on all the jobs a ship's got in her won't be no schoolmistress for the starboard watch to play pranks on, sir."

The hands were at the lee fore braces, and Doyle's voice came aft. "Here, put some weight on that upper tops'l brace there. Away you go, now. Think you're pullin' a bell or what? Haul, blast you!"

The mate grinned. "'Twon't be his fault, sir, if we don't head right into the wind," he said.

"Better have a swig on the halliards and sheets all round," suggested the skipper.

"Beg y' pardon, sir," replied the mate, "but I'd like to wait an' see if he don't do it without bein' told. I've a notion he'll tauten up everything before he'll quit givin' orders."

"Listen, then," agreed the captain, and the man at the wheel grinned behind their backs. Sure enough, there was presently a shout from for'ard.

"Fore topmast stays'l halliards! Pass 'em out there. Haul! Belay!"

"Second mate," Doyle murmured to himself, when every line of running gear had been stiffened, and he was watching for the due flap and flutter of the mizzen to' gallantsail. "Second mate! Gosh, but — but it's fine." He turned to the man at the wheel behind him. "You're a point off," he called. "Luff, can't you?"

In the cabin below, the captain and mate, at their breakfast, heard him through the skylight. The former smiled grimly.

"She won't lose much pace while that chap's got the deck," he said.

"She don't lose any when I've got her," remarked the mate.

The captain nodded. "You're all right," he said, "but you ain't got the appetite for sailorizing that that chap has."

Ten minutes later the mate appeared on the poop, pipe in mouth. "That'll do you, Mr. Doyle," he said patronizingly. "The steward'll bring you your breakfast if you ring."

"He'd better," was Doyle's reply. "Will you have the royals set before I go down, sir?"

"Well," replied the mate, "I've got an idea I can persuade the hands to do that myself. They might oblige me if I asked them."

"Snappy brute," said Doyle to himself, as he started on the fried bacon and coffee which the steward laid before him. The latter wore a slightly disdainful air. Had Doyle known enough to be critical, he might have objected to the manner in which his food was placed before him. As it was, he brought a foc'sle appetite to cabin fare, and noticed nothing.

The steward's supercilious disgust continued for several meals, and one day the captain, who had a grim liking and lurking esteem for his second mate, told him of it.

"He's a man I've had to speak to before," explained the captain. "But I've never hit

him — yet. I'd have told him about it; but I thought you'd notice it yourself, and get on to him."

"I haven't noticed anything," said Doyle; "but if I do —— "

The captain nodded.

Doyle sat at another seat at table at dinner that day, and the steward curled his lip disgustedly and very elaborately as he came in behind him. Then he straightened his face suddenly, for the door of the captain's room was open, and he met Doyle's eyes in the captain's mirror.

"Got the face-ache?" demanded the second mate, rising with a clenched fist.

"No, sir," stammered the steward, stepping back a pace.

Doyle hauled off and floored him. "Got the face-ache now?" he continued. "Well, you'll get it every time you go screwing your mouth up behind an officer, my man. So you take a reef in that jaw of yours. Now bring the pork, and look lively about it."

As second mate, Doyle was a success. He knew the work, knew how it should be done, and how it generally is done. In the metaphor of the cloth, he had had his hands in the tar-pot, and the captain soon saw that *pis aller* was by way of being an excellent officer. The men found him out soon enough, and ceased to attempt to loaf or "soldier" in his watch long before he had time to get violent with them. As for Doyle himself, he toiled enthusiastically, discovering a kind of pride and exaltation in his work to which he was new. Responsibility, rank, and authority tasted sweet. He had the snobbishness of the conscientious man, and held grimly by his new caste, without condescension, sympathy, or favor towards that he had so recently deserted.

The good wind took them well south, and dropped them at length into a zone of heavy squalls, little tornadoes that spout up in the night, turn all hands out, stretch the gear, and vanish. They were leaning east now, slanting for the Horn, and the night labor was bitter.

One midnight the "Anchorite" was making such heavy work of it that Doyle ordered in the three topgallants. He was busy in the fore-rigging when he heard a shout from aft.

"Yes, sir?" he answered, and went running toward the poop for his orders. The captain was standing at the head of the ladder.

"It's coming," he shouted, with a shrill in his tones. "Call all hands and strip her. Hurry now, Mr. Doyle; all the wind in heaven is coming along."

Even as he turned to obey, the sailor, which was nine-tenths of the second mate, flung a swift expert eye over the dripping rail. To windward the sky was black as black iron, dead black, full of storm and violence. A word to a shivering apprentice to call the mate from his dreams, and he ran forward and shouted into the foc'sle.

"Turn out the port watch," he yelled. "All hands on deck. Rouse out sharp, now."

Soon the yells of the men as they hauled on downhaul and clewline rose sharply, and from his station on the poop the captain saw the tower of the sails crumple into a skeleton of spars. When all was finished, the "Anchorite" raced no more. She was stripped to the shirt, butting heavily at the rising seas under her fore-lower-topsail and a staysail, with a rag of reefed spanker aft to keep her head from falling off.

Doyle scrambled back to the poop.

"What do you think of it?" the captain shouted in his ear.

"How does she behave when she's hove to?" questioned the younger man in return, roaring his words up the wind.

"Just like a diving-bell," was the answer. "Slops water fore and aft in turn."

Doyle shrugged his shoulders.

"It'll have to be done sooner or later," he shouted. "The gear won't stand this."

The captain nodded, and the forward canvas was got in, feverishly. Meanwhile, the headsails furled, the need to brace the big ship tight up became pressing. With her yards squared she refused to ride; they must be pointed into the wind, that the storm might have as little to grip on as possible.

But no sooner were Doyle and his watch on the main deck than the "Anchorite" justified her captain's verdict on her. Slacking for a moment her steady roll, she stood — shivered — reeled — and put the starboard rail ten feet under water.

"Hang on!" roared Doyle, and flung himself forward to grip the bollards. He had barely folded his arms around them when the green water, smooth as glass, thundered over him, dragging at his hold, pushing, pulling, roaring, laughing, whispering, hustling, and persuading him to loose and die. He had his chest against the greenheart of the rail and his head down between his arms.

The water dragged it back like a wrestler. His ears, his throat were full of it; his legs and his body trailed out like a swimmer's, and when at length he realized, choking in the struggle, that he could hold no longer, that he must give in and be drowned, it sank from under him and left him bumping on the planks, with his face in the scuppers.

He dragged himself to his feet and looked for his watch. In the port scuppers lay a mass of ropes washed from their pins, and something dark that oscillated to each roll and quiver of the ship. But nothing answered his shout.

"Starbowlines!" he shouted again. "Mizzen braces!"

And yet there was no answer.

With something like a throb of fear at his breast, a spasm of unease at this new thing, he clawed and staggered his way across the ship. It heaved and shivered under him, as the deck of no good ship should, so that sea legs availed nothing, and it was grab at stanchion and line at every step. A false step threw him down at last, and he shot into the port scuppers with a ton of water, bringing up against the rail with a bone-breaking jar. His hand met a belaying pin, and he hauled himself up, swathed to the waist in loose ropes, with the dark object between his legs. He gripped it and looked: it was the body of a man, one Kerr, a sailor, and the blood ran from a red gash in the forehead.

"Mr. Doyle! Mr. Doyle!"

The captain's voice came blown from the poop.

"Aren't you thinking of making a start with those braces?" he said.

The petty sarcasm was as futile a thing as taking the name of God in vain: but to Doyle, in the heart of the catastrophe, it loomed as a monstrous thing.

"You be damned!" he yelled wildly, and from the poop, where he could dimly see the vague figure of the captain like a broken pillar, came no answer.

By steps at a time, holding on to what he could reach with his left hand, while he dragged the sailor's body with his right, Doyle made the poop ladder and toiled up it, depositing his lifeless burden on the deck to the lee of the chart-house.

"Starboard watch overboard, sir," he reported, advancing to the captain.

"God!" cried the latter, and stood a moment in silence. Then, "What was that you called to me from the main deck just now?"

"I forget, sir," replied the second mate stolidly.

"I don't," retorted the skipper, "and I'll log you for it. Teach you to give back talk to me!"

"Ay, ay, sir! Shall I go forward and give the mate a hand, or rouse out the steward to come and see to this man? It's Kerr, sir. I'm afraid he's done."

"Ring the chart-house bell for the steward, and then stand by the wheel," ordered the captain. "See those men give her plenty of play."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Forward of the poop rail the main deck was one smudge of blackness, save where the water, washing to and fro with the roll of the vessel, broke against hatch coaming or deck-house, and streaked the darkness with the white of rushing foam. She lay now with her head to the wind, and Doyle, standing by the wheel, casting an occasional sharp order over his shoulder to the helmsman, heard the voices of the mate's watch, as they swung the braces tight, blown aft to him in wisps of sound. It was too dark for him to see the yards come around, but he knew from the feel of the ship, as she rounded her clipper nose into the bastions of the sea, that the wind was no longer dragging at the great spars of the foremast.

The mate and his men now came up the ladders to the poop. The mate learned of the death of the starboard watch with a start and an oath. Then he looked hard at Doyle.

"My men are all here," he said.

"And all dry, too, I expect," retorted the second mate. "They didn't get the sea that my poor fellows got."

"Keep an eye on the gear, Mr. Talbot," directed the captain, and the mate, with a snarl, scrambled for'ard to the rail to obey.

Then they rested. The ship, hove to with her yards pointed, was easier to steer. But she was no heavy-weather boat. Built on the Clyde in a busy, cheap yard, designed only to stow cargo, with nothing of give and take in all her steel fabric, she wallowed and dived like a plank in a mill-race. At every roll, terrifying seas poised themselves over her rail and streamed in an unbroken cataract upon her deck, filling the whole length of her with a boil of water. Then, as she heavily recovered and leaned to the other side, the whole mass of it, hundreds of tons, would leap thundering across the deck, and

she would shiver and stand as the steel bulwark took the enormous blow. And when, ceasing for a moment to roll, she dipped her bow, the sailors on the poop reached to the gear to steady themselves as the seas shot inboard and crashed aft, over hatches, winches, and houses, to the break of the poop, flinging thence a wall of spray which the wind drove aft.

"I never saw such a submarine," said Doyle, and the captain smiled grimly.

Again she rolled, wantonly, as though inviting the storm to overwhelm her, and as the water spread over the deck there came a muffled clangor from somewhere amidships, a bumping of iron on wood, and a loud crash as a heavy object slid or rolled over the planks and fetched up in the scuppers.

Instantly the mate roared. "It's the 'midship capstan adrift, sir; torn up by the roots, by God!"

Doyle ran forward. The captain turned to him.

"Like to try and make it fast to something?" he said, smiling.

Doyle nodded only, and next minute was clawing his way for'ard. He made no mistake about the task before him. The capstan was a ton and a half of steel, of the very shape to leap and roll about the ship, the exact thing one would name as likely to kill the man who made after it. It would catch him as he bounded, and smash him with a single impact, or pin him to a bulwark and grind him to red pulp. But it could not be left adrift; a capstan adrift in a seaway is worse than an infernal machine.

Even as he jumped to the main hatch he saw the terrible thing come crashing across the deck, missing him by only a foot, and as the ship heeled, and he clawed vainly for a hold on the hatch cover, he heard the clang of it as it shot against the rail. He could get nothing to steady him, slid to the deck, and next minute he lay bruised and gasping in the scuppers, one hand about the water-frayed end of a brace, the other on the ribs of the capstan itself.

With a shudder he hauled his body clear of the danger, and was shuffling with his hands to pass the end of the brace under the hollow of the thing. He had it under and a turn on the stanchion; the terrible work was half-done when she rolled again. He gritted his teeth, and the blood sang in his ears as he strove, with help of the turn, to hold the mass of iron; but there was too much slack to the rope, and the jerk with which the end was wrenched from his hands left his arm and shoulders numb. Then, crunch! smash! clang! and the capstan was in the other scuppers.

In the instant that the deck was free, before the howling water raised it, he had reached the lee of the half-deck, and clung there till the smash and crash announced that the iron devil was again within reach. He loosed his hold at once, falling and slipping through the water, fumbled, dragged, pulled, and hung on. The ship rolled with the regularity of a pendulum, and inboard came the due sea, piling over his head, while he clung, all but suffocated, to his end of the rope, and rejoiced, in the very throes of the struggle, to find that it held. It had but to give now to pound the life out of him; his body was right in the way of the capstan; but it held — it held! and as soon as breath was restored to him he doubled and trebled his lashing, doubled it again, carried the end to the spare bollard, wrapped it on, and belayed with a hitch over all. The horror was ended.

He arrived at the top of the poop ladder with his oilskins hanging on him in rags, and was dragged to safety by a cheerfully respectful seaman. He sat on the deck with his back against the chart-house, while the steward juggled some spirit from a bottle to a cup and held it to his lips.

"That was a smart piece of work, Mr. Doyle," said the captain. "Quite smart. I'll — er — log that too. Are you hurt anywhere?"

"I'm all right, sir," replied Doyle shyly. Attentions of this sentimental kind had never been included in his ambitions.

"Glad of that," said the captain, "because we haven't got the worst of it yet. Take a rest in the chart-house for ten minutes."

"I'm all right," repeated Doyle. "I don't want any rest, sir."

"Well, sit where you are for a bit," suggested the skipper. "No, you don't," he said sharply, as the second mate made a protesting motion to rise. "You sit as you're told, d' you hear?"

Doyle sat back obediently, and they left him. It was certainly very pleasant to rest for a while; his arms were painful from the strain to which they had been put, and he found that his eyes closed of themselves. Soon he felt a cordial glow in his limbs and body,

and it seemed immediately after that he looked up and found the captain shaking him.

"Are you better? Are you all right now?"

Doyle rose shakily to his feet. "I'm all right," he said, and then added, seeing the face of the other: "Has anything happened?"

"We tried to square the crossjack," answered the skipper — she won't stand it without — and — and — " He stammered and stopped.

"Not overboard?" cried Doyle. "There's no more of 'em overboard, sir?"

"Two," said the captain, thrusting his face into that of his officer. "Mate and the man Shelley. Well?"

Doyle stared at him for a couple of seconds. A lamp in the chart-house swung to and fro, and through the port its unsteady gleam lighted their faces alternately.

"Then I suppose I'm chief mate," he said. "Shall I square the crossjack, sir?"

The captain nodded, and once more he led his men to the deadly station on the deck. They made their way as quickly as possible to the brace bollards, where there was at least something to hang on to. Doyle clambered to the braces on the opposite side.

"Hang on!" he shouted warningly, as he felt the "Anchorite" pause for a roll. Then she gulfed them.

"All safe over there?" he called, as the water sank.

But the cry that came back to him — clear enough where orders were blurred and advice inaudible — was "Man overboard!"

"Haul!" he screamed, and round came the yards. "Belay! Hang on!" Everything was done that human arms could do, and the sea curled in vainly. They had paid a life for it, and the yards were squared.

"Another hand overboard," he reported to the captain.

"That makes twelve," was the reply. "We'll have to put her for a port after this; we can't work her home with half a crew."

"Do I stand as mate, sir?" asked Doyle nervously.

"Mate? Oh, yes, you're mate. But I'd sooner you got it any other way," said the captain drearily. "He was a good lad, was Talbot."

"He was a first-class officer," said Doyle cautiously, "I'm real sorry for him, sir."

It was not till the forenoon of the following day that the weary men at last shook out the foresail and three lower topsails, braced her on the starboard tack, and laid her for the port of Iquique, the nearest refuge for the crippled ship. With half the crew gone, Doyle labored as he had never labored before to bring the battered "Anchorite" shipshape into port. On bent hatch-covers, smashed ports, bulged bulwarks, he spent his fierce interest in the ship that had claimed him from the foc'sle. And then, when the sun came out again, the captain granted him paint, and the "Anchorite" stank with the odor of her neat white suit.

It rained one day, but not even then until the paint was beyond harm. Doyle had left the slimy, slippery deck, and had entered the chart-house to get his pea-soup, when he heard a cry. He ran out on deck.

At the foot of the starboard poop ladder a group of men bent over the captain, who lay on the deck. Doyle thrust in between them and knelt beside him. His face was colorless, and drawn with pain.

"Slipped," he murmured, "slipped on the ladder. Bumped — all the — way — down. Get me — to my — bunk."

Doyle took hold of the terror this misfortune filled him with, and spoke in a half-whisper.

"You'll be all right, captain," he said. "It can't be much, sir. Won't you try to get up? Just a heave, sir, and you'll find yourself all shipshape."

Something like a smile flickered on the prostrate man's face. "Guess I've broke — my back," he gasped. "Get me to my bunk."

The big seamen, dainty as ladies where the uncouth tools of their trade were concerned, soft-handed nurses with a piece of line or a smart knot, lifted him awkwardly. He groaned, and his head fell back with open mouth and upturned eyes.

"He's fainted," said Doyle; "carry him in quick while he can't feel it."

The sailors, treading carefully, bore him to his room and laid him in the tumbled bunk he had quitted not half an hour before. He lay like a corpse, so like a corpse that Doyle shivered to watch him.

"She's a d —— murderer, this ship," said a sailor. "Thirteen men done, and a corpse on board."

"Get on deck!" ordered Doyle, turning on them savagely.

They went, and Doyle called the steward and scared him to usefulness. With water and spirits and such simple remedies as the medicine-chest yielded they labored to recall

him to life. He never moved nor twitched a muscle, but after a long time, a couple of hours perhaps, it seemed to Doyle that he grew more lifelike. The note of tolerant humor in the lean face was visible again, and looking down on it the young man realized that there had been something in this captain, something worthy and good, that won affection.

"He's looking better," he said to the steward hopefully.

The steward, too, had seen the change in the face. "They always do," he answered, and lifted the cap from his head.

Doyle stared at him. "Who do?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Dead men, sir," replied the steward. "Beggin' your pardon, but the skipper's given his last order. 'Ave a drop of this whisky, sir."

Doyle sat down on the lockers, and stared at the man. "It isn't possible!" he gasped.

But it was. It took some time for him to assure himself of it, but at last there was no room for doubt. The captain had given his last order. There was no captain now — save himself.

He left the room, locking the door, and went out on deck. He was captain, but there was no thrill in it. "Must ambition always cost so much?" he wondered.

A day or two before, the dead man had gone over the ship's position with Doyle.

"In case of accidents," he had said. "Nothing'll happen to you, but there's no saying about me."

Then, with parallels and ruler, he laid the slant for the port, and each day the run had been pricked off. There were five days more at sea, at the best of it. So that evening, while the sailors stood about, fumbling their caps and shuffling, Doyle read the burial service, the grating was lifted, and the captain — a white bundle that slid from under the flag — took leave of his ship.

Doyle heard the splash, and lifted his face as though to be rid of the sound. A chill of wind on his forehead quickly recalled him. The headsails were flapping; the wind came aft. "Square the crossjack," he ordered, and twenty minutes later the "Anchorite" was bowling in front of a fair wind, straight for Iquique.

Five days later, punctual to the dead skipper's reckoning, the coast of South America lay across their hawse, and they picked the bare-footed pilot from his dancing whale-boat. He was a light-hearted creature. With every sail drawing he rode her slap at the coast-line, till the windows of the ugly town could be seen from the deck, ordered sheets to be let go, dropped anchor, and was away again with his note for payment before the languid quarantine launch had come alongside, or the weary hands had tackled the job of furling sail.

Early in the afternoon, Doyle, in a new serge suit from the slop-chest, and a bowler hat that had belonged to the mate, went ashore in the gig. The four apprentices, smart in their brass buttons and uniform caps, rowed him. So do captains go ashore, and it was not until he came alongside the jetty in this splendor that the overdue thrill reached him. He had only one fear — that the agent would find both a captain and a mate, and ship him off as second mate again.

But the agent knew of no available officers but a very disreputable second mate, and himself suggested the sending of a cable to the "Anchorite's" owners, asking them to permit Doyle to bring the vessel home. It was sent, six words in code, reading like a charade, in which Doyle felt that his own fate was the hidden meaning.

Next day the answer came, another charade, which was interpreted by the agent. Regrets, orders to ship new hands, and thanks were condensed into tabloid form, and the words "inadequate fortuitous" signified — so the agent read from his key — "accept your offer with thanks; proceed as soon as circumstances permit."

"Well, captain, you'll be wanting hands?" said the agent.

"Send me that drunken mate aboard as soon as you can," replied Doyle. "I'll sober him and sign him on, and come ashore for the men. I'll take twelve."

"Right you are, captain," was the agent's reply. "And now, sir, will you have a drink?"

Agents say "sir" only to captains. Doyle took the drink.

Two days later the rigging of the "Anchorite" bustled with a full crew loosing sail. And an hour after that the wind took the big bark for her second battle with the Horn, while Captain Doyle kept a wary eye on the vivacious pilot, and sent him back to his boat when he suggested close hauling.

"I'm captain here," he said, as the man went over the side.

"Ay, ay, sir," agreed his now sober subordinate.

CHARLES STUART AND THE BURGLAR

BY

MAY KELSEY CHAMPION

AUTHOR OF "THE METHOD OF CHARLES STUART YORK"

ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD BIRCH

AFTER all had done their best, Ulysses being challenged to show what he could do, at first declined, but being taunted by one of the youths, seized a quoit of weight far heavier than any the Phæacians had thrown, and sent it farther than the utmost throw of theirs."

Charles Stuart York drew a long sigh of satisfaction, and turned a leaf. Then his chin sank suddenly and unexpectedly upon his chest.

He straightened up quickly. He did not want to grow sleepy in such an interesting part, and it was very early yet. He looked at the clock. Only ten minutes past nine. He was glad that Benson had gone to England to spend a month with his nieces. Benson always made him go to bed at nine o'clock when his mother and father were out. He could not see that they needed Benson anyway. It was a good deal pleasanter to have Fanny wait on the table as she used to.

The cook had gone to the theater, and he was alone in the house except for Fanny — Fanny, who did not dare open the door in broad daylight to send a ragman off, and who had to smell of salts when she heard that there had been a burglar in the next block the night before. She was up in the third story now, with her door locked.

His mother had disliked to leave him so unprotected, she said, but Charles Stuart had been looking forward to it all day, and had failed on eight capitals of the United States because he had spent the time when he should have been reviewing them, in going through an exciting encounter with the burglar.

Charles Stuart had given up pirates for a year or more now, and dreamed of them no longer in shuddering delight. But burglars! You never got too old for burglars. You could keep those all your life if you wanted to.

He tried to imagine what he would do if there were actually a burglar in the house.

"his chin sank suddenly and unexpectedly upon his chest"

"had to smell of salts when she heard that there had been a burglar in the next block the night before"

"If a burglar should come in now — If a burglar should come in now — I'd seize — seize a quoit — far heavier — " Charles Stuart's head sank once more upon his chest.

He drew himself up again and laid the book on the table. He would go out in the hall and telephone Terry Donovan that they had made him right tackle on the team, instead of Kid Sullivan. That would wake him up, and Terry was interested in anything about the team. Then he would come back and see what the Phæacians proposed next.

He went to the telephone closet and called up Ramsay's restaurant, where Terry cooked, but he had to wait.

As he stood with the receiver at his ear, he heard a slight sound in the hall above. Slipping silently to the foot of the stairs, he looked up.

Then Charles Stuart's heart beat as he had never heard it before, for, as he looked, he saw the form of a man stealing cautiously along the dimly lighted passage.

It was the burglar!

Charles Stuart stepped behind a rubber-plant and wondered what he should do.

In his dreams he always met a burglar alone and overcame him with the greatest ease. But in his dreams he never had the trickles down his spine.

He remained a few seconds behind the rubber-plant, then hurried back to the telephone closet and shut the door tight. In a low voice, but as distinctly as possible, he asked again for Mr. Donovan.

He was told that Terry had just stepped across the street, but would be back at once.

"Please tell him to come as qu — quick as he can to Mr. York's house, Congress Avenue," said Charles Stuart. "Can you hear? — Mr. York's."

Charles Stuart hung up the receiver. He had thought of asking them to send a policeman, too, but Terry was as good as a policeman, and had more muscle.

Then he went into the little sitting-room, where there was a window looking out on the

front porch, and turning out the lights, waited for Terry to come.

In a short time he heard the soft creak of the stairs. Then, after a few moments, a light, clicking sound from the back of the hall. The burglar was at the safe.

It was not a very good safe. Charles Stuart had heard his father say that it was not.

Click, click! Why didn't Terry come? His father had said that an intelligent burglar could open it in fifteen minutes. Charles Stuart hoped that this was not an intelligent one. If Terry did not come soon, he would have to go out and do something himself. There was very little money in the safe, he knew, but there were papers and silver, and his mother's diamonds were there.

Charles Stuart waited a minute or two longer, and wondered if he would be shot, and how he would look on the hall floor when his father and mother came hom[illegible]. Then he went out softly.

"Good-evening," he said, wishing that he were bigger and could have begun differently.

At this sudden salutation close behind his right ear, the burglar, who had been half-lying and half-sitting before the safe, sprang to his feet.

"Good-evening," repeated Charles Stuart politely. He must make time until Terry came. "How long do you suppose it will take you to do that?" he continued, with the friendly interest he would have shown a plumber at work on the pipes. "Because it wouldn't pay you to spend much time on it. Of course we don't keep money there."

"What do you keep in it? Larndry?" inquired the burglar, with a sniff of discredit. "Or fruit cake?"

"There are some papers that are valuable to us," said Charles Stuart, with dignity. "But I don't think you would care for them. There's a letter from Lafayette and one from Joseph Jefferson" — would Terry never come! — "and — and my first pair of shoes, and — er — It's mostly for fire, you see," nodding toward the safe.

"You know so well what's in it, maybe you know the combination," said the burglar.

Charles Stuart did not answer. He thought he heard steps outside, but they passed the house.

"Do you?" inquired the man, coming nearer. As he moved out of the shadow of the stairs, the light fell on a white, gaunt face, yellow, scrubby beard, eyes with dark circles round them — and spectacles.

It was a surprise — a disappointment also — for as Charles Stuart gazed upon these disenchanting features, he realized that the burglar of his dreams had been, after all, but his old and faithful friend the pirate — tall, black-bearded, with eyes like coals and an ugly scar upon his cheek, his

"Charles Stuart stepped behind a rubber-plant and wondered what he should do"

belt heavy with revolvers and cartridges — yes, and dirks — it was hard to give up dirks.

"Do you?" repeated the burglar.

"I — I used to," said Charles Stuart cautiously. His father had taught it to him on his last birthday, and Charles Stuart had felt it the greatest honor that he had ever received. He wished now that it had not been conferred upon him.

"Then I'll ask you to open it, and save time," said the burglar. He stepped back to make way for Charles Stuart. "After you," he said, with a bow and a wave of his hand toward the safe.

But Charles Stuart dug his heels into the carpet and folded his arms.

"Oh," said the burglar, and drawing a revolver from his coat pocket, he placed it against Charles Stuart's yellow locks.

This was much as Charles Stuart had dreamed it; but instead of striking aside the revolver with noble scorn — as he had always done — and felling the burglar with a single easy, skilful blow landed heavily in precisely the right spot — which he never failed of — he moved rather quickly toward the safe. Oh, Terry, Terry!

He sat down on the floor. He could still gain a few minutes by fumbling. The burglar stood behind him waiting. The house was in absolute stillness. Charles Stuart felt that if he moved his head a millionth of an inch he would encounter a cold steel muzzle. As the moments passed he began to fear that he might forget the combination and hit upon it by accident.

"I wish you would take away the pistol, please," he said at last. "I think it makes me nervous."

"All right," said the burglar. It had been in his pocket for some time. "Opening safes *is* nervous work."

"Thank you."

Charles Stuart continued his invention of new and intricate combinations for a few minutes. "It doesn't seem to open."

"No," said the burglar, "I see it don't. I guess I better try and see what I can do."

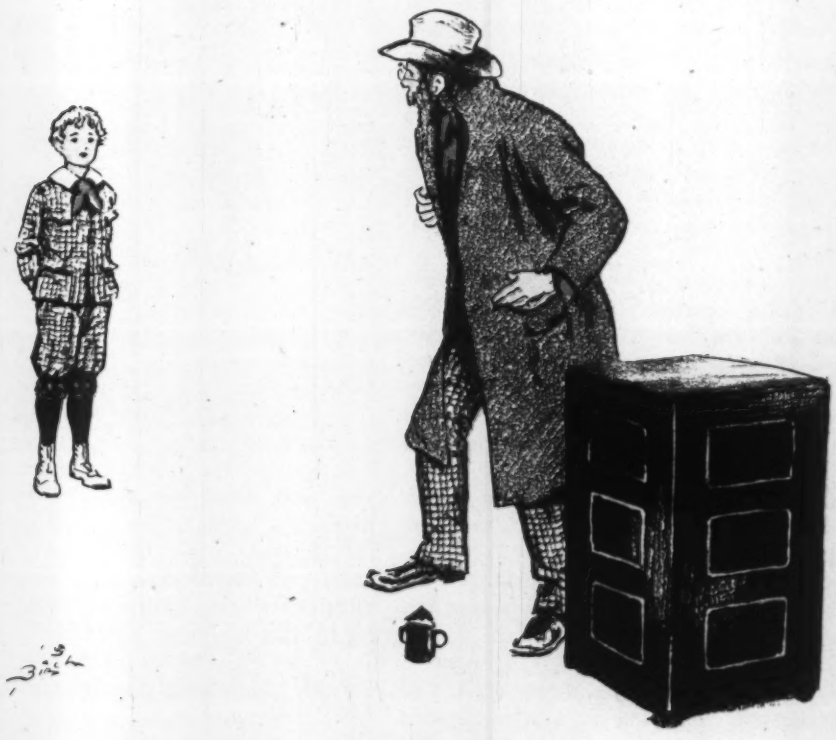
"It's quite hard to remember, but if you will wait just a little longer." Charles Stuart changed his position. His joints were beginning to ache.

Then a cramp seized his leg. He turned suddenly and thrust it out before him with a quick, sharp jerk, forgetting everything but the pain of the contracted muscle. "M-m! I have a cramp!" he said, rubbing vigorously

The burglar also gave an exclamation of pain, and Charles Stuart looked up to see him standing on one foot, with the other in his hand.

"Excuse me," he said. "I hurt you, didn't I? I didn't mean to."

"'Good evening,' repeated Charles Stuart politely. 'How long do you suppose it will take you to do that?'"



The man still bent over his foot.

"Is it a corn?" inquired Charles Stuart.

The burglar shook his head.

"Chilblains," he said.

Then Charles Stuart saw that there was scarcely any sole to his shoe.

"Why," he said, "your shoes aren't worth anything."

"I guess that's right," responded the burglar grimly. "But I've walked half way" — he winced again — "from Boston in them."

Charles Stuart sat on the floor, still rubbing his leg, but his eyes were upon the burglar and his thoughts on a neat and varied row of shoes in his father's press.

"Can you wear an eight?"

"That's my number," said the burglar.

Charles Stuart considered for a few moments longer. Then he rose from the floor.

"I think I can get you a pair," he said.

The man started forward as he moved toward the stairs, but drew back the next instant and permitted him to pass.

In a short time Charles Stuart returned with a pair of shoes — the pair that his father wore every day to business — and two pairs of socks.

"See if these fit," he said.

The burglar sat down and took off his shoes. Charles Stuart saw that the socks would be acceptable — he had thought that they might be — then turning away politely, interested himself with the burglar's lantern which was lying on the safe.

"Are they all right?" he asked, looking round after a suitable period.

"First rate!" The burglar had quite a pleasant expression when he smiled.

Charles Stuart wondered if he could be mistaken in thinking that he looked hungry. It seemed strange in a man who had taken a hundred and eighty dollars the night before, besides the diamonds and two watches. He asked him.

"Hungry!" The man laughed queerly, and Charles Stuart felt the embarrassment that comes of saying the wrong thing. The laugh ended in a kind of catch. "Yes, I'm hungry," the burglar said.

"Then let's go out in the kitchen," proposed Charles Stuart. "There isn't anybody but one girl in the house," he added reassuringly, as the burglar hesitated, "and she's way up in the third story, with her door locked most likely." He looked at the clock. "The rest won't be back for an hour and a half or two hours."

With the lantern still in his hand, he started down the hall. The burglar picked up his shoes and socks and followed.

"Can you make coffee?" Charles Stuart asked, as they reached the kitchen.

"If I get a chance," the burglar said.

"Then would you mind doing it yourself? Mine isn't very good."

The burglar opened the drafts of the range and put some water on to boil. Charles

"drawing a revolver from his coat pocket, he placed it against Charles Stuart's yellow locks"

Stuart found the coffee-pot and some coffee, then disappeared to extend his explorations through the pantry and ice-box.

As he returned to the kitchen with a large platter of roast beef and some cold potatoes, the man's eyes rested on them so greedily that Charles Stuart put the question that was in his mind, even at the risk of seeming inquisitive.

"Didn't you really get the money they said you did, last night?" he asked.

The burglar looked puzzled.

"The paper said, you know, that you took a hundred and eighty dollars, besides the other things."

"I guess I don't understand," the burglar said. And Charles Stuart saw that he didn't.

"I thought you were the one who — er — entered the Remsons' house last night," he explained.

The man shook his head. "No," he said, "this is my first job. And I've slipped up on this like everything else I've took hold of. Couldn't expect anything different," he added bitterly.

Charles Stuart stood by the table, the platter still in his hand.

"Then you're not a real burglar at all — yet!" he said. Something like disappointment held him for a moment. Then he rallied and set the dish on the table.

A deep flush spread over the man's face.

"Not yet," he replied. "That is, if a man isn't a burglar till he's stole something. I hadn't taken anything up-stairs," he added, looking up quickly, as if he scarcely expected to be believed.

Charles Stuart nodded. Then he went off to the pantry again, and the man filled his plate.

"What is your name?" he inquired, as he returned with a bowl of cold mushroom sauce and some lemon jelly. "Mine is Charles Stuart York."

The man hesitated.

"Rockefeller," he said at last.

A silence followed.

"John D., I suppose," supplied Charles Stuart, slowly, after several moments.

"John D.," the man assented.

Charles Stuart set on a jar of mustard.

"You could have trusted me," he said.

"Charles Stuart looked up to see him standing on one foot with the other in his hand"

The man rose abruptly, and going to the stove poured himself a cup of coffee. When he came back he stood for a moment by his chair. "My name is —— "

But Charles Stuart interrupted.

"Never mind. Rockefeller will do for tonight," he said. "You can tell me the other some other time."

The man filled his plate with a second supply, and then a third. Charles Stuart occupied himself with the lantern, which was lighted.

At last, to break the monotony of silence, he said: "I'm very glad to have you to supper." It sounded as if he had tried to say something, of course, but he had not been able to think of anything else.

The man opposite looked at the empty dishes about him and laughed — without bitterness this time.

"It's a week since I've had a good, square meal like this." He filled his glass with water. He had already nearly emptied the water-bottle. "Salt codfish's been my diet for to-day — some pieces I found in a box back of a grocery store."

"Raw?" Charles Stuart inquired, in a mixture of curiosity and disfavor.

"It's not bad. It makes you dry, though. I was looking for crackers. I didn't find any, but I found something besides codfish in the codfish box."

The man drew the revolver from his pocket and laid it on the table beside the lantern. "That's where I found these — done up in a newspaper. I suppose they'd either been dropped or hid there. I'd of given a good deal if I'd dared to sell 'em, but I daresent offer 'em. It's a pretty good revolver, though it isn't much use, except for intimidatin', until it's loaded."

"Oh, isn't it loaded?" Charles Stuart took it in his hand cautiously. It was the same revolver that had been at his head a short time before.

"No. You were safe enough. The lantern isn't worth much. The slide don't work smooth — makes a noise, see? I could make a better one with my eyes shut. I've made a few thousand lanterns."

"Is that your business? — lanterns?" asked Charles Stuart.

"Camera supplies—all sorts. Or that's what it was for fifteen years, till the company shut down, two months ago. Since then it's been walking the streets of Boston looking for another job. Now I'm trying country roads and railroad ties. If I can get to Rochester there's a place there that a friend of mine can hold till to-morrow night."

He leaned his arms upon the table and addressed Charles Stuart as if he were another man. And Charles Stuart leaned his arms on the table also, and rested his feet on the round of his chair, and listened with grave interest.

"If I hadn't of done a foolish thing two years ago," said Mr. Rockefeller, "I shouldn't be in the fix I'm in now. I put every cent I had into Gold Horseshoe copper stock, and six months afterwards the bottom dropped out of the whole business."

Charles Stuart nodded. He could understand — with steel so low. All that he owned was in steel. His grandfather had left it to him that way. He had told Mabel Penfield that morning, on their way to school, that they might have to wait a great many years. And she had promised that she would. She was a very nice girl.

A silence followed. Each was occupied with his own thoughts. Then the older man continued:

"Since that, there hasn't been much of any kind of sickness that we haven't had in the family, from appendicitis to floating kidney. I had a letter from my wife last night. She says our oldest boy is down with typhoid, and she must have some money to pay the doctor. I've *got* to have some money!" A fierce light burned in the man's eyes. "I've *got* to get to Rochester and get that job!"

"'Then you're not a real burglar at all — yet!'"

Charles Stuart considered gravely, tapping his fingers upon the table, as his father did. He also swung his feet underneath.

"You say you would like to sell these," he said, with a motion of his head toward the revolver and lantern.

Mr. Rockefeller nodded. "But I daresent. The police may be lookin' for these very articles, and if they should get interested in me, then where'd I be?"

Charles Stuart ceased to swing his legs. "I will give you ten dollars for them," he said.

The man moved uneasily in his chair. Then he poured himself another glass of water. The temptation was very great.

"Will ten dollars take you to Rochester?"

There was a low assent.

Charles Stuart disappeared. He returned in a few moments with the two five-dollar gold pieces that his father and mother had given him on his last birthday, and laid them by the man's plate.

The man took them in his hand. It shook. "It's too much," he said, and his voice was unsteady also.

"All right!" Charles Stuart's tones were brisk. He did not like emotion. "If there's more than you need, send it to Mrs. Rockefeller."

He took up the revolver — still cautiously, but with the joy of possession.

"You didn't find a — a jimmy, too?" he suggested, consciously.

Mr. Rockefeller shook his head.

"No, there wasn't anything else in the codfish box." He rose, and picking up the old shoes and socks which had been lying on the floor by his side, walked to the stove and dropped them in. Then he returned to the table.

"I'll pay this back as soon as I can," he said. "What's your street and number?"

"Congress Avenue — 238," said Charles Stuart. "But I don't want the money back. That's for these, you know. I'll be glad to hear from you when you get settled, though."

The man was writing. When he had finished he looked down at Charles Stuart.

"And I'd like to shake hands," he said.

Charles Stuart's hand went out promptly, but the other withheld his for a moment, while a brown flush suffused his face.

"I'm honest still, I believe," he said. "Maybe it'll be worth something to you some day to remember that you once saved a man from his first crime. And I — I thank God!"

Charles Stuart did not know what to say. The man was so earnest and his voice broke so. Charles Stuart was not accustomed to deep feeling or intense moments. They made him uncomfortable. He shook hands gravely. Then he glanced at the clock. It was nearly time to expect some of them home. He had given up Terry's coming long ago and been glad that something had kept him.

The man's gaze turned toward the clock also. He drew himself up. His shoulders seemed to broaden. A new courage dwelt within him.

"Well, I guess I'd better be looking up the deepo, now," he said.

Charles Stuart took his newly-purchased revolver in one hand and the lantern under his arm, and together they returned to the

"Charles Stuart leaned his arms on the table also, and rested his feet on the round of his chair, and listened with grave interest"

"He had told Mabel Penfield that morning, on their way to school, that they might have to wait a great many years. And she had promised that she would"

front hall. As they passed the safe, the man's glance rested upon it for an instant, then traveled quickly to Charles Stuart. But Charles Stuart's eyes did not once turn in that direction.

"I'd like to tell my boys about you," said the man, still looking down upon the crown of soft yellow hair by his side. "But I — I can't. I shall tell my wife, though."

Charles Stuart felt his insufficiency to meet the demands upon him.

"I hope you'll get that place," was all he could think of to say.

As they reached the front door, he heard steps outside. He opened it, and Terry Donovan's six feet two and proportionate breadth filled the doorway.

"Oh, good evening, Terry!" he said, with a cordiality that he hoped would cover his embarrassment. "Come in."

Mr. Donovan came in. His gaze dwelt upon the man who was just going out — upon the beard of several days, the flannel shirt, and the badly worn overcoat; then it rested upon Charles Stuart and his revolver and lantern. Mr. Donovan not only came in, but he closed the door behind him, and stood with his back against it while he surveyed these things.

It was an awkward moment.

"You're late, Terry," said Charles Stuart, in flushed discomfort. "Mr. Rockefeller thinks he must be going. Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Donovan. Excuse me, Terry, please."

Charles Stuart's eyes met Terry's with a steady gaze, and Terry moved slowly and unwillingly to one side.

Charles Stuart opened the door.

"Good-by. And write."

"Yes. Good-by."

The man went down the steps. Charles Stuart was as long as possible closing the door. Then he turned back to meet Terry.

Mr. Donovan said nothing, but relieved him of his revolver and lantern, and sitting down on the sofa, examined them with

critical attention. Then he regarded Charles Stuart — also with critical attention.

Charles Stuart stood before the sofa and waited. He felt as he did when Miss Murray called him up in school, or his father invited him formally to "step" into the library.

Mr. Donovan's gaze traveled from the parting in his yellow hair to the lacings of his shoes and back again. It was not far.

"Friend of yours?" he asked, with an inclination of his head toward the front door.

Charles Stuart nodded.

"Where did you get these?"

"I bought them." Charles Stuart raised his eyes and gazed back unflinchingly. A moment passed — a very still one. Then he brushed a crumb from his sleeve. "If you'd come earlier, Terry," he said, "we might have had a game of bezique."

"That pimpled dude at the desk didn't tell me you wanted me till ten minutes ago," complained Terry, in disgust.

He asked no more questions, and though he still regarded Charles Stuart, it was no longer in a way that made him uncomfortable.

Gradually one end of the straight line that was Terry's mouth extended. Slowly he reached out a broad palm.

"Put it there," he said. Mr. Donovan was a man worth knowing.

For a second time that evening Charles Stuart shook hands.

Suddenly something seemed to go from his knees. He leaned against a chair.

"Terry," he said, "if you'll excuse me — I know it isn't very polite — but I believe I'd like to go to bed. We'll have that game of bezique some other time."

He glanced toward the upper hall, where only a dim light was burning. It was still and dusky, especially toward the farther end.

"And would you" — he hesitated — "would you mind going upstairs with me?"

"'You're late, Terry,' said Charles Stuart, in flushed discomfort. 'Mr. Rockefeller thinks he must be going'"

NEW JERSEY: A TRAITOR STATE

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES"

PART II—HOW SHE SOLD OUT THE UNITED STATES

A SCHEME "to make New Jersey a Mecca for Corporations" was proposed in these terms to the Governor of that state, in the summer of 1890, by a corporation lawyer of New York. There is no doubt about the man: he was James B. Dill, now known as the author of "Dill on Corporations." There is no doubt about the year and, as for the season, "it must have been in the summer time because the Governor sat in his shirt sleeves." The only question is whether this was the beginning. It was — of the business. Jersey's liberality to corporations is as old as Jersey, and Mr. Dill was not the first New York lawyer to go over there with corporation schemes. Alexander Hamilton (1800) headed a long procession. But Mr. Dill did not know all this. He lived in Jersey, but he was a commuter. He thought he was proposing something new to Jersey, and he was, in a way; his proposition was to put the state regularly into the business of incorporating business companies; it was not merely to let business sneak over there for charters now and then, but to open up the state as a sort of wholesale charter factory and advertise the industry in a businesslike way.

It was not a bad scheme, not as he conceived it. Mr. Dill was a young man. His practice was small; large enough to open his eyes to the troubles of corporations, small enough to leave him time to go far afield in his reading. He had been following a series of articles on the rise of business companies in England, and the advantages of the joint-stock arrangement over the old copartnership came to him like a discovery. Mr. Dill believed that what had reached the dimensions of a movement, almost of a fashion in England, was under way in the United States. Why not promote it? Public opinion here was against "monopolies" and "trusts," but Mr. Dill was no theorist. He was a young American lawyer out for business, and he realized that the lawyer who had a hand in drafting laws favoring corporations could hardly fail to become an authority on corporation law — with a large practice. Just about that time, many of our legislatures were passing laws to discourage the growth of corporations. But what did that matter? English legislation encouraged the business. Mr. Dill was a Connecticut Yankee, astute, jolly, energetic, and he set out with his scheme to pass English laws for American corporations and to make himself "Dill on Corporations."

New York had First Chance

How? By writing articles, making speeches, and appealing to public opinion? No. Mr. Dill was a practical man. He went to the bosses. He put his scheme in shape and offered it first to the rulers of the state of New York. That was where his practice was, and that was where business centered. The New York corporation laws were bad — bad, I mean for corporations; they were antiquated, complicated, and rather strict. Moreover, operations under them were subject to all sorts of "political grafting." Now lawyers and business men are not unreasonable about paying for what they want, but they like "fixed charges" and New York had, and has, a most annoying system of variable taxes and miscellaneous feeing. From court stenographers and departmental clerks all along the line, through referees and assessors, up to legislators and bosses, it is tip, tip, tip — all the time. Mr. Thomas C. Platt, when he was boss, simplified legislative business, but progress

elsewhere always has been like a trip abroad; you need a guide to tell you where to tip and when you are through. For example, a lawyer, lacking experience, was changing the name of a corporation. This was a simple matter, and he thought he had "seen" that all arrangements were made. There was delay, he waited, then inquired. The official said, "it was all right, and everything would be ready in a few months." A few months! The lawyer drew the fellow aside. "I want those papers to-morrow morning," he said, "how much will that cost?" That cost only about forty dollars, but think of the bother!

When young Mr. Dill laid his great scheme before his bosses and mine, he explained how all this graft would be wiped out. Taxes would be made certain, charges by the state would be fixed, and stated fees would go to named officials. It was beautiful, but it left the bosses cold. They could see the advantages to the state and to business, but they could not see, first, why they should deprive their office-holders of all this good old graft, nor, second, where they, the bosses, "came in." New York has regretted this blindness since and has begun to adopt the scheme, but only recently and — late. New Jersey got it then.

Jersey at that time was opening wide to everything bad. Leon Abbett was governor. He was an ambitious man. He long had wanted to go to the United States Senate and, to get there, he had, during his first term as governor, listened to a popular demand for a tax on the Pennsylvania and other railroads which ruled the state. The railroads were exempt by the terms of their charters from taxation, but when they pleaded the inviolability of those ancient charters as sacred contracts, this man, this politician, said: "All right, then, we'll tax these charters. If they are a contract, and if that contract it irrepealable, it is a pretty valuable piece of property itself; we'll tax that." Leon Abbett was an awfully bad man. The railroads beat him when he ran for the Senate at the close of his first term, but he was so unscrupulous that, convinced of the impossibility of reaching the Senate by serving the people of his state, he set about building him a system. He organized the Democratic party into a grafting machine. He accepted the support of the liquor interests, of the race-tracks and even of some of the railroads. He had himself elected governor and now, in 1890, the first year of his second term, he was making of Jersey a sort of national Tenderloin of interstate vice.

How the Scheme Went to Jersey

This, then, was the situation when our young lawyer, rebuffed in New York, looked around for some place to go to do what he was not allowed to do at home. He did not know Abbett; he did not understand the conditions in Jersey. He only lived there. Mr. Dill went to Jersey with his scheme, as Alexander Hamilton did with his, simply because the state was convenient. And Jersey received him, as she receives all, because, for a hundred years she has trafficked on her convenience. The state gave the young successor of Hamilton a welcome commensurate with the price he had to offer, and Mr. Dill had a good price to offer. His experience with the New York grafters had matured the young man. He had come to realize that if he hoped to interest men in his scheme, he must be able to show them where they "came in." About that time he heard how the secretary of state of West Virginia was in town, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where, with the great seal of his state by his side, he was displaying the liberality of his laws and selling charters — for fees. That was the idea. Mr. Dill seized upon it, and when he went to Jersey (in all fairness to the New York bosses this should be noted well) his scheme was immensely improved. It provided now for all; that is to say, for all excepting only the United States.

But in this exception lay Point One of the scheme: With the United States as a nation of men and women up in arms against trusts, there was need of a state where public opinion was conservative. With demagogic legislators in Congress, and in most of the states, passing laws expressive of the public will, there was a demand for a state legislature that would enact the will of the corporations. With business men everywhere forming pools, and trusts, and gentlemen's agreements to break the law or to get around it, and failing because, though there were trustees there was no trust, and while there were agreements, there were so few gentlemen — with all these difficulties abounding in the Union, there was money in it for the state that would throw down her sister states and give a license to business to do business just as business pleased; lawfully, widely, with a legislature to defeat the

general public will, and courts to compel private, corporate good faith.

Now this is my statement of the case, not Jersey's, nor Wall Street's, nor Mr. Dill's. They hold that corporations are inevitable and good, and we don't contradict them. Mr. Dill says that he had in mind many small companies, not the few big trusts; he did not foresee all of the future; and I believe him, for he is openly against some of the recent developments of Jersey's corporation legislation. All that is maintained here is that the men concerned at that time in the adoption of the Dill scheme "didn't care a whoop" what might result, and what the other states might think, or feel, or wish. They were out for themselves and Jersey. Some of them told me so. But let us follow the facts.

How Jersey Received the Scheme

When Mr. Dill, contemplating his descent upon Jersey, inquired who the bosses were over there, he was referred to Governor Abbett. Mr. Dill didn't know enough, then, to be surprised that the head of a state and the governor thereof should be one and the same man. He was much more taken aback to be directed from the capitol at Trenton to the governor's law office in New York, but he went there; and there, to the governor "in his shirt sleeves," he showed how Jersey, by granting licenses to business to do what other states were trying to forbid, might become the Mecca of corporations and make an enormous revenue. Governor Abbett was interested. Leon Abbett was interested in anything that would increase the revenue of his state. That was the backbone of his original policy; that was why he had taxed the railroads and, by the way, the franchises of corporations also. And, as for the cost to the other states, Abbett was not the man to scruple at that. I tried to bring out in the first Jersey article how Abbett, with all his faults, rose head and shoulders above all other Jersey politicians in this, that he did, in his crooked, unscrupulous Jersey way, sometimes represent his state. And in a nation where the average citizen is out for his own pocket all the time; where the average reformer is for his county or his city; where the noblest cry is for *municipal* reform; where good citizenship implies a willingness to let the states go to the deuce, if only local government is not too bad — in contrast with this sort of parochial patriotism, the appearance of a man who has a sense of the state, of a whole state, city and county and country, too, is a phenomenon. Leon Abbett was a phenomenon. But, rare as it is in these days, the state-sense is not enough; and Leon Abbett proves that. He was for Jersey; he was Jersey personified. Out of loyalty to Jersey, the selfish, her best man betrayed the United States — to help him get into the United States Senate.

Governor Abbett then, thinking only of Jersey and the Senate, hearkened to the voice of the young corporation lawyer of New York, who was thinking of the corporations and his practice, and there was no one there to think of the rest of us. Abbett saw that the scheme was good, but what more could Jersey do for the corporations? They already were running to Jersey for charters, and they were already getting all that they asked for. Then Mr. Dill displayed Point Two of his scheme; and for those states whose statesmen have asked me covetously how Jersey "got such a lead in this corporation business," let me say that this is the feature of the Jersey policy to adopt, if they want to out-Jersey Jersey in the betrayal of the rest of us to the trusts. Mr. Dill explained to Governor Abbett that, while his state had liberal laws, other states like Delaware and West Virginia were liberalizing their laws, and that while the advantages of Jersey were known to the great captains of industry, the little captains did not know about them. Tobacco was there, and Cotton Oil, the Chicago Stock Yards and Cordage, and Thurber-Whyland, and American Gas and Sugar; but where were the little fellows? What was wanted was a state that would not only open up its laws, but would advertise itself; that state would get the business, which would go forth with business push, advertising and drumming up trade among the businesses that never had heard of West Virginia, Delaware, and New Jersey as dealers in lawful license. Now a state, as a state, could not afford, even if its officials, like the secretary of state of West Virginia, had the loyal energy to take up the work, to go out on the road showing its goods and advertising itself as the easiest, safest and best shop for limited-liability charters. The thing to do, therefore, was to make it worth while for a private company, incorporated under Jersey laws, to undertake this part of the business. So Mr. Dill proposed to form a company

which, for small but numerous fees, should advertise Jersey as a charter-granting state, explain her laws, vouch for her courts, attend to the incorporation of commercial companies, and look out for them at home while they were off doing business in the other states.

Interesting the Ruling Interests

The governor of New Jersey was convinced, but, while he was boss of the state and the actual head of the system, he was not "the whole thing." He told Mr. Dill that he must see the Secretary of State, Henry C. Kelsey, who was one of the Democratic State House Ring; nothing could be done without that interest. Then he must see Allan L. McDermott, the Abbett lieutenant, who was clerk of the Court of Chancery and chairman of the Democratic State Committee. McDermott handled the legislature and nothing could be done without legislation, of course. Then he must see some Republican of influence, say, well, say United States District Attorney Henry S. White; for nothing could be done quietly without the minority interest. And last, but not least, Mr. Dill must see some representative of the Pennsylvania Railroad; the road, though not in control, held South Jersey and owned legislators. "You can't do without the Pennsylvania." So Charles B. Thurston, Secretary, in Jersey City, of Alexander Hamilton's old Associates of the Jersey Company, which the Pennsylvania controlled with all the shore front and exclusive ferry privileges, was added to Mr. Dill's visiting list.

The scheme provided for all these men and their interests. To Mr. Kelsey was shown how the secretary of state's office would get fees, fixed, regular, and small, but many and, in the aggregate, large. Also Mr. Kelsey was to come into the company. To Mr. McDermott was shown how the clerk of the Court of Chancery could double his fees and, besides, Mr. McDermott was to have an interest in the company. So, also, with Mr. White. To Mr. Thurston it was shown that the business, by increasing the income of the state and of her officials, would benefit the Pennsylvania and all other railroads. In the first place, the legitimate expenses of the state were growing. When they became a burden to the taxpayer again, there would be another howl to tax the railroads. The railroads had just had an experience of that. It probably would not be the last. In the second place, the politicians would be asking for more and, more money for political expenses, and, unless the state provided graft, the roads would have to meet that demand. The roads were there; they couldn't get away. They would have to go down into their own pocket, unless they could go down into somebody else's pocket. Mr. Dill's scheme provided somebody else's pocket; it would bring all the corporations of the United States into Jersey to pay her expenses, legitimate and political, and save the railroads from that horrid cry, "equal taxation." This line of reasoning won the Pennsylvania and, as for Mr. Thurston, who presented it to his people in Philadelphia, Mr. Thurston himself was to be taken into the company .

Jersey's Drummer for the Trust Trade

Thus was formed the Corporation Trust Company of New Jersey, which in its circulars announced that "we have a Board of Directors which includes Henry C. Kelsey, Secretary of State; Charles B. Thurston, of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Allan L. McDermott," etc., etc. Governor Abbett took stock in the company, but, as some one remarked pointedly, "Abbett paid for his stock, which was more than can be said of some of the others;" and his name was not used. The official, inside character of the company was sufficiently indicated by the other names, and hints like this: "Any forms issued by the Secretary of State can be obtained from us without charge;" or this: "Our *location* (sic) which places us in close touch with the state departments, having charge . . . will be of special benefit to those for whom we may act."

Lest we be unfair, let us proceed now very deliberately. This was a graft. This company was organized to graft upon the incorporating function of the state, and state officials were in on it. But Jersey is a business man's state; business men have ruled it always, and the laws they have made permit a business man to hold office and engage in private business, almost any office and almost any business. An attorney-general may take a retainer from a railroad; while I was writing these lines the present Attorney-general, R. M. McCarter, was appearing in court for the Lackawanna Railroad; and so with prosecutors of the pleas (district attorneys); they frequently are of counsel for the public

service corporations *against* whom they have to appear. In other states, as in New York and Pennsylvania, for example, officials in the public contracting business let their friends or their wives appear in their private businesses. In Jersey, the Secretary of State could be, as he was, an officer of the Corporation Trust Company of New Jersey.

Moreover, this company, unlike political-business companies in other states, and even in New Jersey, was organized not to rob, but to help the state; it was to make its profits by increasing the profits of the state. As things financial-political go in America, the founders of the Corporation Trust Company of New Jersey were engaging in a singularly patriotic business. True their prosperity was to be achieved at the expense of the other states and it might be costly to the United States. But who cares about the United States? That is too big, too great, too grand and glorious to need care. And, as for the other states, Mr. Dill himself in his recent address at Harvard said that "the spirit of the charter-granting states is war, interstate war."

Again, we must not charge up to this company all the peculiarities of Jersey corporation laws. That would be not only unjust, but ridiculous. The story of those laws was told me by leaders of the Jersey bar without any mention of Dill or his company. The Jersey policy was a natural growth out of the character of the government and people of the state, as influenced by her neighbors, New York and Philadelphia. From the beginning of the last century, when Alexander Hamilton went over there and drew his two famous charters, for the Associates of the Jersey Company, already mentioned, and for the Society for the Encouragement of Useful Manufactures which pre-empted the water power of the Passaic River where it falls near what is now the city of Paterson — from that time on, Jersey had been a resort for corporation schemes. She was a business man's government by business men with politicians for tools or agents, and the traffic in her special charters went on till in 1875 amendments to the constitution forbade special legislation. After that when you wanted a special law, you procured the passage of a general law, but the foreign railroads and the jealous Jerseymen were so rapacious that in a few years the Jersey legislature had enacted for special purposes enough general corporation laws to permit almost anything — in the way of business. Jersey lawyers go frequently to New York and in the 'Eighties, when the anti-monopoly agitation arose, New York lawyers and national captains of industry, worried by the law elsewhere, heard of Jersey and went there in such great numbers that, by 1891, a New York newspaper complained that "in the last two years 1,626 (national) corporations with an aggregate capital of over $600,000,000 have been organized under the New Jersey laws."

Financial Raines Law Hotels

So when in 1890 Governor Abbett and Messrs. Dill, Thurston, McDermott, and their friends sat down together in New York City to perfect the Dill scheme, they were turning a wild growth into a cultivated plant; what had been a natural, subconscious functioning of the state, they raised up into an intelligent, orderly, definite policy. The business was coming of itself to Jersey; all that was necessary was to nurse it along and get possession of it for the state officials in the Corporation Trust Company of New Jersey. This last proved no easy task. At that time the national corporations with Jersey charters were what a New York judge called "tramps;" they had no domicile, no address in the state whence they were launched. They had to hold certain meetings in Jersey, however, so they used to sail now and then by ferry to Jersey City, or Hoboken where they took rooms for an hour or two in some hotel. Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, got most of this business. The Corporation Trust Co. opened offices right near this hotel. But (so conservative is capital) Sugar, Tobacco and the others were slow to cross the street. Some of these "hotels" were vice resorts at night, but the trusts didn't care; they continued to use them for financial assignations by day. "We offered them a fine 'financial Raines law hotel'," said one of my informants, "with bona fide, lawful sandwiches, but they stuck to their side-doors and the stock, wooden 'meals.'" It was not till the Corporation Trust Company passed laws requiring corporations to have "an office," kept open the year round, with books and an agent, and to hang out a sign, that the corporations were driven out of the hotels. And then the Corporation Trust Company and its branches did not get all the business. The men interested were so careful lest they frighten the corporations away, that, to-day,

under the law almost anything is "an office," and almost every bank, trust company, and lawyer in the state displays a tablet with the names on it of some corporations doing business out of the state. Most of this trade hangs around the ferries, however, and in Jersey City there is such a clustering of New York business at the Exchange Place landing that this place is called West Wall Street, and the Corporation Trust Company, which has now two or three rooms in a high building on the site of Taylor's Hotel, displays the "signs" of some 1500 companies — 1500 of the biggest corporations in the world, whose principal office is here.

Before legislating for themselves, however, the Corporation Trust group legislated for the state and for the corporations; and the propaganda began at the same time, and very interestingly. Though the first bills were in the direction of sound business, they were passed secretly. The corporation tax had been fixed by Governor Abbett in his first term, and it was low and regular — one-tenth of one per cent on the capital stock. Little had to be done to ensure an orderly, simple method of incorporation without any possibility of blackmail, but that little was done. Fees were stated; to be sure they were properly distributed among the inside officials, but the system was to be above board. Thus Dill's idea of giving Jersey an honest advantage over New York and other grafting states was carried out, secretly. Why secretly? Other bills put through were in the interest of corporations, but even these were for all corporations; they were not for some one or two special clients. They were for Jersey, to further the policy that was to enrich her. Yet, I was told: "The legislators did not know what the bills were for. All they knew was that each crowd got orders from its own boss, and, though some of the shrewd fellows remarked that all parties were for these measures, it was assumed that this was some private graft of the leaders; so they voted like blind pigs." Thus, then, the great Jersey policy was initiated, as a policy, by the corrupt Jersey legislature, in cynical ignorance!

"But why were you so quiet about it?" I asked. "You wanted advertisement and here was something done for Jersey; why not let Jerseymen know?"

"We didn't want Jersey to know till we had had time to prove that the policy was paying the state. Then, when the people felt the effect in their taxes, we knew there would be no kick from Jersey."

How We Helped Jersey Get Business

The other states "kicked," however, and promptly. I have quoted from a New York newspaper of 1891. Other papers took up the discussion, and before long Jersey's liberality to the corporations and her rush of business in charters was the talk from Maine to California. I remember writing myself some newspaper articles on the subject and you, who read those lines, you may have taken your part in the discussion. But here is something neither of us knew at the time: that discussion was inspired in the interest of Jersey. The man who "fed the first facts" to the New York papers told me it was then and thus that the advertisement of Jersey's wide openness to business was begun. Our facts, our figures, and some of our thoughts were passed out to us by men who wanted corporations to come to Jersey for their charters. The System is a wonderful thing; it votes us, it buys and it sells us, and — it does a lot of our thinking for us. It turns our abuses to its uses. Our denunciation of a boss helps to make him a boss, by telling bribers where to go to buy favors. As we shall see, the Jersey drummers for Jersey's trust business have used in their propaganda every offensive act of hers, but, in the beginning, our anti-trust passions were aroused against Jersey for the purpose of starting her on the road to become — what she is.

Well, and what is she? I have called her a traitor; let's see if that is too strong a term. Dr. Ernst von Halle, the German economist, says: "By the end of 1894 the federal government, twenty-two states, and one territory, had enacted anti-trust laws." He gives a review of this leglislation, state by state, from 1887 to 1894, concluding with the observation that "the United States act was passed in 1891." We need not go into details. This is the point: we, the people of the United States, were anti-trust. We may have been foolish, we may have been wrong; but in the period from 1887 to 1894 our thinkers were proposing, our legislators were legislating, and our courts were deciding to check the growth of great combinations of capital which threatened competition in trade.

That was the time when New Jersey said to the trusts: "Come to us. We'll let you

do anything. You needn't stay here. Pay us for them, and we'll give you letters of marque to sail out into the other states and do business as you please. The other states have made your business a crime; we'll license you to break their laws. We'll sell out the whole United States to you, and cheap; and our courts are 'safe' and our legislature is 'liberal,' and our location is convenient."

Jersey's Spirit the Spirit of Treason

Do you think this is putting it too baldly? Listen, then, to a Jerseyman who, from the politician's standpoint, is thoroughly versed in the Jersey policy from its formal inception. I asked him to sum up for me the spirit of that policy. "When it was being talked over," I said; "when you were considering how corporate legislation would profit you, your friends, your state, just what was your attitude towards the other states and the United States?" "To hell with the rest; what does Jersey care for other states? That's the attitude. Their loss was our gain. As for the trusts we let them play in everbody's back-yard — except ours. And, so far as possible, we fixed it so they couldn't be kicked out." It was in this spirit that, in 1894, when the Great White Spirit Company wanted to run a distillery in Massachusetts, and couldn't do it as a Massachusetts company, because Massachusetts law forbade the organization of domestic companies for distilling purposes, New Jersey provided the charter. Massachusetts had not thought to provide against "foreign corporations" so New Jersey set that distillery right down on the banks of the Charles River, and there it stayed until insolvency closed it.

This is not war. Mr. Dill's word is too large. This is business. Massachusetts, with her strict law, created a demand for a loose law, and Jersey supplied the demand, cleverly, and for money. Jersey was smart. So we of the United States, with our anti-trust laws developed a market for trust laws, and Jersey made them to order. That's business. Jersey sold us out and that is treason. But what's the difference? There was money in it. Let's follow the growth of a few features of her law, and see how she did it.

How Jersey Made Trusts Lawful

The great companies which we know as trusts are so called because, at first they were combinations of allied businesses whose management was put into the hands of trustees or pools. State and federal laws forbade such trusts, and business character (or, perhaps, it was human nature), was against them. The several companies broke faith; they gave rates or cut prices, so that between the law and the mutual distrust of trustees, pooling-trusts broke up. Thus, for example, the Standard Oil Company was dissolved by law and all railroad pools of those days were short-lived. What was needed, therefore, to beat the law and human nature was a perfect, lawful combination. So the corporation lawyers who were steering Jersey legislation, devised the holding company, with power to own absolutely all its subsidiary companies. Starting from a decision of the Jersey court in 1888, that a corporation had no implied power to purchase and hold the shares of another, an act was passed in the next year authorizing directors to purchase the stock of any company "manufacturing and producing materials necessary to its business." This was not enough and in the course of the next few years the clause was made to read, "manufacturing and producing materials and *property* necessary," etc. In 1893 this was simplified to let directors "buy stocks of any other company which the directors might deem necessary." And in 1896, when the corporation laws were revised and codified under a Republican administration, this section was broadened like this: "Any corporation may purchase, hold, sell, assign, transfer, mortgage, pledge, or otherwise dispose of the shares . . . or any bonds, securities, or evidences of indebtedness created by any other corporation or corporations of this or any other state, and while owner of such stock may exercise all the rights, powers, and privileges of ownership, including the right to vote thereon." There we have the holding company, which makes the trust lawful and strong.

Again, the life of charters and the purposes of corporations were limited. The Jersey law specified the things for which a company might be incorporated, and after 1891 the list grew year by year till, in 1896, charters were made perpetual and instead of a list of permissions, the Revision Act said any "three or more persons may become a corporation for any lawful purpose or purposes whatever," and then followed a list of exceptions. And this list of exceptions was

drawn only to protect from the trusts Jersey and Jersey interests — banks, insurance, railroad, telegraph and telephone companies. As Frank P. McDermott says in his "Pointers on New Jersey Corporations," "Companies for constructing and maintaining railroad, telegraph and telephone lines *outside* the state are not within the exceptions."

How Jersey Provided for Exploitation

These and many other such laws were all in the direction of permitting trusts to exist and to stop competition; *i. e.* to become monopolies. But the captains of industry had other needs. They wanted not only to do business; they wanted also to exploit and finance it, and make money out of the operation. Jersey was willing. The next string of legislation was to enable promoters to buy up competing companies without paying money for them. They were permitted to pay with shares in the trust. In 1891 an act was passed permitting directors to issue additional stock, and another authorizing them to "buy property and pay stock therefor." In 1893, stock issued for property — that is to say, paid out to the owners of the purchased company — might be exempted from calls for cash, but it had to be marked. Later this last requirement which embarrassed promoters who paid themselves in stock, was abolished. In the famous revision of 1896, all powers necessary to water and pour forth stock were rounded up in the famous dummy-director clause which declared that "the judgment of directors as to the value of property purchased shall be conclusive." The meaning of this law may be brought out in a story Edwin Lefevre tells. When one of the great steel combinations was forming, a group of financiers who had been buying companies in one city got drunk on the train that was taking them home. They talked steel, and somebody suggested buying out a certain mill at a town on the way. They left the train. It was late, but they went to the mill-man's house in a hack and called him to the window. He protested in his nightshirt that he did not want to sell.

"How much is your plant worth?" they demanded.

"Two hundred thousand," he said, "but it is not for sale."

"We'll give four hundred thousand."

"Not for sale."

"Five hundred," said the drunken financiers. "Six."

To make a long story short, the man finally came down to the door, went with them to a club, and sold his mill for several times what it was worth. The financiers sold it to their trust for twice what it cost them in watered stock, and then they sold their trust out to the United States Steel Company at so high a price that even Morgan quailed. But Morgan took it and, as we all know, he sold it to us. All this was possible under the Jersey law permitting trust directors to put their own value on purchased companies.

To Sell a Business and Own it, Too

One more of McDermott's "pointers on Jersey corporations," and we may proceed with our story. Our captains of industry wanted not only to form trusts without the law and to finance them without money, they wanted to control them without owning the majority stock. Jersey let them. In 1891 she passed a law permitting stock-holders to vote by proxy; the leaders thus could corner the votes. Another law allowed stock-holders to define a quorum. Another gave directors power to decide the amount of dividends. And finally, in the '96 Revision, stock-holders could be classified, preferred and common, and unequal power given to them. Under this law you and I could organize a company with property worth, say, a million. We could issue bonds for that amount; bonds have no vote. If we then put out one million of preferred stock with no vote, and a million of common stock with no value but a vote, we could sell all the stock that the market would take and yet control the property. In other words, we could eat our cake and have it, too — which is one secret of high finance.

Bad Government in Jersey

The famous revision of 1896, referred to above as the culmination of each line of trust legislation, was a Republican act. The Democrats, the so-called anti-trust Democratic party, initiated the great Jersey policy which gave us the trusts. But that party gave Jersey bad government; the government that sold us out, sold out Jersey as well. Governor Abbett, who, to attain a seat in the United States Senate, let his party represent trusts, railroads, saloons, race-tracks and local public service "crowds," disappointed the rapacity of these interests.

Ambitious as he was, and unscrupulous, this demagogue was afraid of public opinion, so when his term expired they beat him, and gave the seat for which he had sacrificed so much to his lieutenant, James Smith, Jr., the boss of Essex County and the largest contributor, in the new public service crowd, to the Democratic campaign fund. A representative of corrupt special interests at home, Smith was one of the four "Democratic" senators who helped the Republicans to hold up President Cleveland's tariff reform bill till Aldrich got the sugar schedule fixed.

Thus Smith became, what he is to-day, the boss of the Jersey Democracy, and with Abbett out, Abbett's system went wild. With a weak man for governor and a race-track starter in the speakership (called the startership) the race-tracks and the liquor men, the trolleys and the railroads, got all that they wanted. Legislation was for sale. Cities and towns were thrown open to loot; public property, from franchises down to cheap furniture, was stolen, and vice and crime reigned. This was the era of "bad" government to which Jerseymen look back with horror. As they speak of those days, you would think that only the race-tracks, saloons and vicious politicians were busy. Jerseymen forget that it was then that the big trusts and the public service corporations put through some of their worst legislation. The stench of the vice graft did not repel, it attracted big business, and such national concerns as the Standard Oil rushed over there, and as for the Jersey public service people, it was in 1893 that they put through as separate, unnoticed bills, a lot of legislation which together not only allowed them to merge, consolidate, and finance, but to compel unwilling combinations by threats of parallel lines; and not only to take streets, but to grab turnpikes without county consent. Jersey was made a Tenderloin of vicious finance, at the time she was a Tenderloin of political graft.

Reform in New Jersey

But a change occurred, Jersey rose in revolt. The clergy preached; they threw open the pulpits to lawyers and merchants, and these laymen preached to churches filled with men who went forth and — voted. The Democratic party was thrown out of the legislature in 1894 and 1895, and in 1896, John W. Griggs, the first Republican governor Jersey had had in some thirty years, was elected to make the administration also Republican. Thus ended the Democratic government which gave to Jersey bad government, and to the United States — the Trusts.

What did the Republicans give us? That was the reform party in New Jersey; what reforms did it bring about? The race-tracks were abolished; the liquor interest was — quieted; all criminal vice and crime were driven to cover. The most flagrant of the trolley laws were repealed. But the trolleys went on. They had the roads and streets; they got extensions, but noiselessly. They had their perpetual franchises and their consolidations. They got more, and they combined their consolidations. And, as for the corporation laws, which concern you and me, they were not repealed. They were "improved." The Revision Commission of 1896 was appointed by Governor Griggs, and it codified, amplified — it perfected in competent, Republican fashion, the charter-granting business policy of Governor Abbett, the Democrat. And this was done with not only the whole country, but with New Jersey also, looking on. The policy had begun to pay. In 1890 Jersey had collected only some $292,000 from her miscellaneous corporations; under the stimulus of the Corporation-Trust legislation and propaganda, she gathered in $405,000; and by 1896, her revenue from this source was $707,000. This was good, good business and "good" government.

Good Government in New Jersey

Good government began in New Jersey in 1896 — what Jerseymen call "good," and what most of us would call "good" if we lived in New Jersey. General Sewell, the veteran Republican boss, took charge. He was sent back to the United States Senate to represent us. Really he represented the Pennsylvania Railroad, but he was a broad, conservative business man, and he took care of business interests. He rallied about him all railroads, all protected industries and all the public service groups, Democratic and Republican alike, and he was on friendly terms with the leaders of both political parties. To be sure there was corruption, but it was "good" corruption; quiet, orderly, in the interest of business. The clergy were not scandalized by it and the people heard nothing but rumors which no

one could prove. The people were not represented, but the people do not really want representative government; "good government" is the cry, and the Jerseymen who had that did not "kick."

There was some kicking in the United States. Business was reviving, and the Jersey trusts began to flourish. These caused complaints, but most of us took the advice of the late Governor Flower, who said: "Don't kick at the trusts; get into them." One loud political protest was raised in Governor Flower's state: The Albany legislature appointed a committee to investigate all Jersey trusts that were operating in New York, and that committee came down to New York City after the Sugar Trust. But the Sugar Trust put its books on a boat and rushed them over to Jersey, and Jersey, under the guidance of her New York corporation lawyers, drew up and rushed through the Trenton legislature a bill to protect her own. This so-called protective act is a remarkable measure. It says: "No action or proceeding shall be maintained in any court of this state against any stockholder, officer, or director, of any domestic (Jersey) corporation for the purpose of enforcing any statutory personal liability . . . *whether* . . . *penal* or *contractural, if* . . . *created* . . . *by the statutes or laws of any other state.*"

Here was a defiance to the other states. Put through in eighteen hours, with the whole country watching the "fight for the Sugar Trust's books," Jersey was not ashamed to be seen saving one trust from possibly just punishment for breaking a New York law; on the contrary, she took the occasion to announce to all trusts that she would save them all from all laws "penal or contractural," of all "other states." And her drummers, the corporation trust companies (at least two of them), sent out to their clients, the trusts, an identical circular boasting of the act, as follows:

"May we not refer to this as an instance of the watchful care which the N. J. Corporation Guarantee & Trust Co. (ditto the Corporation Trust Co. of N. J.) exercises over the corporations located with it when we say that this act, the importance of which cannot be overestimated, was drawn by our counsel, was introduced at 8.30 P.M. of March 29, and by 2.30 P.M. the following day was signed by the governor and became a law?"

The whole spirit of this "good" Jersey government was toward the indulgence of corporate business, and every step it took in that direction was advertised not only by our clamor, but by circulars sent out by her citizens to attract business to their financial Raines law hotels. I have a lot of these circulars stating the "advantages of corporations organized under the laws of New Jersey." They say: "You are not called upon to disclose the financial standing of your business, nor to make public the details thereof." "We (the financial hotel) attend to every detail, including, if you desire, the organization of your company, notify you of all meetings which you are required to hold and see that they are legally conducted." Again: "It is unnecessary for you to come to New Jersey, as the matter (organization and meetings) can be completed by mail." Again: "We have employees of this office who act as incorporators, who would sign the charter, complete the organization and return you all the papers ready for the company to do business within three days." But there are some exactions: — "The statute requires one director to be a resident of this state; *whom we will furnish if desired without extra charge.*"

A Resort for Tax Dodgers

No matter how great and good trusts may be, there is something disgusting about this. But these business rulers of this "safe" and businesslike state have gone lower than that. In 1898 they made Jersey a retreat for property that would escape taxes. Take the case of money. New Jersey does not (in practice) tax deposits in banks and trust companies. New York does, and she requires all foreign corporations to make sworn statements of their balances. So the ferry landings in Jersey are choked with trust companies and banks which are agents of New York companies, and some rich men have little depositories of their own. If you are rich enough to be a tax dodger, you keep an account in a Jersey "bank." You deposit in New York in favor of that bank, and draw your checks on it, but the money comes from the New York bank. This practice is advertised openly in newspapers, and Jersey's "Raines law banks" put out timely hints like this: "The Comptroller of New York has fixed the 31st day of October as the day

upon which the report is to be made to him for the purpose of fixing the tax. . . . The amount of your bank-balance and the property you have in New York on that day will have a bearing on the amount of taxes you must pay." That is all; but before such days you see boys going to Jersey with bags of money and securities.

Jersey is a state in business. The business men who govern her have turned her into a great commercial concern. Does it pay?

Her main line has paid well so far. The miscellaneous corporations, which netted her $707,000 in 1896, paid nearly a million in 1899; nearly a million and a half in 1900, more than a million and a half in 1901; in 1902, nearly two millions, and in 1903, $2,177,297.81. Her debt was wiped out. She is famous for her schools. She has the finest roads in the country; one-third of the macadam roads in the United States are in New Jersey. But listen to her new Governor, Edward C. Stokes, summing up. He is a Pennsylvania Railroad man, so he includes the railroad tax receipts in his statement of the case. "At the close of the last fiscal year the balance in the treasury amounted to $2,940,918.98. The ordinary receipts for the year amounted to $4,302,370.61, of which nearly seventy-eight per cent, or $3,351,543.69 came from railroads and business companies domiciled in our state. Of the entire income of the government, not a penny was contributed directly by the people. . . . The state is caring for the blind, the feeble-minded, and the insane, supporting our prisoners and reformatories, educating the younger generations, developing a magnificent road system, maintaining the state government and courts of justice, all of which would be a burden upon the tax-payer except for our present fiscal policy. To have raised last year, by direct taxation, the income of the state, would have imposed upon property a tax rate of nearly one-half of one per cent."

There is no doubt, then, about these profits. But good-will is the greatest asset of a Jersey corporation. Is her own good-will all right? Can she hold the business? Jersey is worrying over this question herself. This was what Governor Stokes had in mind when he wrote the passage quoted above. He sees other states getting the business away from Jersey. "The incorporations in one state last year," he says, "show a capital of $111,255,500; in another, $251,971,620; in another, $285,553,700; in New Jersey, $313,569,620." New Jersey still leads, but, says the Governor of New Jersey, "our state is by no means attracting all the great moneyed interests seeking articles of incorporation."

Jersey's Business Falling Off

What is the matter? Three things are the matter. In the first place, while Jersey was helping trusts to wipe out competition she could not create a monopoly in such legislation. Any American state can go into that business, and some have. Jersey is suffering from competition. Her example in betrayal was promptly followed by states that are willing to give lower laws at a lower price and, if the rivalry in lax legislation goes on at the present rate, the trusts will be able to get all they want, and Jersey may have to suffer with the rest of us.

The second thing the matter, is that Jersey's trusts have abused Jersey's frailty and discredited her corporation laws. Those trusts which she launched so completely armed with indulgences for every thinkable financial sin, have come sailing back as we saw Sugar do for further dispensations and more power. A Jersey charter is a chip off the sovereignty of the state; it is what a constitution is to a state. Under her laws you could draw a charter distributing power and rights at will. You could disfranchise a majority of the stock and let the board of directors declare dividends, earned or unearned, or withhold them. In Jersey, you, not the legislature, made your corporation laws, and Jersey's drummers warned promoters as follows: "You can draw your charter as broad as you please; be sure to use foresight and care." Even after all this the Jersey trusts committed crimes or wanted to, and back they came for amendments to her laws to cover them. In 1901, United States Steel asked that the law which provided for a two-thirds vote be changed to two-thirds of the stock *present*. In 1902 it was back again for a special act to permit the conversion of stock into bonds which might be sold below par. This operation, Prof. William Ripley, in his "Trusts, Pools and Corporations," says "betrayed a disregard of the principles of sound finance and even of common honesty and fair dealing with the stock holders." In 1903, Malting, Amalgamated Copper and other trusts appeared at

Trenton for a law to remove the liabilities of directors before the courts for crimes already committed. This was putting the state regularly into the business of selling, not only indulgences, but absolution.

These are but a few instances of what has developed into a large part of Jersey's business, and, taken together with such scandals as the Shipbuilding Trust, which failed, and the Franklin Syndicate of 520-per-cent-Miller fame which ended in prison, and other unfortunate Jersey companies, a Jersey charter was brought to mean to many men nothing but danger. No wonder, then, that James B. Dill now advocates federal charters, and Governor Stokes, to save the business of his state, recommends a revision of the Jersey laws "to safeguard the public," and "protect the stock-holders of other states."

The third thing the matter is, perhaps, the saddest of all. The betrayer is being betrayed. It was reported in Jersey while I was there that her junior U. S. Senator, John F. Dryden, President of the Prudential (Life) Insurance Company of America was in favor of President Roosevelt's recommendation that the Federal Government take over the charter-granting function of the states. Two states, Wisconsin and Massachusetts, have objected to the Prudential's methods, so Senator Dryden, being a Jerseyman and selfish, might be willing to sacrifice the interest of Jersey if the United States would let him operate in two more states than a Jersey charter can open to him. But Dryden since has introduced a bill to put insurance companies under national control and that may satisfy him. Her Senator still may represent her. But her drummer is lost to her. The Corporation Trust Company, proving a good thing, was bought in 1902 by some New Yorkers belonging to the Equitable Life Insurance crowd, and those men have broadened the field; they do business not for New Jersey alone, but, as they advertise, in all charter-granting states. Jersey's own original partner is in business for itself.

Abused by her progeny, the trusts; betrayed by the agents of her treason; outdone in self-prostitution by sister states, younger and more reckless in the business, Jersey is finding that her liberal policy was too liberal. Governor Stokes says, "the day of gigantic business combinations is on the wane," and to catch the smaller companies, he is urging legislation to "insure the faithful administration of the affairs" of business companies, to guard the "rights of the owner of a single share of stock," and "to remedy abuses." Coming so late, this sounds pathetic, and when you hear that Governor Stokes thinks that, at best, the business is good for only a few years more, you will see that there is something desperate about it.

But the trusts don't care what becomes of Jersey. They have got what they wanted out of her, and can go elsewhere now. Has her policy paid the trusts? Of course, the promoters have profited by it, but has business? Business men say "no." While I was working on Jersey, I had to spend a great deal of time in Wall Street, and I heard this question discussed. The feeling of conservative corporation men can best be indicated by the proposition two of them made to me; one was the president of one of the oldest and cleanest corporations in the country, the other a corporation lawyer of national reputation. They said they would furnish the facts if I would write an article showing the methods by which some typical big corporations were being "wrecked." Why were they willing to tell? Because, they said, the financial licentiousness and the criminal corruption of the financial rings they had in mind, were a menace to corporate and all other business. And their examples were all taken from Jersey-made trusts, or from the operations of men interested in the exploitation of that state which protected the wreckers.

Business men stand license no better than politicians. Having no self-restraint, they need the restraint of law, and having been placed by Jersey where they long have wanted to be, above the law, they find that anarchy, financial anarchy, is hurting business. So Jersey's liberal policy does not pay business? Whom does it pay? Not us, not the other states, not the United States. With millions of men holding watered stock in fallen or falling corporations, which have been robbed like cities, and with the President urging national control in the interest of business and fair play, that conclusion needs no enforcement. And, besides, "to hell with the rest." That is Jersey's attitude to-day; Governor Stokes is advocating other, higher principles; but strong forces are opposing him, and, to carry the state, he is appealing to Jersey motives, to wit: to save the business to the

state. And, as for the rest of us, many of us envy Jersey. She is making money at the expense of the rest of us; she is trafficking in treason; but Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, South Dakota, and Maine are seeking by still greater liberality to get the trusts to come to them, and New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and others would like to — because they think it pays. That is the American attitude. And the great American question is: Does it pay?

Let us go back to Jersey. Does it really pay her? *Has* she good government?

How Jersey is Actually Governed

The government of New Jersey is a syndicate. You have noticed, perhaps, that I have had little to say about individual men. The reason is that there aren't any. Since Abbett, the Democratic governor, and Senator Sewell, the Republican boss, died, Jersey hasn't had any conspicuous, leading men, good or bad, on the machine side or on the side of reform. There are bosses, like Major Lentz in Essex County and David Baird in Camden, and there are reformers, too, but the bosses are local political agents of the controlling business interests — and the reformers are county reformers. Both parties, take contributions from the business interests, organize the voters county by county, appoint candidates, and deliver to the business interests the sovereignty of the citizens in the shape of local and state officers and legislators who take orders like dummy-directors and deliver franchises, charters and laws to the local, state and national business interests that pay. The higher officers are representatives, customers, attorneys, or agents of the chief sources of corruption; they typically are business men, sometimes clean-handed, but they represent dirty money washed white in campaign funds and, instinctively, they stand for privileged business. The railroads, with the Pennsylvania at their head, and the so-called "Prudential Insurance — Fidelity Trust — Public Service Corporation" crowd, are the largest political spenders. Therefore they dominate. As between the Pennsylvania and this Public Service group, the Public Service is the stronger. The governor, Mr. Stokes, retired from a Pennsylvania directorate to run for his office, but both the United States Senators, James Kean and John F. Dryden, are public utility men. This does not mean that they are against the "roads"; they are showing that they are safe for the railroads in the Senate. All the rise of these men means is that the public utilities are the more active corruptionists; the railroads don't want much more now out of Jersey, only to be left alone; they don't care to rule just for the sake of ruling. If some other business, not antagonistic, will attend to the government and put up enough to keep politics corrupt so that any business man can get what he wants for a fair price, the railroads are glad to neglect politics. Now the trolleys and other public utility businesses are still building up their business in Jersey; they are extending lines, buying and absorbing plants, making contracts all the time, so that they have, anyway, to keep in touch with politics, and at the bottom, too, in the cities and counties. Senator Kean has some independent public utilities down his way, but most of the water, gas, electric light and power, and the trolleys of New Jersey are held by the Public Service Corporation, Thomas N. McCarter, President. This company was financed by the Fidelity Trust Co., Uzal H. McCarter, President. And back of the trust are the men in the Prudential Insurance Company, John F. Dryden, President. Naturally, when General Sewell died, Mr. Dryden was elected to the Senate. He had never taken any part in politics before, and his election caused some surprise and some difficulty; his friends had to buy outright several votes for him — unbeknown to him, they say — but that will not happen again. The next time he runs for the United States Senate, he will probably go through as the chief visible representative of the system. I say visible, because the Prudential has relations with the Equitable Life in New York City; and since the Pennsylvania resides in Philadelphia, the real seat of the government of New Jersey, the most selfish and provincial of states, is outside its borders, and the state government, which so liberally has served national trusts, actually is governed by a syndicate representing national corporate interests. Is this good government?

Present Conditions in Jersey

When I first went to work in Jersey, I was made most welcome everywhere, by good citizens who, aware of the corrupt conditions all about them, wanted to help me to expose — what? The charter-granting system by which Jersey was betraying the

citizens and the sound business of the whole country? Oh, no, they said. That was all right; that relieved Jerseymen of their state taxes. What, then, the state? The Public Service Corporation and the Lehigh Valley Railroad were preparing at that time to abandon the old Morris Canal, and to divide it up, the railroad to sell off the water and the trolley to have the canal-way for a trolley line. R. H. McCarter, the attorney-general who must pass upon the bill, is a brother to Tom McCarter, president of the Public Service Corporation, and he was counsel for the Lehigh Valley, and the legislature is owned by the Public Service and Railroad lobbies. Did they want me to show up the state government which made them despair of defeating this typical scheme of despoliation? No, they said, the state was in pretty good shape. There might be some evils, but the government was in the hands of good business men, safe and conservative, and they had it in an excellent financial condition. Very well, then, what would they have me "expose?" Why, their county. "Do Passaic county," they said, in Paterson; "we are having an investigation here right now." They were and the condition was rotten with petty, political graft. In Newark and the Oranges, they offered me Essex County. "That is the center of the whole business," they urged. And it is. But Jersey City, bestraddled and hemmed in by railroads which paid her no taxes, and shut her off from the water with their ferries and terminals, which denied the city easement for sewers — Jersey City would have made an interesting article. At the other end of the state, however, there was Camden declaring, "We are the worst. We need exposure the most." Exposure! I have never exposed anybody or anything, and no exposure is needed in any American community. What everybody knows is more than enough material for me, and in Jersey everybody knows everything apparently. The trouble there is that such citizenship as they have is mean, narrow, local. Jersey, in the mind of the average Jerseyman is a group of counties and his concern, if he worries at all, is with the petty evil of his own sordid surroundings. My concern is for the other states that Jersey is selling out, my interest is in the story of the troubles she has caused me and you, not in the troubles of Jerseymen. I didn't know when I set out that they had any. I had heard that Jersey got good government out of her ruling corporations. And when I found that they really had troubles of their own, my first impulse was to rejoice. My first feeling was that I'd like to see the citizens of this selfish state pickle in the corruption of Hudson County and Essex, of Camden, and Passaic, and Middlesex, and Ocean. And when President Roosevelt proposed that the federal government should take over the charter-granting function from the states, I said "Good; it will serve Jersey right. She deserves all the punishment we can give her."

That feeling was wrong. The President's suggestion may be sound, but I notice that many leading corporation men are leaning in that direction, and that makes me pause. Why this bad faith in Washington? Is the national government more corrupt than that of the states? Is it more representative of business than Jersey?

What the Matter Is

But there is another reason why I know my feeling about punishing Jersey is wrong: It is too Jersey-like. That is the spirit which has betrayed Jersey and made her betray the rest of us. It is the spirit of the reformers of the Oranges, of Hudson, and Camden, and they are in a fair way of finding it out right now. Camden elected as mayor, Joseph E. Nowrey, a Democrat who represented the city. David Baird, the Republican boss, is chairman of the state board that taxes railroads and he is in business with the Public Service Corporation in his county. He had the state legislature take away the veto and other powers of the mayor. And thus Camden must see that Camden's issue cannot be fought out in Camden County. Jersey City has for mayor a Republican, Mark Fagan, who is one of the few real democrats in this state. He has stood for "equal taxation," which is indeed the issue in his city, but he had to go to the legislature. What did he find? He wrote Governor Murphy, a fellow Republican a letter describing what he found; here is part of it: "The Republican legislature is controlled by the railroad, trolley, and water corporations, and the interests of the people are being betrayed. While I charge no man with personal corruption, I do not hesitate to say that this is a condition of affairs which is essentially corrupt, and which, if unchecked, means the virtual control of our State and our party by corporations. As a citizen, I say that this condition is dangerous and demoralizing. As a public official I protest against

the injustice done to Jersey City. As a member of the Republican party I deplore its subserviency to corporate greed and injustice. No political party can long receive the support of the people with such a record as this Republican legislature is making." The Orange men are not willing to grant forever and for nothing a trolley extension to the Public Service Corporation. They appeal to their local aldermen, only to find them bought up. By threats they frighten off the company, which proposes a Greater Newark to swallow up Orange in one, well-owned municipality. The Orange men go to Trenton with a bill to limit all franchises to twenty-five years, and they find, what Mayor Fagan found, that their legislature does not represent them; not even all the representatives from their own town represent them. Wouldn't you think they would see, Orange and Camden and Hudson, that the trouble is not that their local governments are bad, but that no part of their government represents them? and that the thing to do is to begin in their counties, make their mayors and aldermen, not "good men," but men who will represent them, or be beaten. And that, this done, all the good citizens in all the counties should get together, pledge their own legislators not only to represent their own county, but the wishes of good citizens in all counties, and last, but not least, that all these same citizens should see to it that this legislature should, first, send to the Senate, senators who would represent you and me, and, second, pass no bills that would betray the will and injure the business of the United States? But, no, the local spirit of Jersey is the spirit of counties, cities, and states all over the country. It is the home-rule sentiment which says: "Give us good government, and to hell with the rest." And that, again, is the American spirit.

If our national government is corrupt, it is because Jersey and other states, being corrupt, send their Keans and Drydens to the Senate, and their Gardners and McDermotts to the House to misrepresent all of us. And if Jersey and the other states are corrupt, it is because, their Jersey Cities, and their Hudson and Essex Counties, being corrupt, send their graduates in corruption to the state legislature to misrepresent all the counties. Jerseymen can't see it so, but this is the truth: Jersey's policy toward the trusts which is the cause of so much trouble to all the rest of us, is the cause of the troubles of all the counties of Jersey. The corruption of those counties is the foundation of the "good" state government that sells us out for fees, which turned back into the counties to relieve them of taxes, act upon the character of Jersey's citizens like bribes: they keep Jerseymen contented with a state government which represents, not you and me and them, but corrupt special business interests, at home and abroad. Not "good government," the cry of Americans in wards, counties, cities, states and the United States should be "representative government."

THE FIRST ONE

BY

V. R.

I LOVED a girl when I was young,
A girl I dared not try to kiss;
Our love was shy and found no tongue,
But eyes told tales we could not miss.

The years have stretched a lifetime now,
And I have loved more girls than one;
And I have kissed with deepest vow,
And kissed before I knew 'twas done.

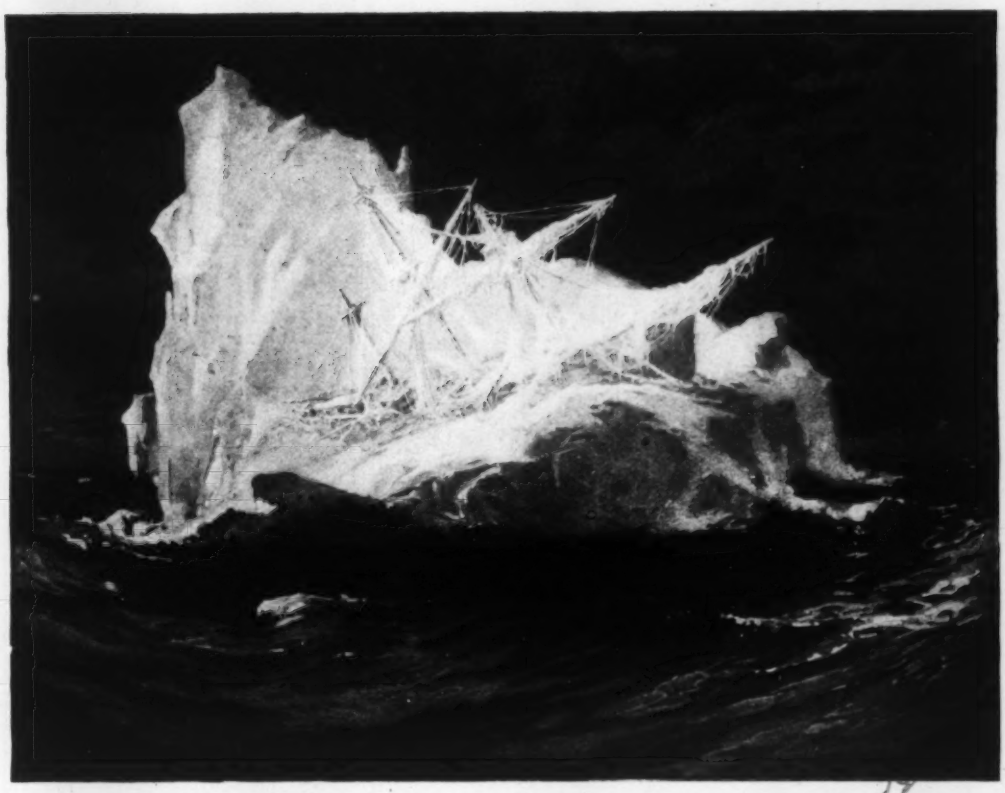
And that first girl I never met
After her pigtails coiled her head;
And I can't say my eyes were wet
When some one told that she was dead.

Yet there it is; she is the one,
The only one of women all,
Now that the list is closed and done,
Whom dreams of day and night recall.

Only last night she came to me,
Still silent came, and shy and sweet,
And then I learned what life might be —
Dream-drawn I sought my sweetheart's feet;

I laid my head upon her breast;
Within that haven reached at last,
There came no echo save of rest,
From all the life-long weary past.

To each poor dog his day, we're told;
Of my queer luck here is the best;
I dreamed that girl, forgot of old,
Caressed my head against her breast.



THE TERROR OF THE SEA

BY

P. T. McGRATH

AUTHOR OF "THE PERIL OF THE ICEBERG," "THE OCEAN GRAVEYARD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. J. BURNS

OF all the spectacles of the seas, none is so tragic as the derelict, the errant of the trackless deep. Weird beyond description is the picture presented by some broken and battered hulk, as she swings into view against the sky-line, with the turgid green seas sweeping over her moss-grown decks, and a splintered fragment of mast pointing upward, as if in protest against her undoing. It is a sight also to arouse fear.

For the derelict is the most potent of all the dangers that threaten the seafarer. Silent, stealthy, invisible, it is the terror of the mariner. It is the arch-hypocrite of the deep. Against it, skill of seamanship, vigilance in watching, avail not. Lights and whistles, beams and buoys proclaim the proximity of land; the throbbing of engines, the noises of shipboard life tell of an approaching vessel; icebergs and floes betray themselves by their ghostly radiance and surrounding frigidity of air. The derelict gives no warning, makes no signal. The first sign of its existence is the crash, the sickening tremble and quaver of the ship suddenly wounded to death.

Hateful, awesome as it is, there is also a melancholy attached to the derelict; for with each battered hulk there goes a history

THE TERROR OF THE SEA

"The derelict is the most potent of all the dangers that threaten the seafarer"

of suffering, perhaps of death and heroism. The making of a derelict — it is a cruel, grievous process. Take, for instance, the story of the bark "Florence E. Edgett", wrecked off the Caribbean, in the autumn of 1902. She left Nova Scotia on August 18th, for Buenos Ayres, lumber-laden, having on board, besides the crew of ten, the captain's young wife, aged twenty-three. On September 17th a hurricane arose, whipping the three spars out of the ship, and leaving only jagged stumps upstanding. The deckload was swept overboard, the bulwarks demolished, the deck-houses uprooted, and the holds flooded. The straining of the cargo within, the battering of the wreckage without, and the force of the sea and wind, made her leak like a basket. While the gale raged, all hands were lashed to the broken masts; when it abated they sought shelter below. But she was nearly full of water, cabin and forecastle awash, and most of the provisions spoiled. Yet for four long weeks these eleven humans stuck to her, hoping for rescue. Jury-masts were rigged to work her toward land; distress signals were shown by day, and flares burnt by night, but no ship came along.

Gradually her stock of food grew lower until only bread and water remained, and it became a question either of abandoning her while there was a chance of reaching land, or of remaining to face starvation, with its horrible concomitants. Accordingly, on October 15th, after twenty-eight days of misery on the wreck, they repaired and launched their only remaining boat (the others having been destroyed in the gale) and, leaky and flimsy though it was, they contrived to make their way in it to Grenada, in the Windward Islands, being eleven days voyaging nearly 1,400 miles. Their sufferings in the boat were almost indescribable; they were reduced to a quart of water and three ounces of bread daily, while the intense heat of the tropic sun blistered every exposed portion of their bodies. Mrs. Kay, the captain's wife, suffered acutely, but bore herself bravely, and heartened the men by her spirited example, though agonized with thirst, as were all on board. During the whole forty days between the storm and the sighting of land, they saw not a ship, and they could not have survived much longer, as their food was exhausted. The derelict they had left was sighted several times afterward by different ships, and it is believed, eventually drifted into the Sargasso Sea.

Record Voyages of Derelicts

Derelicts are nearly always wooden-built vessels, and usually lumber-laden. Iron ships open up and sink rapidly, but the stout planks of a wooden ship will give her buoyancy to resist the onslaughts of the sea, and if she has a cargo of lumber, she is virtually unsinkable until the hull is broken bodily apart, and the lading flung broadcast over the ocean. Many such lumber carriers have made most extraordinary voyages as derelicts. The schooner "Alma Cummings" wandered around the Atlantic for 587 days, and covered 5,000 miles. She loaded lumber at Port Royal for Boston, January, 1895, and was struck by the famous February blizzard off Cape Henry. Her masts went by the board, and her ten humans were soon facing desperate peril. The spars, held by the rigging, crashed against her sides, with every surge opening her seams until the water gushed into her hold in jets. Meanwhile, the seas swept over her, forming a coat of ice two feet thick on her decks. The pumps froze fast, and the crew were chilled to the marrow, their clothing drenched and frozen on them. Their quarters were flooded, everything was soaked with brine; there was not even one dry match aboard with which to start a fire. The waves partly submerged her, while the men, lashed to the stanchions and masts, waited for death from water or cold. After the storm had spent its fury, all other expedients failing, a rifle was fired into a can of kerosene oil in the cabin, and a blaze thus kindled, which, after a brief battle to prevent its spreading all over the ship, was husbanded like a sacred flame, and gave the heat necessary to cook food and fight the killing frost. For five days the men endured the misery of existence on this crazy hulk, and then, the sea having gone down, proceeded to abandon her and make for land. But, just as they had provisioned the life-boat, a sea struck and destroyed it, cutting off the only chance of escape by their own efforts. Two days later the British steamer "Queensmore" sighted her and rescued them, 100 miles off the New Jersey coast. Five ships subsequently reported the derelict drifting across the Atlantic, and then after some months she was descried near the equator, burned to the waters edge, having been fired by crews that had boarded

ABANDONING THE SCHOONER "ALMA CUMMINGS"

The British steamer "Queensmore" rescued her crew one hundred miles off the New Jersey coast. The derelict subsequently wandered, a menace to navigation for five hundred and eighty-seven days, having covered more than five thousand miles

her and thus had tried to rid navigation of her menace. But the fire would not reach below the sea, her decks were too wet to burn, and her timber cargo upbore her. The charred stumps of her masts remained, the bowsprit and part of the forecastle showed out of the water, and her hull was encrusted with barnacles. Then for another long period she was unreported, and, at last, on September 21, 1896, grounded near Colon, where the Panama Indians broke her up.

The record of the American schooner, "Fannie E. Wolsten," is still more wonderful. She was adrift four years, and traveled nine thousand one hundred and fifteen miles. She was abandoned on October 15, 1891, off Cape Hatteras, and drifted north with the Gulf Stream. A gale, however, drove her southward, and she trailed into the Sargasso Sea, where she is supposed to have remained more than two years, as she was unreported for eight hundred and fifty days. Then she was sighted again off Florida, and pursued an erratic course northward, describing two great circles off the Virginia coast, and coming within sight again, two miles off the New Jersey shore, where it is supposed she went to pieces, as she was never heard of again. She was one thousand, one hundred and seventeen days adrift altogether, and was sighted on forty-four occasions. In her erratic wanderings, she crossed her own track twelve times, and, despite her long battle with the element she was, when last seen, apparently as stanch as ever.

Scarcely less amazing are the records of some other famous derelicts whose movements have been "logged" by the Hydrographic Offices. The "Fred B. Taylor," a peculiar wreck because floating bow up, was adrift for ninety-three days in the summer of 1892, and in that time traversed three hundred and forty-two miles, being reported seven times, or once every two days. The "Hyaline" was abandoned in February, 1896, and in August was set on fire by a passing ship, but was sighted five times afterwards, the last report of her being on September the 10th. She had drifted over one thousand miles in her truant cruise. The "Canaria" was run down off Cape Cod on June 1, 1902. Three months later she was seen off the Banks, a distance of over four hundred miles from where she was abandoned. The "Ebenezer Haggett" which became dismantled on November 10, 1902, was towed into the Azores on April 15, 1903, having traveled two thousand miles during the hundred and fifty-seven days she was adrift.

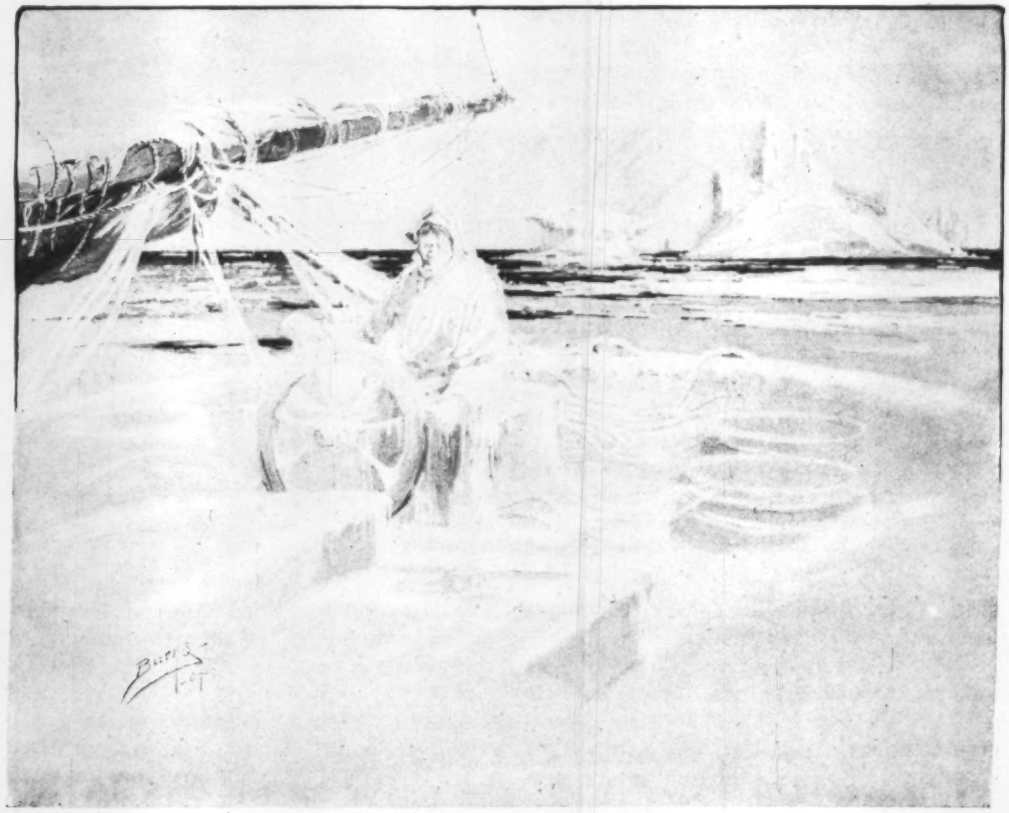
The Mystery of the Derelict

Modern materialism finds in the derelict a parallel to the famous "Flying Dutchman," so long the subject of song and story. The myth might have been derived from some ancient forerunner of the abandoned British whaler, "Resolute," which knocked about the Arctic Seas for four long and stormy years, battling with ice as well as tempest. Five years ago a ship rounding Cape Horn witnessed the gruesome sight of a New Bedford whaler frozen into an iceberg. She had "grounded" on it, and as it turned, later, she had been carried high in air, where the freezing sprays had welded her solid upon her crystal base. Such, too, was the end of the Newfoundland fishing schooner, "Albion," in 1893, and varied were the emotions she inspired, as, upreared on her gleaming pedestal, she swept through the trawling fleets that swarm on the Grand Banks. Even more appalling was the experience of the sealer "Ariebis," which came upon a derelict steered by a dead man's hand. When the blighting storm had smitten his boat, he had lashed himself to the wheel, and thus had died. There at his post he still stood, with nerveless hand grasping the spokes and sightless eyes staring ahead. The next comers scuttled the wreck, and sent her lone watcher to the cavernous depths in the posture he had retained, as was the fittest burial for such a viking.

Many of these derelicts comprehend mysteries which are never solved. The ship, when boarded, is found empty. No note is left to show why she has been abandoned. The crew are never heard of again, and the incident adds another to the countless amazing secrets which the ocean holds. The experience of every sailor includes some of these occurrences so incredible, apparently, that, were they not so common, they would never be believed. Undoubtedly the most extraordinary of all was that of the ship "Marie Celeste," a more fantastic creation, apparently, than novelist ever wove. She left New York in 1887 for Europe, her personnel being thirteen, including the captain's wife and child. Two weeks later a British bark sighted her in the Atlantic, there was no sign of life on board. A boat was sent to her, and a most exhaustive search proved her to be as

silent as the tomb, as deserted as a pest-house. Everything was in its place — even the boats at the davits. The hull was undamaged, the cargo untouched. Rigging and spars were intact; the sails were all set. The crew's weekly wash hung above the forecastle; an awning covered the poop. Binnacle, and wheel, and rudder were complete. The sailors' kits and dinners were seen in the forecastle. In the cabin was a sewing-machine with a child's garment under the needle; and on the table a half-eaten meal. The chronometer ticked undisturbed in the chart-room; the cash-box was unrifled. The log-book, posted to within forty-eight hours of the visit, showed the passage to have been favorable; the ship's appearance proved there had been no storm. Evidences of a struggle, or piracy, or murder, there were none. Yet thirteen people had disappeared as if spirited away by some supernatural agency, and from that day to this the mystery has never been unraveled, though the United States Government spared no effort to solve it.

Another mystery was that of the brig "Resolven," which left Newfoundland for Labrador in August, 1884, and was picked up three days later by the British warship "Mallard," with not a soul on board. She had sails set, side-lights burning, and galley fire ablaze. Fore and aft all was in order, a bag of gold, to buy a cargo of herring, lying untouched in a locker. The warship towed her in, while all awaited tidings of the eleven men who had crewed her. But they never returned. The theory is that she struck an iceberg and they, launching a boat in their panic, upset it, and all on board perished. Yet another enigma was furnished in 1881 by the derelict sighted in mid-Atlantic, in seaworthy trim, by the "Ellen Austin." The crew had vanished and left no trace. The "Austin" put a prize crew aboard to take her



THE LONE WATCHER

"there at his post he still stood with nerveless hand grasping the spokes, and sightless eyes staring ahead"

to New York. In a breeze the ships parted company, and some days later the "Austin" sighted the derelict again with the second crew gone from her, and the mystery became deeper than ever. Another crew was induced to board her with much difficulty, but the craft never reached port, and the affair remains unsolved yet.

Some Narrow Escapes

The derelict is more destructive than the iceberg. The tall, upstanding berg will stop a ship dead, with stove-in bow, perhaps, but firm abaft the first bulkhead. The low-lying, sluggish derelict, however, sinking under the blow of collision, will bump against and open the ship's whole bottom, so that the attacker will go down before the extent of her damage can be realized. Sometimes a greyhound speeding across some ocean course, where land is not, or where no obstacle is visible, will plump into something that jars her from stem to stern. All on board will be aroused, damage will be looked for, and the log will record contact with a sunken wreck. These waifs have a peculiar fondness for obstructing the steamer lanes. In February, 1898, off Cape Henry the "Inchisla" descried three derelicts in sight at once — two half-sunk schooners and a capsized brig — while in April, off Cape Cod the "Strathmuir" sighted a vessel burning and another dismantled alongside her. In 1896, during the night, the steamer "Virgil" passed between the two masts of a derelict and yet escaped unhurt.

Many derelicts fly the Norwegian flag, and are engaged in the Canadian lumber trade, the ensign and the business enabling the employment of a class of craft that would otherwise be condemned. In 1897 one of these, the "Baltic", reduced to a hulk off Cape Race with six of her crew swept overboard, was driven right across the Atlantic to the Irish coast with her three remaining men, who subsisted on a sack of rice and some rainwater until rescued near Galway. In April, 1903, one Hans Engellandt was immured for twelve days and nights in the inverted hull of the sloop "Erudte," in the North Sea, and escaped alive, the derelict being towed into Dantzic by the Norwegian steamer "Aurora." The man was in the cabin when the hull turned over, and made his way into the hold, where the air, with some food from a locker, kept him alive.

In May, 1903, occurred another striking incident, when the twelve men of the Norwegian ship "Ziggen," after being afloat on the derelict hull for six days, scourged by gales and snow-squalls, with the hull sodden, and their food exhausted, gave themselves up for lost, and gathered in a group on the quarterdeck where the captain solemnly read the burial service, believing their death only a matter of minutes. While he was reciting the prayers, a steamer's smoke was seen, and before long the "Pennsylvania" bore down on them, and launching a life-boat, soon had the despairing mariners transferred to her own hospitable decks.

Derelicts that are not Ships

Derelicts less dangerous but by no means to be disregarded, are the large iron buoys which do service off the American coast. At one time no less than eleven of these were adrift and charted, and a blow from any would have stove a steamer's plates. Last April a Canadian buoy, which broke from its moorings off Cape Breton a year before, was picked up on the French coast, near Nantes, having traveled clear across the Atlantic. Another ocean wanderer is a tree which has been sighted adrift in mid-Atlantic many times in the past two years. It was originally washed out of some American river, and carried around a circuit of 5,000 miles by the current.

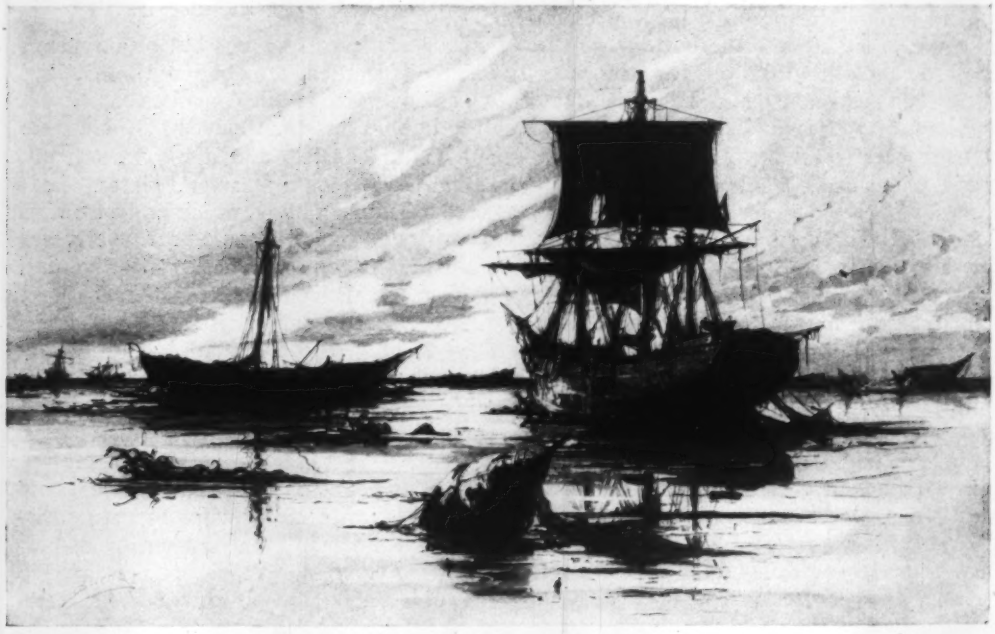
Bottles float for incredible periods, and are the favorite medium for reporting disasters by ships in great danger, or of perpetrating hoaxes. Probably not a ship founders but makes an ante-mortem statement by this means, and if the ocean's freight of bottles could be gathered and gone through, the true end of many a missing vessel would be made clear. It is a curious fact that seafarers, the world over, never break a floating bottle, they invariably save it for the record of a disaster it may contain.

In the event of a naval war, derelicts would probably become a greater menace than ever, because of the number created through cruisers preying upon the enemy's shipping. In the Civil War days the "Alabama" swept the seas of Federal merchantmen, and her course could be traced by the blackened hulks of crafts she had stripped and fired. A derelict in marine parlance always conveys the idea of doom and desolation, and the weird significance of the term is never more adequately realized than in war

time, when shot and shell add their quota in littering the ocean with half-sunk vessels left to pursue their blind, staggering, and destructive course along the commercial waterways.

The Fight Against the Derelict

The maritime nations are beginning to be moved by the formidable danger of the derelict, and Great Britain and the United States have arranged for concerted action against it. Both countries have established Hydrographic Offices for compiling and circulating valuable marine data including the number, location, and movements of derelicts. These bureaus invite reports from all shipmasters. Last year twelve hundred reports of derelicts, and three thousand reports of other obstacles to navigation were received. The drift of these is plotted daily on large maps, and every month charts are issued showing the result. But not even the most perfect agencies can cope with this peril, for, while every storm thins out the older derelicts, it creates new ones, each embodying enhanced possibilities of terrible disaster, because its existence is unsuspected and its movement erratic. Some drift but a mile a day, while others make a hundred. Tides, currents, and winds affect them, and their own build, bulk and cargo are large factors in determining there progress. Some follow direct courses as closely as if navigated by human beings, others make zigzags all over the ocean. Many are stanch and compact, but the majority are mere carcasses of once handsome ships. Their average existence is about seventy days, and they are thickest off the American seaboard. Thirty per cent of them float bottom upwards; these are the most dangerous, for their keels will rip the bottoms out of ships that collide with them. The greatest home of these masterless waifs is the Sargasso Sea, the ghostly, weed-covered ocean area believed to be the haven of a "graveyard fleet" mightier than any navy of to-day. It remains unexplored, so the story goes, because steamers cannot approach it, owing to weeds clogging their screws, while sailors once within it, cannot escape from the paralyzing grasp of this vegetation. Certain it is that many a derelict is enmeshed there and remains for months or years. Scores, maybe, are rotting there now, to be sent north again years hence to



SARGASSO SEA

The haven of a graveyard fleet

prove the ruin of a crack liner or humble 'tramp.'

The systematic destruction of derelicts has also been attempted. The project of inducing the maritime nations to unite in organizing the ocean patrol to destroy these seaterrors has so far failed of fruition. Each country attends, in a desultory fashion, to such wanderers as approach its shores, sending out warships to demolish them by means of shells, torpedoes, torches, or ramming, but it is by no means an easy task always, and occasionally the attacker, when she turns her prow against the hulk, sustains worse damages than she inflicts.

The very circumstance that keeps these lumber carriers so long afloat makes them all the more dangerous; the deals they carry form a dead weight, sluggish and unmoving, that is death to the ship running against it. Therefore it is a dubious venture for a warship to ram one. The U. S. cruiser "Atlanta" tried the experiment in 1895, with disastrous results to herself. She sighted a derelict — the British schooner "Golden Rod" — bottom up near the New South Shoal, and, warship captains having orders to destroy these ghouls, opened fire on her. The craft showed her after keel clear of the water, the rudder elevated some ten feet above the surface. Thirty-seven shots were fired. Nearly all passed through the hulk, only four exploding within, and, as she still showed no sign of sinking, ramming was resorted to. The first blow cut off her stern, the second sheared away another section of her, the third caught her amidships and she stuck fast, and rode on the ram some distance. The fourth split her in twain, and the fifth stripped off her underbody, when her cargo of empty barrels was dispersed about the ocean. The work, however, especially the third ramming forward, strained the cruiser's prow so as to force her to dock on reaching port.

Nor, have British gunboats fared much better. The "Melampus" met a similar experience near the Irish coast in 1899, and trials of ramming hulks, ordered by the Admiralty, elicited such results as justified taking other means in future to destroy derelicts. Alternatives are not easy. The stowage of their cargoes forbids scuttling the wanderers. The use of projectiles is ineffective, as splintered wood will serve as well to upbear a hull as broken planks. If set on fire the fabric will only burn to the sodden timber of the deck, leaving her a worse menace than ever, because her spars and top gear will be gone, and she will float almost level with the water. Torpedoes are more efficacious, and if used judiciously will dismember the obstruction in time. The U. S. cruiser "Pensacola," some years ago encountered a derelict while crossing the Atlantic, and attempted to destroy her by torpedoes. Three were exploded under the hulk with the effect of tearing away a portion of her bottom and shattering her top-hamper, allowing part of her lumber cargo to float out. She was never heard of again, and the belief is that she went to pieces in the next gale.

It is proposed by the British Admiralty to make Cape Race a base for the operations of a specially equipped gunboat to hunt down derelicts, and the United States will probably establish a similar base at Nantucket. From these two centers could be waged successful war against most of the vagrants, leaving the remainder to be dealt with by the European countries concerned. The derelicts are constantly drifting aimlessly across the tracks of the liners, and every one carries with it the possibilities of a terrible disaster. Appalling must be the conditions that prevail on a crowded steamer when she strikes a derelict, and the frenzied assemblage, swarming to the deck, sees nothing which affords even a prospect of escape. If she splits herself against some coast-line, the cliffs will ensure safety for many, unless the weather is too bad for a landing to be made. Or, if ships collide, it is rarely that one will not float, and rescue some, at least, of the humans on the other. But when a derelict is rammed and inflicts fatal injuries upon her assailant, hope of safety there is none except through the boats. And this is a rotten reed, as the experience of a score of terribe sea-dramas attests.

HOW WESTPORT GOT THREE-CENT FARES

"COLONEL LUMPKIN" PROVES IT'S A POOR RULE THAT DON'T WORK BOTH WAYS

BY

JOHN McAULEY PALMER

AUTHOR OF "COLONEL LUMPKIN'S CAMPAIGN"

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN BEARD

A FEW weeks after Mayor Lumpkin's inauguration, I was called away from Westport on business connected with my placer claims in old Mexico. I remained in the foot-hills of the Sierra Madre, out of reach of newspapers and political gossip, for several months. It was well toward the end of May before I left Sonora, and I did not get back to Westport until the morning of the first Sunday in June. As I left the Winnebago Southern station, I found one of the new cars of the Consolidated Traction Company in front of the door, and as my traveling-bag was light I boarded the car instead of taking a cab.

When the conductor approached me, I put a nickel in his hand and resumed the reading of my paper. But, much to my annoyance, the conductor did not pass on and finally he nudged me and said: "Say, mister, haven't you forgotten something?"

"Didn't I give you a nickel?" I asked in a rather testy manner.

"Yes," said he, "but you've forgotten your change."

"What's this?" I cried, as he handed me two coppers.

"That's right," said he with a grin.

"I want to go clear out on the Winnebago Avenue line," said I, pushing back the two coppers. But the conductor absolutely ignored the pennies and merely handed me a yellow transfer-check. I watched him as he went through the car collecting his fares and returning the change, and as he passed me on his way back he leaned over me and asked. "Stranger in the city?"

"No," I replied, "I have been away When did it happen?"

"Three weeks ago, and it seems like three years."

"It is a great public benefit," I suggested.

"Oh, it's all right for the public, but it's bad for us. The Conductors' Union is figuring on a general strike."

"Why?" I asked.

"Forty-five dollars a month is all right for handling nickels, but when they double the crowds on you, and make you carry forty or fifty pounds of chicken feed, it's time to make a kick for more wages or shorter hours."

As the conductor left me I was much impressed by this instance of the complication of human affairs. "Even in the world of reform," thought I, "there is no rose without its thorn."

After making my transfer to the Winnebago Avenue line, I remembered that my car would carry me directly in front of the Lumpkin mansion. For this reason I remained on the front platform and when, as we approached the house, I saw a stout gentleman in his shirt-sleeves strolling comfortably about the lawn, I suddenly changed my plans and signaled to the motorman to let me off. It was rather early in the morning for a social call, but the suddenness of this three-cent-fare revolution had unsettled my sense of propriety and it was necessary for my peace of mind to have it explained.

"Well, it was this way," said Colonel Lumpkin after we had exchanged our greetings, and had found a comfortable seat on the veranda steps at the side of the house: "When we built up the City Electric and the Citizens' Electric lines we took in some fifteen or twenty little companies. We saw some big economies and other advantages in consolidation, and as the money market was favorable we made the deal without bothering about the fact that some of the underlying franchises were for short terms, and that they would soon expire."

"Do you mean to say that you went ahead with those two big mergers when you were not sure of the underlying franchises?" I asked.

"Oh, we were sure enough of our ground," explained the colonel. "We owned the city government in those days, and we knew that we could fix the city council quietly and at our leisure. We recognized that the money market was favorable for the consolidations right then, and for that very reason we were not wasting any time on small details. Franchise ordinances cause considerable delay at the best, and even the most reasonable aldermen get expensive when they know that there is an exceptionally big grab on hand. It has always been my rule to make the deal first, and then buy up the council quietly and unostentatiously for cash after you have collected the profits. I have explained to you, have I not, Scrivener, that I made a very comfortable profit when I sold out my old traction interests to the City Electric Railway?"

"Yes," said I, "I believe you gathered in something like five or six hundred per cent on your original investment."

"There or thereabouts," continued Colonel Lumpkin. "I was a great man in those days Scrivener. I look back on that time as the most complacent and self-satisfied period of my life. The newspapers printed full-page pictures of me, and told my history as a great captain of industry. I felt perfectly satisfied that I was the main bolt in the band-wagon of national prosperity. Indeed, sometimes I used to tremble for my country when I reflected on what might happen if I should receive a sudden call to pay my debt to nature. But I comforted myself with the conviction that an all-wise Providence could hardly afford to run that risk for some time." Here Colonel Lumpkin paused and smiled grimly as he thought of his departed greatness.

"In those days," he continued, "I was never able to appreciate the story of King Canute. If they had put me in his royal chair I think I should have undertaken that tide proposition without the slightest hesitation. And why not, Scrivener? I want you to understand that I have exerted considerable hydraulic pressure in my day."

"But how did *you* happen to — ?" I blurted out, and then stopped in confusion.

Colonel Lumpkin beamed at me over his spectacles.— "to get honest — ?" he suggested, finishing my sentence for me. "Don't be embarrassed, my young friend. It's a perfectly fair question, but I am not certain that I can answer it. When I was a boy I used to dynamite brook trout, and shoot quail when they were huddled together in the snow. But as I grew older I began to realize that such exploits were not sportsmanlike. I think a similar feeling came to me in regard to robbing the public. It was too easy, too one-sided to be exhilarating. I was sated with pot-hunting. But my fellow captains of industry didn't feel that way. They saw that Westport street railways could stand another hypodermic injection, and so they proposed to merge the two old systems as a Consolidated Traction Company. I was rather in favor of the scheme at first. There were reasonable economies in it that appealed to my business sense. But I was opposed to making it a mere pretext for another falsification of our investment account.

"I shall never forget the scene at the syndicate meeting when I took that position. My old friend Bellows, the great banker, had come from New York to preside over our deliberations. He actually gasped when he heard me. He looked at me reproachfully and said: 'Why, Tim, if we don't increase the stock what in h — is the use of the merger?' When I explained that we had already pocketed enough public wealth to compensate actual performance for half a century, he asked me if gentlemen didn't have a right to do as they pleased with their own property. 'Yes,' I said; 'but this isn't that kind of a case, Ben Bellows. What we are dealing with here is the people's equity.'

"Poor Bellows, he couldn't understand me. The other members of the syndicate were as blind as he. Spite of everything I could do, the meeting bade fair to close in ill-feeling. I tried to appeal to their business

caution, and reminded them of the lapsing franchises. But, of course, they only laughed at that. Then I got mad and threatened them. I rose to my feet and forbade the merger except on fair terms to the public. I reminded them that they had seen me fight, and that, if necessary, I would fight them as I had never fought before. I called the scheme a swindle and declined to be a party to it.

"'My demand is simply this,' said I.

THE GOSPEL OF WEALTH

"I had intended to make restitution in the shape of a Lumpkin Library, or a Lumpkin Museum; but why shouldn't I endow a Lumpkin Rapid Transit Institution?"

"Bellows was cool by that time. He had recovered from his surprise, and had taken measure of his strength. He picked up a memorandum from his desk and, after glancing at it, said: 'Colonel Lumpkin, will you kindly inform me whether you imagine that you control a majority of the stock of either of the constituent companies.'

"'No; I do not,' said I.

"'Then, colonel,' said he, 'I do not see what you are going to do about it. We represent the majority of these issues, and I am sure you know us well enough not to expect us to be frightened by a minority kick. Of course, Timothy,' he added with his most engaging smile, 'we have always expected to have you in on the ground floor, you know. What is the trouble? I am ready to satisfy any reasonable demand.'

"'My demand is simply this,' said I. 'This merger proposition must be dropped unless you are willing to float it in our present supply of water.'

"'My reply is simply this,' said Mr. Bellows, with his stateliest bow, 'we will conduct this merger according to modern business principles and as we d— please.'

"I left that syndicate meeting determined to beat that traction conspiracy. But I didn't see exactly how I was going to do it. My former colleagues laughed at my

opposition at first. It was annoying but not serious. My discussion of the franchise question embarrassed them a little because their control of the old city council was rather weak. But they regarded that as merely a temporary difficulty, and laid their plans to purchase a good safe majority in the next election. The new Republican ticket was submitted to Mr. Bellows and approved by him before the convention met, and every thing seemed cut and dried. The franchises would probably be renewed without any difficulty, and, incidentally, they would make a laughing stock of poor old Timothy Lumpkin. I didn't know what to do. Nobody knew better than I did how easy it is to buy an election when the captains of industry really need it in their business. And in this case the Captains of Industry's Mutual Protective Association was sending in funds from every city in the United States to help keep Westport in line.

"I was beginning to be a little despondent about the matter, and, one evening, I mentioned my misgivings to Mrs. Lumpkin. Without the slightest hesitation she said: 'Why, Timothy, why don't you run for mayor?' That was a stroke of genius. The day after I announced my candidacy to the Municipal League, 'Consolidated Traction' dropped ten points, and the Bellows syndicate stopped laughing. Before the politicians could take their bearings we stampeded the Democratic convention, and the fight was on.

"When I look back on that campaign, Scrivener, I feel sorry for Bellows. He really didn't have a fair show. With me as a candidate it didn't make any difference whether I became mayor or not. The old franchises were doomed. They were killed by publicity before election day."

"But what did these expiring franchises cover?" I asked.

"They covered my old downtown horse-car tracks," said the colonel; "and they therefore controlled all of the approaches to the business part of the city. Without them the Consolidated Traction lines form a system of branches without downtown terminals and, therefore, without connections."

"But you didn't mention these franchises in your speeches during the campaign, did you?"

"No, Scrivener, I didn't find it necessary, and I knew that the Bellows' orators wouldn't. I confined myself to explaining why the Traction Company ought to be licked. I preferred not to explain how I proposed to do it.

"A few days after the election I received a telegram from Bellows & Company, summoning me to New York for a conference on the franchise question. I wired back that the City of Westport had discontinued its Wall Street office, and suggested that Bellows & Company would find me any morning in my official apartments in the City Hall. This was followed by the intelligence that the senior member of the firm had started West. I was glad to get right down to business with Ben Bellows. I had known him ever since we were boys, and he is really a good fellow considering his opportunities and rather narrow environment. When Bellows got to Westport I learned, afterward, that he had some difficulty in finding my office. He tried some preliminary negotiations with some of the boys in the city council, but after learning his mistake he finally called upon me. He realized the situation thoroughly, and when he came into my office he said: 'Well, Tim, I reckon you've got us.'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I'm afraid the Consolidated Traction Company is a little short on consolidation.'

"'Of course, we've got to settle with you,' said he; 'and now suppose we save time and get right down to business. What are your terms?'

"There was no use splitting hairs with Ben Bellows. I knew that he professed the amiable doctrine that every man has his price, and so I didn't waste any indignation on him. I simply said: 'I suppose you need those franchises pretty badly, don't you?'

"'Of course we do, and you know it. Without them we won't have a through line in the city. What are they worth?'

"'Well, Benjamin,' I said, 'my price is a little steep, but you must remember that your chain is nothing but a bundle of broken links, unless I act as blacksmith for you.'

"'Yes, I understand, Timothy. I'm here to talk business. Go ahead.'

"'Well,' I said, 'I've thought the thing over, and I'm ready to deliver those franchises for fifty million dollars in cash, and nine-tenths of all the voting securities.'

"'Why, that is prohibitive.' he cried.

"'Exactly,' said I; 'and if you want to talk business with me any further, remember that I am the Mayor of Westport, and not merely a business man in politics. If you

are willing to renew those franchises on fair terms to the people you can have them. If not, we will operate the lines ourselves.'

"'But that is socialism,' he exclaimed. 'You surely don't want socialism, do you, Lumpkin?'

"'No,' I replied, 'I do not want socialism, but I may not be able to prevent it. The issue of socialism is in your hands, Benjamin, and not in mine. The people do not want socialism and they will not embrace it unless they are forced to. That is why I have called you here. I want to give you another chance. I want you to get those franchises. I want you to save us the necessity of going into the street railway business. But, Benjamin, you will have to open your eyes. Socialism will come as sure as fate unless capitalism can learn to get honest. The handwriting is already on the wall, but a stronger hand than mine holds the pencil.'

"'Humph,' said Bellows. 'On what terms will you reissue the franchises?'

"'On the usual terms that govern the relations of landlord and tenant,' I replied. 'The city owns the streets, and you want to renew a valuable rental in them. When you make your next proposition to me, remember that I will deal with you as I would with a farmer who comes to rent my corn-field on shares, on the basis of a valuable concession for valuable consideration.'

"'But that isn't business,' he exclaimed.

"'No, but it's going to be,' I answered.

"'You can't get any corporation to take them under such terms as those.'

"'Don't be too hasty about deciding,' I said. 'We might make it worth your while, even under those terms. I am willing, for example, to replace the expiring franchises by a general concession covering every part of the city. In fact, I am willing, under certain conditions, to give you an exclusive traction monopoly.'

"'That sounds like business,' exclaimed Bellows. 'And what are those conditions?'

"'First, that upon the issue of the new general franchise, the Traction Company shall voluntarily surrender all of its present rights and concessions, all of the separate franchises now in its possession.'

"'That seems reasonable enough,' said Bellows, 'if our rights are protected in the new franchise. And for what term of years shall the new franchise run? In perpetuity?'

"'Hardly,' I said. "We have no right to sell the birthright of future generations.'

"'Well, then, for how long?'

"'During good behavior,' I replied. 'That is just the same as "in perpetuity" — if you deserve it.'

"'During good behavior?' he shrieked. 'And by whom is good behavior to be determined?'

"'By the people,' I replied; 'and through publicity. How else can it be determined? The accounts of the new traction company must be freely exposed to the public. Proper public agents must represent the public on your board of directors. Its capital accounts must be stated in truthful terms — not truthful terms, Bellows, as understood by your legal advisers, but truthful terms as understood in the ordinary usage of the English language. Your initial capital account must be determined by fair appraisal, and additions to it must be vouchered by detailed and explicit statements of cash investment.'

"'But, my God, Lumpkin,' exclaimed Bellows, 'that won't even balance our funded debt. What are we to do with our preferred and common stock?'

"'That is purely a private matter for you to settle, Benjamin,' I replied. 'I have no objection to your floating as many redundant securities as you like, so long as the people are not asked to believe that they stand for value. I am afraid I have been misunderstood in my expressions against watered stock. I haven't the slightest objection to lyrical assets so long as you don't expect the people to pay dividends upon them.'

"'But what is to become of business privacy?' he asked.

"'Gentlemen who hanker after business privacy should remain in private business,' said I. 'We have been discussing public business.'

"'And suppose we should decide not to accept this liberal proposition?' suggested Mr. Bellows.

"'Then,' said I, 'you will force us to operate our street railway ourselves. We don't want to do it, Ben. But, of course, if we must, we must.'

"'But you won't have any suburban connections,' he urged. 'Your little spurs of downtown track won't pay.'

"'That will be easy enough,' I replied. 'We will lay new tracks on streets parallel to

yours, and, as you will have no approaches to the heart of the city, the people will ride on our cars and not on yours. In a little while you will have a default of interest and then a foreclosure, and a little later, when your old iron is sold at auction, we'll buy it in cheap for the city. That would be the most businesslike solution of the problem, and reserved as one of the peculiar prerogatives of private enterprise.'

"'But isn't sauce for the goose also sauce for the gander?' I asked.

"'Not by a long shot,' said Bellows. 'That shows how little you know about law. The gander has vested rights. The gander has inviolable contracts. The goose isn't in

POSTERITY'S BIRTHRIGHT

"We have no right to sell the birthright of future generations"

the only thing that makes me shrink from it is my friendly feeling for you.'

"'But, Tim Lumpkin,' cried Mr. Bellows in horrified tones, 'that is railroad wrecking.'

"'Yes,' I admitted. 'And we both know from experience that it is a profitable business, a first-rate way to get other people's property at one's own price. We have done it a good many times for the benefit of our pockets, Ben, and I can't see why I shouldn't do it now for the benefit of the public.'

"'But it isn't fair to work it both ways,' cried Bellows. 'It's against the law for the public to confiscate property. That is it with the gander. All of the decisions of the courts are against you on that point.'

"'Not all of them,' said I. 'I know of one case that is clear against you.'

"'What is that?' he asked.

"'The case of Shylock versus Antonio. Have you ever read it?'

"'No, but I will take a note of it and submit it to Judge Wriggle,' said he, as he took out his memorandum book. 'How does it go?'

"'Shylock,' said I, 'came into the Supreme Court of Venice to sue on a mortgage forfeited by the defendant, Antonio. It was

stipulated in the bond, that on default Shylock should have the right to cut a pound of flesh from the defendant's breast. The court held that though the terms of the covenant were unusual, they were within the law, that the instrument was duly drawn with all necessary formalities, that the plaintiff was clearly entitled to the stipulated remedy, and thereupon directed the said defendant to bare his breast for satisfaction of the claim in the presence of the court.'

"'Of course,' said Bellows. 'How else could the court decide?'

"'But, just as Shylock was whetting his knife, the court further announced that the terms of the bond must be construed strictly, and that while the plaintiff was clearly entitled to a pound of flesh, he was not entitled to either more or less than one pound, and that in making his recovery he must not shed one drop of Christian blood.'

"'Bosh!' cried Bellows in disgust. 'What has that to do with the franchise question? That principle has never been applied in our courts.'

"'It has been sustained in the court of common-sense,' said I; 'and in due time it will be adopted in the courts of justice. They are overworked, and we must give them time to catch up. We do not dispute your franchises and your vested rights, Benjamin. They consist in a valuable opportunity to serve the public for a reasonable consideration. But you must serve the people and not attempt to oppress them. You may collect your fares for your services, but you must not take one drop of our blood. No contract or franchise can give you the sovereign taxing power, and you know as well as I do that you cannot collect dividends on the common stock of the Westport Consolidated Traction Company without usurping that. It is not a fair legal presumption that the sovereign ever intended to make his servants his masters.'

WHY NOT?

"There are some indications that we may have to get entirely honest some day"

"I thought I had Bellows on that proposition," continued Colonel Lumpkin with a laugh. "He weakened a little at first, and I thought he was going to lay down his cards. But it was only for an instant. His eyes narrowed down into straight little slits, and he looked at me as he used to look years ago, when he had caught me four-flushing."

"'Very well, Timothy,' he said. 'I think you had better run your own street-cars. The credit of the City of Westport is so good that

you will have no difficulty in borrowing the money. As to the necessary authority, I suppose you own Governor Stockdabble and the Winnebago Legislature as well as the Westport City Council. Go ahead and build your own tracks. You can probably raise the money in three or four years if you are not stopped by permanent injunctions and, in the meantime, no doubt the people will enjoy walking. I will be pleased to help you all that I can, Timothy, for you know that I have some weight and influence in the money market.'

"'Thank you, Benjamin,' said I. 'But there need be no occasion for delay. I hold a little trust fund for the City of Westport — the people's share in several little partnerships in street-cars and gas and electricity. When I first embraced the Gospel of Wealth, Benjamin, I had intended to make restitution in the shape of a Lumpkin Library, or a Lumpkin Museum, or a Lumpkin Picture Gallery; but if I'm forced to it, why shouldn't I endow a Lumpkin Rapid Transit Institution? Is there any law preventing a captain of industry from presenting an honest street railway system to his native city? Do you mean to say, Benjamin Bellows, that a gentleman is not permitted to do as he likes with his own property?'

"That ended our first interview," continued Colonel Lumpkin. "Bellows did let fall one or two terse expressions as he left my office, but as this is the Sabbath, Scrivener, I will not repeat them to you. Suffice it to say that they tended to confirm my fear that Bellows was not disposed to accept our franchises and that we would probably be forced to go into the street railway business on our own account.

"But Bellows must have thought things over after he got back to New York. Thinking things over, Scrivener, frequently changes one's point of view. It tends to develop philosophic doubt and to make one less positive. Along about the middle of February, Bellows came out West in his private car to inspect the Shark System, and he stopped off in Westport to see me.

"'Timothy,' said he, after some preliminary conversation, 'I am very much tempted to take that new franchise on trial. Until our interview last winter, it never occurred to me as possible that a corporation could get along without robbing the public. But, after thinking the matter over, I have become interested in the speculation, that perhaps it isn't absolutely necessary after all.'

"'That's not a bad idea,' said I. 'A half a loaf is much better than no bread.'

"'That isn't the point,' exclaimed Bellows. 'It is purely a matter of business. There are some indications that we may have to get entirely honest some day, and with that contingency in view, it strikes me as ordinary business prudence to try it experimentally on a small scale first. Why shouldn't we experiment with honest franchises in Westport, just as we are experimenting with liquid fuel on the Southwestern Pacific? It might swamp us and overstrain the money market if it should come all at once.'

"Well, Scrivener," continued Colonel Lumpkin, "after Bellows took that sensible view of the matter, the details of the franchise were easily arranged. Bellows agreed to experiment with publicity, and lower fares among other things. And in order to protect him we have agreed to take the property over if he finds that he can't make it go."

"But, in that event, what is the city to pay for the property?" I asked. "I should think that would be a very delicate matter to adjust."

"Not at all," exclaimed Colonel Lumpkin. "It will probably never be necessary. But if we do take the Traction Company's property, we are to take it at the company's valuation."

"What?" I cried.

"Exactly," said Colonel Lumpkin. "The city had to make some concessions, Scrivener; and so I finally agreed to accept the valuation that the Traction Company reports to the tax commissioners."

PAUL'S CASE

A STUDY IN TEMPERAMENT

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER*

I

IT was Paul's afternoon to appear before the faculty of the Pittsburg High School to account for his various misdemeanors. He had been suspended a week ago, and his father had called at the principal's office and confessed his perplexity about his son. Paul entered the faculty room, suave and smiling. His clothes were a trifle outgrown, and the tan velvet on the collar of his open overcoat was frayed and worn; but, for all that, there was something of the dandy about him, and he wore an opal pin in his neatly knotted black four-in-hand, and a red carnation in his buttonhole. This latter adornment the faculty somehow felt was not properly significant of the contrite spirit befitting a boy under the ban of suspension.

Paul was tall for his age and very thin, with high, cramped shoulders, and a narrow chest. His eyes were remarkable for a certain hysterical brilliancy, and he continually used them in a conscious, theatrical sort of way, peculiarly offensive in a boy. The pupils were abnormally large, as though he were addicted to belladonna, but there was a glassy glitter about them which that drug does not produce.

When questioned by the principal as to why he was there, Paul stated, politely enough, that he wanted to come back to school. This was a lie, but Paul was quite accustomed to lying—found it, indeed, indispensable for overcoming friction. His teachers were asked to state their respective charges, which they did with such a rancor and aggrievedness as evinced that this was not an usual case. Disorder and impertinence were among the offenses named, yet each of his instructors felt that it was scarcely possible to put into words the real cause of the trouble, which lay in a sort of hysterically defiant manner of the boy's; in the contempt which they all knew he felt for them, and which he seemingly made not the least effort to conceal. Once, when he had been making a synopsis of a paragraph at the blackboard, his English teacher had stepped to his side and attempted to guide his hand. Paul had started back with a shudder, and thrust his hands violently behind him. The astonished woman could scarcely have been more hurt and embarrassed had he struck at her. The insult was so involuntary and definitely personal as to be unforgettable. In one way and another he had made all his teachers, men and women alike, conscious of the same feeling of physical aversion.

His teachers felt, this afternoon, that his whole attitude was symbolized by his shrug and his flippantly red carnation flower, and they fell upon him without mercy. He stood through it, smiling, his pale lips parted over his white teeth. (His lips were continually twitching, and he had a habit of raising his eyebrows that was contemptuous and irritating to the last degree.) Older boys than Paul had broken down and shed tears under that baptism of fire, but his set smile did not once desert him, and his only sign of discomfort was the nervous trembling of the fingers that toyed with the buttons of his overcoat, and an occasional jerking of the other hand that held his hat. Paul was always smiling, always glancing about him, seeming to feel that people might be watching him and trying to detect something. This conscious expression, since it was as far as possible from boyish mirthfulness, was

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usually attributed to insolence or "smartness."

As the inquisition proceeded, one of his instructors repeated an impertinent remark of the boy's, and the principal asked him whether he thought that a courteous speech to have made a woman. Paul shrugged his shoulders slightly and his eyebrows twitched.

"I don't know," he replied. "I didn't mean to be polite, or impolite, either. I guess it's a sort of way I have of saying things, regardless."

The principal, who was a sympathetic man, asked him whether he didn't think that a way it would be well to get rid of. Paul grinned and said he guessed so. When he was told that he could go, he bowed gracefully and went out. His bow was but a repetition of the scandalous red carnation.

His teachers were in despair, and his drawing-master voiced the feeling of them all when he declared there was something about the boy which none of them understood. He added: "I don't really believe that smile of his comes altogether from insolence; there's something sort of haunted about it. The boy is not strong, for one thing. I happen to know that he was born in Colorado, only a few months before his mother died out there of a long illness. There is something wrong about the fellow."

The drawing-master had come to realize that, in looking at Paul, one saw only his white teeth and the forced animation of his eyes. One warm afternoon the boy had gone to sleep at his drawing-board, and his master had noted with amazement what a white, blue-veined face it was; drawn and wrinkled like an old man's about the eyes, the lips twitching even in his sleep, and stiff with a nervous tension that drew them back from his teeth.

As for Paul, he ran down the hill, whistling the soldiers' chorus from "Faust," looking wildly behind him, now and then, to see whether some of his teachers were not there to writhe under his light-heartedness. As it was now late in the afternoon, and Paul was on duty that evening as usher in Carnegie Hall, he decided that he would not go home to supper, but would hang about an Oakland tobacconist's shop until it was time to go to the concert hall.

When Paul reached the ushers' dressing-room at about half-past seven that evening, half a dozen boys were there already, and Paul began, excitedly, to tumble into his uniform. It was one of the few that at all approached fitting, and he thought it very becoming, though he knew that the tight, straight coat accentuated his narrow chest, about which he was exceedingly sensitive. He was always considerably excited while he dressed, twanging all over to the tuning of the strings and the preliminary flourishes of the horns in the music-room; but to-night he seemed quite beside himself, and he teased and plagued the boys until, telling him that he was crazy, they put him down on the floor and sat on him.

Somewhat calmed by his suppression, Paul dashed out to the front of the house to seat the early comers.

He was a model usher; gracious and smiling, he ran up and down the aisles; nothing was too much trouble for him; he carried messages and brought programs as though it were his greatest pleasure in life, and all the people in his section thought him a charming boy, feeling that he remembered and admired them. As the house filled, he grew more and more vivacious and animated, and the color came to his cheeks and lips. It was very much as though this were a great reception, and Paul were the host.

When the symphony began, Paul sank into one of the rear seats, with a long sigh of relief. It was not that symphonies, as such, meant anything in particular to Paul, but the first sigh of the instruments seemed to free some hilarious and potent spirit within him — something that struggled there like the Genius in the bottle found by the Arab fisherman. He felt a sudden zest of life; the lights danced before his eyes, and the concert hall blazed into unimaginable splendor. When the soprano soloist came on, Paul half closed his eyes, and gave himself up to the peculiar stimulus such personages always had for him. The soloist chanced to be a German woman, by no means in her first youth and the mother of many children; but she wore an elaborate gown and a tiara, and above all, she had that indefinable air of achievement, that world-shine upon her, which, in Paul's eyes, made her a veritable queen of romance.

After a concert was over Paul was always irritable and wretched until he got to sleep, and to-night he was even more than usually restless. He had the feeling of not being able to let down, of its being impossible to give up this delicious excitement which was the only thing that could be called living

at all. During the last number he withdrew, and, after hastily changing his clothes in the dressing-room, slipped out to the side door where the soprano's carriage stood. Here he began pacing rapidly up and down the walk, waiting to see her come out.

Over yonder the Schenley, in its vacant stretch, loomed big and square through the fine rain, the windows of its twelve stories glowing like those of a lighted cardboard house under a Christmas tree. All the actors and singers of the better class stayed there when they were in the city, and a number of the big manufacturers of the place lived there in the winter. Paul had often hung about the hotel, watching the people go in and out, longing to enter and leave schoolmasters and dull care behind him forever.

At last the singer came out, accompanied by the conductor who helped her into her carriage and closed the door with a cordial *auf wiedersehen*, which set Paul to wondering whether she were not an old sweetheart of his. Paul followed the carriage over to the hotel, walking so rapidly as not to be far from the entrance when the singer alighted and disappeared behind the swinging glass doors that were opened by a negro in a tall hat and a long coat. In the moment that the door was ajar, it seemed to Paul that he too entered. He seemed to feel himself go after her up the steps, into the warm, lighted building, into an exotic, a tropical world of shiny, glistening surfaces and basking ease. He reflected upon the mysterious dishes that were brought into the dining-room, the green bottles in buckets of ice, as he had seen them in the supper-party pictures of the Sunday *World* supplement. A quick gust of wind brought the rain down with sudden vehemence, and Paul was startled to find that he was still outside in the slush of the gravel driveway; that his boots were letting in the water, and his scanty overcoat was clinging wet about him; that the lights in front of the concert hall were out, and that the rain was driving in sheets between him and the orange glow of the windows above him. There it was, what he wanted — tangibly before him, like the fairy world of a Christmas pantomime, but mocking spirits stood guard at the doors, and as the rain beat in his face, Paul wondered whether he were destined always to shiver in the black night outside, looking up at it.

He turned and walked reluctantly toward the car tracks. The end had to come sometime; his father in his night-clothes at the top of the stairs, explanations that did not explain, hastily improvised fictions that were forever tripping him up, his upstairs room and its horrible yellow wall-paper, the creaking bureau with the greasy plush collar box, and over his painted wooden bed the pictures of George Washington and John Calvin, and the framed motto, "Feed my Lambs," which had been worked in red worsted by his mother.

Half an hour later, Paul alighted from his car and went slowly down one of the side streets off the main thoroughfare. It was a highly respectable street, where all the houses were exactly alike, and where business men of moderate means begot and reared large families of children, all of whom went to Sabbath-school and learned the shorter catechism, and were interested in arithmetic; all of whom were as exactly alike as their homes, and of a piece with the monotony in which they lived. Paul never went up Cordelia Street without a shudder of loathing. His home was next the house of the Cumberland minister. He approached it to-night with the nerveless sense of defeat, the hopeless feeling of sinking back forever into ugliness and commonness that he always had when he came home. The moment he turned into Cordelia Street he felt the waters close above his head. After each of these orgies of living, he experienced all the physical depression which follows a debauch; the loathing of respectable beds, of common food, of a house penetrated by kitchen odors; a shuddering repulsion for the flavorless, colorless mass of every-day existence; a morbid desire for cool things and soft lights and fresh flowers.

The nearer he approached the house, the more absolutely unequal Paul felt to the sight of it all: his ugly sleeping chamber, the cold bath-room, with the grimy zinc tub, the cracked mirror, the dripping spigots, his father at the top of the stairs, his hairy legs sticking out from his night-shirt, his feet thrust into carpet slippers. He was so much later than usual that there would certainly be inquiries and reproaches. Paul stopped short before the door. He felt that he could not be accosted by his father to-night, that he could not toss again on that miserable bed. He would not go in. He would tell his father that he had had no car fare, and it was raining so hard he had gone home with one of the boys and stayed all night.

Meanwhile, he was wet and cold. He went around to the back of the house and tried one of the basement windows, found it open, raised it cautiously, and scrambled down the cellar wall to the floor. There he stood, holding his breath, terrified by the noise he had made, but the floor above him was silent, and there was no creak on the stairs. He found a soap box, and carried it over to the soft ring of light that streamed from the furnace door, and sat down. He was horribly afraid of rats, so he did not try to sleep, but sat looking distrustfully at the dark, still terrified least he might have awakened his father. In such reactions, after one of the experiences which made days and nights out of the dreary blanks of the calendar, when his senses were deadened, Paul's head was always singularly clear. Suppose his father had heard him getting in at the window, and come down and shot him for a burglar? Then, again, suppose his father had come down, pistol in hand, and he had cried out in time to save himself, and his father had been horrified to think how nearly he had killed him? Then, again, suppose a day should come when his father would remember that night, and wish there had been no warning cry to stay his hand? With this last supposition Paul entertained himself until daybreak.

The following Sunday was fine; the sodden November chill was broken by the last flash of autumnal summer. In the morning Paul had to go to church and Sabbath-school, as always. On seasonable Sunday afternoons the burghers of Cordelia Street always sat out on their front "stoops," and talked to their neighbors on the next stoop, or called to those across the street in neighborly fashion. The men usually sat on gay cushions placed upon the steps that led down to the sidewalk, while the women, in their Sunday "waists," sat in rockers on the cramped porches, pretending to be greatly at their ease. The children played in the streets; there were so many of them that the place resembled the recreation grounds of a kindergarten. The men on the steps — all in their shirt-sleeves, their vests unbuttoned — sat with their legs well apart, their stomachs comfortably protruding, and talked of the prices of things, or told anecdotes of the sagacity of their various chiefs and overlords. They occasionally looked over the multitude of squabbling children, listened affectionately to their high-pitched, nasal voices, smiling to see their own proclivities reproduced in their offspring, and interspersed their legends of the iron kings with remarks about their sons' progress at school, their grades in arithmetic, and the amounts they had saved in their toy banks.

On this last Sunday of November, Paul sat all afternoon on the lowest step of his "stoop," staring into the street, while his sisters, in their rockers, were talking to the minister's daughters next door about how many shirt-waists they had made in the last week, and how many waffles some one had eaten at the last church supper. When the weather was warm, and his father was in a particularly jovial frame of mind, the girls made lemonade, which was always brought out in a red glass pitcher, ornamented with forget-me-nots in blue enamel. This the girls thought very fine, and the neighbors always joked about the suspicious color of the pitcher.

To-day Paul's father sat on the top step, talking to a young man who shifted a restless baby from knee to knee. He happened to be the young man who was daily held up to Paul as a model, and after whom it was his father's dearest hope that he would pattern. This young man was of a ruddy complexion, with a compressed, red mouth, and faded, near-sighted eyes, over which he wore thick spectacles, with gold bows that curved about his ears. He was clerk to one of the magnates of a great steel corporation, and was looked upon in Cordelia Street as a young man with a future. There was a story that, some five years ago — he was now barely twenty-six — he had been a trifle dissipated, but in order to curb his appetites and save the loss of time and strength that a sowing of wild oats might have entailed, he had taken his chief's advice, oft reiterated to his employees, and at twenty-one, had married the first woman whom he could persuade to share his fortunes. She happened to be an angular schoolmistress, much older than he, who also wore thick glasses, and who had now borne him four children, all near-sighted, like herself.

The young man was relating how his chief, now cruising in the Mediterranean, kept in touch with all the details of the business, arranging his office hours on his yacht just as though he were at home, and "knocking off work enough to keep two stenographers busy." His father told, in turn, the plan his corporation was considering, of putting

in an electric railway plant at Cairo. Paul snapped his teeth; he had an awful apprehension that they might spoil it all before he got there. Yet he rather liked to hear these legends of the iron kings, that were told and retold on Sundays and holidays; these stories of palaces in Venice, yachts on the Mediterranean, and high play at Monte Carlo appealed to his fancy, and he was interested in the triumphs of these cash-boys who had become famous, though he had no mind for the cash-boy stage.

After supper was over, and he had helped to dry the dishes, Paul nervously asked his father whether he could go to George's to get some help in his geometry, and still more nervously asked for car fare. This latter request he had to repeat, as his father, on principle, did not like to hear requests for money, whether much or little. He asked Paul whether he could not go to some boy who lived nearer, and told him that he ought not to leave his school work until Sunday; but he gave him the dime. He was not a poor man, but he had a worthy ambition to come up in the world. His only reason for allowing Paul to usher was, that he thought a boy ought to be earning a little.

Paul bounded up-stairs, scrubbed the greasy odor of the dish-water from his hands with the ill-smelling soap he hated, and then shook over his fingers a few drops of violet water from the bottle he kept hidden in his drawer. He left the house with his geometry conspicuously under his arm, and the moment he got out of Cordelia Street and boarded a downtown car, he shook off the lethargy of two deadening days, and began to live again.

The leading juvenile of the permanent stock company which played at one of the downtown theaters was an acquaintance of Paul's, and the boy had been invited to drop in at the Sunday-night rehearsals whenever he could. For more than a year Paul had spent every available moment loitering about Charley Edwards's dressing-room. He had won a place among Edwards's following, not only because the young actor, who could not afford to employ the services of a dresser, often found the boy very useful, but because he recognized in Paul something akin to what Churchmen term 'vocation.'

It was at the theater and at Carnegie Hall that Paul really lived; the rest was but a sleep and a forgetting. This was Paul's fairy tale, and it had for him all the allurement of a secret love. The moment he inhaled the gassy, painty, dusty odor behind the scenes, he breathed like a prisoner set free, and felt within him the p ssibility of doing or saying splendid, brilliant, poetic things. The moment the cracked orchestra beat out the overture from "Martha," or jerked at the serenade from "Rigoletto," all stupid and ugly things slid from him, and his senses were deliciously, yet delicately fired.

Perhaps it was because, in Paul's world, the natural nearly always wore the guise of ugliness, that a certain element of artificiality seemed to him necessary in beauty. Perhaps it was because his experience f life elsewhere was so full of Sabbath-school picnics, petty economies, wholesome advice as to how to succeed in life, and the unescapable odors of cooking, that he found this existence so alluring, these smartly clad men and women so attractive, that he was so moved by these starry apple orchards that bloomed perennially under the lime-light.

It would be difficult to put strongly enough how convincingly the stage entrance of that theater was for Paul the actual portal of Romance. Certainly none of the company ever suspected it, least of all Charley Edwards. It was very like the old stories that used to float about London of fabulously rich Jews, who had subterranean halls there; with palms, and fountains, and soft lamps, and richly appareled women who never saw the disenchanting light of London day. So, in the midst of that smoke-palled city, enamored of figures and grimy toil, Paul had his secret temple, his wishing carpet, his bit of blue-and-white Mediterranean shore bathed in perpetual sunshine.

Several of Paul's teachers had a theory that his imagination had been perverted by garish fiction, but the truth was that he scarcely ever read at all. The books at home were not such as would either tempt or corrupt a youthful mind, and as for reading the novels that some of his friends urged upon him — well, he got what he wanted much more quickly from music; any sort of music, from an orchestra to a barrel-organ. He needed only the spark, the indescribable thrill that made his imagination master of his senses, and he could make plots and pictures enough of his own. It was equally true that he was not stage-struck — not, at any rate, in the usual acceptation of that

expression. He had no desire to become an actor, any more than he had to become a musician. He felt no necessity to do any of these things; what he wanted was to see, to be in the atmosphere, float on the wave of it, to be carried out, blue league after blue league, away from everything.

After a night behind the scenes, Paul found the school-room more than ever repulsive: the bare floors and naked walls, the prosy men who never wore frock-coats, or violets in their button-holes, the women with their dull gowns, shrill voices, and pitiful seriousness about prepositions that govern the dative. He could not bear to have the other pupils think, for a moment, that he took these people seriously; he must convey to them that he considered it all trivial, and was there only by way of a jest, anyway. He had autograph pictures of all the members of the stock company, which he showed his classmates, telling them the most incredible stories of his familiarity with these people, of his acquaintance with the soloists who came to Carnegie Hall, his suppers with them and the flowers he sent them. When these stories lost their effect, and his audience grew listless, he became desperate and would bid all the boys good-night, announcing that he was going to travel for a while, going to Naples, to Venice, to Egypt. Then, next Monday, he would slip back, conscious, and nervously smiling; his sister was ill, and he should have to defer his voyage until spring.

Matters went steadily worse with Paul at school. In the itch to let his instructors know how heartily he despised them and their homilies, and how thoroughly he was appreciated elsewhere, he mentioned once or twice that he had no time to fool with theorems; adding, with a twitch of the eyebrows and a touch of that nervous bravado which so perplexed them, that he was helping the people down at the stock company; they were old friends of his.

The upshot of the matter was, that the principal went to Paul's father, and Paul was taken out of school and put to work. The manager at Carnegie Hall was told to get another usher in his stead, the doorkeeper at the theater was warned not to admit him to the house, and Charley Edwards remorsefully promised the boy's father not to see him again.

The members of the stock company were vastly amused when some of Paul's stories reached them — especially the women. They were hard-working women, most of them supporting indigent husbands or brothers, and they laughed rather bitterly at having stirred the boy to such fervid and florid inventions. They agreed with the faculty and with his father that Paul's was a bad case.

II

The east-bound train was plowing through a January snow-storm; the dull dawn was beginning to show gray, when the engine whistled a mile out of Newark. Paul started up from the seat where he had lain curled in uneasy slumber, rubbed the breath-misted window-glass with his hand, and peered out. The snow was whirling in curling eddies above the white bottom-lands, and the drifts lay already deep in the fields and along the fences, while here and there the long dead grass and dried weed stalks protruded black above it. Lights shone from the scattered houses, and a gang of laborers who stood beside the track waved their lanterns.

Paul had slept very little, and he felt grimy and uncomfortable. He had made the all-night journey in a day-coach, partly because he was ashamed, dressed as he was, to go into a Pullman, and partly because he was afraid of being seen there by some Pittsburg business man, who might have noticed him in Denny & Carson's office. When the whistle awoke him, he clutched quickly at his breast pocket, glancing about him with an uncertain smile. But the little, clay-bespattered Italians were still sleeping, the slatternly women across the aisle were in open-mouthed oblivion, and even the crumby, crying babies were for the nonce stilled. Paul settled back to struggle with his impatience as best he could.

When he arrived at the Jersey City station, Paul hurried through his breakfast, manifestly ill at ease and keeping a sharp eye about him. After he reached the Twenty-third Street station, he consulted a cabman, and had himself driven to a men's furnishing establishment that was just opening for the day. He spent upward of two hours there, buying with endless reconsidering and great care. His new street suit he put on in the fitting-room; the frock-coat and dress-clothes he had bundled into the cab with his linen. Then he drove to a hatter's and a shoe house. His next errand was at Tiffany's, where he selected his silver and a new scarf-pin. He would not wait to have his silver marked,

he said. Lastly, he stopped at a trunk shop on Broadway, and had his purchases packed into various traveling bags.

It was a little after one o'clock when he drove up to the Waldorf, and after settling with the cabman, went into the office. He registered from Washington; said his mother and father had been abroad, and that he had come down to await the arrival of their steamer. He told his story plausibly and had no trouble, since he volunteered to pay for them in advance, in engaging his rooms, a sleeping-room, sitting-room and bath.

Not once, but a hundred times, Paul had planned this entry into New York. He had gone over every detail of it with Charley Edwards, and in his scrap-book at home there were pages of description about New York hotels, cut from the Sunday papers. When he was shown to his sitting-room on the eighth floor, he saw at a glance that everything was as it should be; there was but one detail in his mental picture that the place did not realize, so he rang for the bell-boy and sent him down for flowers. He moved about nervously until the boy returned, putting away his new linen and fingering it delightedly as he did so. When the flowers came, he put them hastily into water, and then tumbled into a hot bath. Presently he came out of his white bath-room, resplendent in his new silk underwear, and playing with the tassels of his red robe. The snow was whirling so fiercely outside his windows that he could scarcely see across the street, but within the air was deliciously soft and fragrant. He put the violets and jonquils on the taboret beside the couch, and threw himself down, with a long sigh, covering himself with a Roman blanket. He was thoroughly tired; he had been in such haste, had stood up to such a strain, covered so much ground in the last twenty-four hours, that he wanted to think how it had all come about. Lulled by the sound of the wind, the warm air, and the cool fragrance of the flowers, he sank into deep, drowsy retrospection.

It had been wonderfully simple; when they had shut him out of the theater and concert hall, when they had taken away his bone, the whole thing was virtually determined. The rest was a mere matter of opportunity. The only thing that at all surprised him was his own courage, for he realized well enough that he had always been tormented by fear, a sort of apprehensive dread that, of late years, as the meshes of the lies he had told closed about him, had been pulling the muscles of his body tighter and tighter. Until now, he could not remember the time when he had not been dreading something. Even when he was a little boy, it was always there — behind him, or before, or on either side. There had always been the shadowed corner, the dark place into which he dared not look, but from which something seemed always to be watching him — and Paul had done things that were not pretty to watch, he knew.

But now he had a curious sense of relief, as though he had at last thrown down the gauntlet to the thing in the corner.

Yet it was but a day since he had been sulking in the traces; but yesterday afternoon that he had been sent to the bank with Denny & Carson's deposits as usual — but this time he was instructed to leave the book to be balanced. There were above two thousand dollars in checks, and nearly a thousand in the bank-notes which he had taken from the book and quietly transferred to his pocket. At the bank he had made out a new deposit-slip. His nerves had even been steady enough to permit of his returning to the office, where he had finished his work and asked for a full day's holiday tomorrow, Saturday, giving a perfectly reasonable pretext. The bank-book, he knew, would not be returned before Monday or Tuesday, and his father would be out of town for the next week. From the time he slipped the bank-notes into his pocket until he boarded the night train for New York, he had not known a moment's hesitation. It was not the first time Paul had steered through treacherous waters.

How astonishingly easy it had all been; here he was, the thing done, and this time there would be no awakening, no figure at the top of the stairs. He watched the snow-flakes whirling by his window until he fell asleep

When he awoke, it was three o'clock in the afternoon. He bounded up with a start; half of one of his precious days gone already! He spent more than an hour in dressing watching every stage of his toilet carefully in the mirror. Everything was quite perfect; he was exactly the kind of boy he had always wanted to be.

When he went down-stairs, Paul took a carriage and drove up Fifth Avenue toward the Park. The snow had somewhat abated, carriages and tradesmen's wagons were

hurrying to and fro in the winter twilight, boys in woolen mufflers were shoveling off the doorsteps, the avenue stages made fine spots of color against the white street. Here and there on the corners were stands, with whole flower gardens blooming under glass cases, against the sides of which the snow-flakes stuck and melted; violets, roses, carnations, lilies of the valley, somehow vastly more lovely and alluring that they blossomed thus unnaturally in the snow. The Park itself was a wonderful stage winter-piece.

When he returned, the pause of the twilight had ceased, and the tune of the streets had changed. The snow was falling faster, lights streamed from the hotels that reared their dozen stories fearlessly up into the storm, defying the raging Atlantic winds. A long, black stream of carriages poured down the avenue, intersected here and there by other streams, tending horizontally. There were a score of cabs about the entrance of his hotel, and his driver had to wait. Boys in livery were running in and out of the awning that was stretched across the sidewalk, up and down the red velvet carpet laid from the door to the street. Above, about, within it all was the rumble and roar, the hurry and toss of thousands of human beings as hot for pleasure as himself, and on every side of him towered the glaring affirmation of the omnipotence of wealth.

The boy set his teeth and drew his shoulders together in a spasm of realization; the plot of all dramas, the text of all romances, the nerve-stuff of all sensations was whirling about him like the snow-flakes. He burnt like a faggot in a tempest.

When Paul went down to dinner, the music of the orchestra came floating up the elevator shaft to greet him. His head whirled as he stepped into the thronged corridor, and he sank back into one of the chairs against the wall to get his breath. The lights, the chatter, the perfumes, the bewildering medley of color — he had for a moment the feeling of not being able to stand it. But only for a moment; these were his own people, he told himself. He went slowly about the corridors, through the writing-rooms, smoking-rooms, reception-rooms, as though he was exploring the chambers of an enchanted palace, built and peopled for him alone.

When he reached the dining-room, he sat down at a table near a window. The flowers, the white linen, the many-colored wine glasses, the gay toilettes of the women, the low popping of corks, the undulating repetitions of the "Blue Danube" from the orchestra, all flooded Paul's dream with bewildering radiance. When the rosy tinge of his champagne was added — that cold, precious, bubbling stuff that creamed and foamed in his glass — Paul wondered that there were honest men in the world at all. This was what all the world was fighting for, he reflected; this was what all the struggle was about. He doubted the reality of his past. Had he ever known a place called Cordelia Street, a place where fagged-looking business men got on the early car; mere rivets in a machine, they seemed to Paul — sickening men, with combings of children's hair always hanging to their coats, and the smell of cooking in their clothes. Cordelia Street — Ah! that belonged to another time and country; had he not always been thus, had he not sat here night after night, from as far back as he could remember, looking pensively over just such shimmering textures and slowly twirling the stem of a glass like this one between his thumb and middle finger? He rather thought he had.

He was not in the least abashed or lonely. He had no especial desire to meet or to know any of these people; all he demanded was the right to look on and conjecture, to watch the pageant. The mere stage properties were all he contended for. Nor was he lonely later in the evening, in his *loge* at the Metropolitan. He was now entirely rid of his nervous misgivings, of his forced aggressiveness, of the imperative desire to show himself different from his surroundings. He felt now that his surroundings explained him. Nobody questioned the purple; he had only to wear it passively. He had only to glance down at his attire to reassure himself that here it would be impossible for anyone to humiliate him.

He found it hard to leave his beautiful sitting-room to go to bed that night, and sat long watching the raging storm from his turret window. When he went to sleep, it was with the lights turned on in his bedroom; partly because of his old timidity and partly so that, if he should wake in the night, there would be no wretched moment of doubt, no horrible suspicion of yellow wall-paper, or of Washington and Calvin above his bed.

Sunday morning the city was practically snow-bound. Paul breakfasted late, and

in the afternoon he fell in with a wild San Francisco boy, a freshman at Yale, who said he had run down for a "little flyer" over Sunday. The young man offered to show Paul the night side of the town, and the two boys went out together after dinner, not returning to the hotel until seven o'clock the next morning. They had started out in the confiding warmth of a champagne friendship, but their parting in the elevator was singularly cool. The freshman pulled himself together to make his train and Paul went to bed. He awoke at two o'clock in the afternoon, very thirsty and dizzy, and rang for ice-water, coffee, and the Pittsburg papers.

On the part of the hotel management, Paul excited no suspicion. There was this to be said for him, that he wore his spoils with dignity and in no way made himself conspicuous. Even under the glow of his wine he was never boisterous, though he found the stuff like a magician's wand for wonder-building. His chief greediness lay in his ears and eyes, and his excesses were not offensive ones. His dearest pleasures were the gray winter twilights in his sitting-room, his quiet enjoyment of his flowers, his clothes, his wide divan, his cigarette, and his sense of power. He could not remember a time when he had felt so at peace with himself. The mere release from the necessity of petty lying, lying every day and every day, restored his self-respect. He had never lied for pleasure, even at school, but to be noticed and admired, to assert his difference from other Cordelia Street boys; and he felt a good deal more manly, more honest even, now that he had no need for boastful pretensions, now that he could, as his actor friends used to say, "dress the part." It was characteristic that remorse did not occur to him. His golden days went by without a shadow, and he made each as perfect as he could.

On the eighth day after his arrival in New York, he found the whole affair exploited in the Pittsburg papers, exploited with a wealth of detail which indicated that local news of a sensational nature was at a low ebb. The firm of Denny & Carson announced that the boy's father had refunded the full amount of the theft, and that they had no intention of prosecuting. The Cumberland minister had been interviewed, and expressed his hope of yet reclaiming the motherless boy, and his Sabbath-school teacher declared that she would spare no effort to that end. The rumor had reached Pittsburg that the boy had been seen in a New York hotel, and his father had gone East to find him and bring him home.

Paul had just come in to dress for dinner; he sank into a chair, weak to the knees, and clasped his head in his hands. It was to be worse than jail, even; the tepid waters of Cordelia Street were to close over him finally and forever. The gray monotony stretched before him in hopeless, unrelieved years; Sabbath-school, Young People's Meeting, the yellow-papered room, the damp dish-towels; it all rushed back upon him with a sickening vividness. He had the old feeling that the orchestra had suddenly stopped, the sinking sensation that the play was over. The sweat broke out on his face, and he sprang to his feet, looked about him with his white, conscious smile, and winked at himself in the mirror. With something of the old childish belief in miracles with which he had so often gone to class, all his lessons unlearned, Paul dressed and dashed whistling down the corridor to the elevator.

He had no sooner entered the dining-room and caught the measure of the music than his remembrance was lightened by his old elastic power of claiming the moment, mounting with it, and finding it all-sufficient. The glare and glitter about him, the mere scenic accessories had again, and for the last time, their old potency. He would show himself that he was game, he would finish the thing splendidly. He doubted, more than ever, the existence of Cordelia Street, and for the first time he drank his wine recklessly. Was he not, after all, one of those fortunate beings born to the purple, was he not still himself and in his own place? He drummed a nervous accompaniment to the Pagliacci music and looked about him, telling himself over and over that it had paid.

He reflected drowsily, to the swell of the music and the chill sweetness of his wine, that he might have done it more wisely. He might have caught an outbound steamer and been well out of their clutches before now. But the other side of the world had seemed too far away and too uncertain then; he could not have waited for it; his need had been too sharp. If he had to choose over again, he would do the same thing tomorrow. He looked affectionately about the dining-room, now gilded with a soft mist. Ah, it had paid indeed!

Paul was awakened next morning by a painful throbbing in his head and feet. He had thrown himself across the bed without undressing, and had slept with his shoes on. His limbs and hands were lead heavy, and his tongue and throat were parched and burnt. There came upon him one of those fateful attacks of clear-headedness that never occurred except when he was physically exhausted and his nerves hung loose. He lay still and closed his eyes and let the tide of things wash over him.

His father was in New York; "stopping at some joint or other," he told himself. The memory of successive summers on the front stoop fell upon him like a weight of black water. He had not a hundred dollars left; and he knew now, more than ever, that money was everything, the wall that stood between all he loathed and all he wanted. The thing was winding itself up; he had thought of that on his first glorious day in New York, and had even provided a way to snap the thread. It lay on his dressing-table now; he had got it out last night when he came blindly up from dinner, but the shiny metal hurt his eyes, and he disliked the looks of the thing.

He rose and moved about with a painful effort, succumbing now and again to attacks of nausea. It was the old depression exaggerated; all the world had become Cordelia Street. Yet, somehow, he was not afraid of anything, was absolutely calm; perhaps because he had looked into the dark corner at last and knew. It was bad enough, what he saw there, but somehow not so bad as his long fear of it had been. He saw everything clearly now. He had a feeling that he had made the best of it, that he had lived the sort of life he was meant to live, and for half an hour he sat staring at the revolver. But he told himself that was not the way, so he went down stairs and took a cab to the ferry.

When Paul arrived at Newark, he got off the train and took another cab, directing the driver to follow the Pennsylvania tracks out of the town. The snow lay heavy on the roadways and had drifted deep in the open fields. Only here and there the dead grass or dried weed stalks projected, singularly black, above it. Once well into the country, Paul dismissed the carriage and walked, floundering along the tracks, his mind a medley of irrelevant things. He seemed to hold in his brain an actual picture of everything he had seen that morning. He remembered every feature of both his drivers, of the toothless old woman from whom he had bought the red flowers in his coat, the agent from whom he had got his ticket, and all of his fellow-passengers on the ferry. His mind, unable to cope with vital matters near at hand, worked feverishly and deftly at sorting and grouping these images. They made for him a part of the ugliness of the world, of the ache in his head, and the bitter burning of his tongue. He stooped and put a handful of snow into his mouth as he walked, but that, too, seemed hot. When he reached a little hillside, where the tracks ran through a cut some twenty feet below him, he stopped and sat down.

The carnations in his coat were drooping with the cold, he noticed, their red glory all over. It occurred to him that all the flowers he had seen in the glass cases that first night must have gone the same way, long before this. It was only one splendid breath they had, in spite of their brave mockery at the winter outside the glass, and it was a losing game in the end, it seemed, this revolt against the homilies by which the world is run. Paul took one of the blossoms carefully from his coat and scooped a little hole in the snow, where he covered it up. Then he dozed a little, from his weak condition, seeming insensible to the cold.

The sound of an approaching train awoke him, and he started to his feet, remembering only his resolution, and afraid lest he should be too late. He stood watching the approaching locomotive, his teeth chattering, his lips drawn away from them in a frightened smile; once or twice he glanced nervously sidewise, as though he were being watched. When the right moment came, he jumped. As he fell, the folly of his haste occurred to him with merciless clearness, the vastness of what he had left undone. There flashed through his brain, clearer than ever before, the blue of Adriatic water, the yellow of Algerian sands.

He felt something strike his chest, and that his body was being thrown swiftly through the air, on and on, immeasurably far and fast, while his limbs were gently relaxed. Then, because the picture-making mechanism was crushed, the disturbing visions flashed into black, and Paul dropped back into the immense design of things.

HANS, THE WONDERFUL HORSE OF BERLIN

BY

EDWARD C. HEYN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

PROBABLY no subject, not excluding the war in the Far East, has excited more discussion and dispute in Germany within the last six months than the argument "about it and about" that has centered around the performances of "Kluge Hans," the young stallion whose owner, the Baron von Osten, has been exhibiting him before all manner of private audiences in a muddy, squalid stable-yard on the north side of Berlin.

About the achievements of "Clever Hans," as he is generally called, there is no difference of opinion among those who have seen him perform, though the wildest tales are current as to his phenomenal doings among those who haven't. All who have studied him, and these persons include a large number of scientists of the first rank and public men of shrewdness and high repute, are agreed that he does things probably never before accomplished by any member of brute creation. The point is, how?

Baron von Osten, who, despite his noble birth, has been for many years a Prussian schoolmaster, is most emphatic in declaring that Hans possesses the power of individual thought, that he is capable, in short, of conducting an independent process of reasoning. Nobody can offend the Baron more effectually than to say that the doings of Hans are the highly remarkable results of skilful training. He has not trained Hans, he declares with many German expletives. He has simply educated him — yes, and by identically the same process with which pupils in the lower primary grades of the public schools of Prussia are educated.

If the Baron's view is to be accepted, this eight-year-old Orloff stallion is far higher in the scale of intellect and education than most of the inhabitants of the far away Russian province from which he comes. Certainly few peasants of central Russia are able to spell, read, count, add, subtract, divide or multiply, all of which accomplishments and many more, the Baron ascribes to Hans — accomplishments the possession of which in a child of the same age would be regarded as evidence of considerable precocity. Indeed, such a model of scholarship has the horse become that when school children make mistakes in their sums, their teachers frequently upbraid them by saying: "Clever Hans can reckon much better than you."

But, sensitive as he is to criticisms of himself and his methods of instruction, Baron von Osten, strangely enough does not think Hans particularly clever. On the other hand, he declares that any coach-horse of average intelligence can be educated — not trained, mind you. Oh! dear no — educated to an equal degree of proficiency. He once owned a horse that was far more intelligent than Hans — an animal that knew more than three hundred words and numbers, but could not read. This one defect was, however, entirely the fault of his education, insists the Baron.

Hans' preceptor indignantly rejects all hypotheses involving training, suggestion, hypnotism, telepathy, and so on. He will have it that Hans thinks, independently and of himself; no other explanation will he consider for a moment. And it ought to be said, that though few of the many scientists who have examined the horse agree with the Baron, few of them have the least doubt that the old schoolmaster is wholly sincere in his

belief. Before considering their conclusions, it is in order to examine Hans for ourselves.

The Baron lives in a typical Berlin rookery or tenement house that shelters several families. Adjoining it is a dingy and not too clean stable-yard, in which Hans does the things that have set all Europe talking. On the first day I went there, I found an assembly strangely out of keeping with the squalid surroundings. It included the Turkish and Spanish Ambassadors, the Chilian Consul, several officers of the German army in those brilliant uniforms that only just escape gaudiness, if, in fact, they escape it at all; numerous representatives of the learned professions, including a number of scientists of high standing, and several ladies of noble birth. The tenement windows of the stable-yard furnished a sort of gallery from which curious and excited faces looked down upon the unaccustomed splendor of personality below, while upon the fences roosted a number of urchins whose interest did not appear to be wholly scientific.

First appeared the Baron. It was plain that he realized the honor being done him. Solemnity sat upon his brow — a solemnity that even his old slouch hat, his grizzled, shaggy hair, and his seedy old coat could not impair. Gravely he greeted his guests, and then marched off to the stable. It can be called a stable by courtesy only, for it is really but a miserable shed, next to a carpenter's shop, whose occupants apparently have little appreciation of the honor done them by the adjoining residence of Hans. At any rate they hammer and saw abominably during the doings of the horse.

After the Baron had led Hans into the yard, he explained his method of speech. To indicate numbers the animals stamps his forefoot once for each unit. When he wishes to say "yes," he turns his head to the right. A similar movement to the left indicates a negative. Whether Hans had so far progressed with his education as to know that two negatives constitute an affirmative, the Baron did not say.

"Now," said the Baron, addressing the stallion, "four multiplied by four equals seventeen, doesn't it?"

But Hans was not to be deceived. He stamped sixteen times — no more and no less.

"What is the Kaiser's birthday?" demanded the Baron. (It is January 27th.)

Hans stamped twenty-seven times.

"What month?" inquired the Baron pleasantly.

Hans stamped once, and got a carrot.

"Now, Hans," went on his instructor, "how much must be added to twenty-three to make twenty-seven?"

Everybody held his breath at this, but Hans stamped four times unerringly. Then came a question, the ability to answer which presupposes something more than the ability to count.

"What day of the month is it?"

Hans announced by his usual method that it was the twenty-ninth. It was.

"And what day of the week?" asked the Baron.

It is the German fashion to reckon Monday as the first day of the week, and Hans stamped twice for Tuesday, which, in fact, was correct. After this, nobody would have been surprised had the Baron inquired what day of the month would be three weeks from the day after to-morrow. Instead, he produced his watch, held it up before the horse, and inquired:

"Hans, what time is it?"

Now, it is a difficult thing to tell just what object a horse is looking at. I can not be sure that Hans looked at the watch. But, at any rate, he appeared to do so, after which he stamped once. It was, in fact, one o'clock.

"On what number is the small hand?" asked the Baron. Again the stallion stamped once.

"On what number is the large hand?" Hans declared unmistakably that it was on the figure twelve.

The Baron then asked someone whose watch differed from his own to exhibit his timepiece. This watch indicated that it was five minutes to one o'clock.

"Hans," said the Baron, mildly, "tell me how many minutes are lacking to make it one o'clock according to this watch."

"Five," said Hans with unerring forefoot, and got another carrot.

A little murmur of astonishment ran around the group that surrounded the schoolmaster and his pupil, and the Baron took advantage of the diversion to give the beast a recess, leading him slowly about the yard. Writers for the press have not been especially considerate of the old man's feelings, and as he passed me he muttered sourly:

"This horse has an aversion to reporters."

Possibly he has, but he certainly did not indicate it in any way that I could comprehend, though the fact may be that he is more polite than his master.

After recess, the class in reading assembled. Upon one numbered blackboard was written the word "Prugel" (whipping); on another the name of the Spanish Ambassador, (Di Riota), and on a third my own name (Heyn). Then said the Baron:

"Hans, what do you get if you are naughty?" Hans at once approached the blackboard upon which "Prugel" was written.

"On which blackboard is 'Heyn' written?" pursued the Baron. Hans stamped once, the board in question being numbered one. On being commanded to do so, the horse advanced and rubbed his muzzle against the board. All these questions Hans also answered correctly after his back had been turned, and the relative positions of the boards altered.

The stallion then proceeded to distinguish colors and indicate them by name. Rags of various hues — blue, red, green, black and so on — were suspended on a line, their corresponding names being written on blackboards.

"Advance and touch the blue rag," said the Baron. Hans did so eagerly. He furthermore indicated accurately upon which of the boards the several color words were written, and this he did after the boards and the colored rags, too, had been shifted in position.

Geometry, it seemed, was next upon the curriculum. For example, a circle was drawn on one board, a square on another, and an arrow on a third. On being asked on which board was the arrow, Hans approached and rubbed his nose upon it, similarly identifying the other drawings.

"Now," said the Baron, "I should like to know how many corners has a circle." A roar of delighted laughter went up as the stallion nodded vigorously to the left which, you will remember, is his way of replying "no" or "none."

But it appeared that Hans had been to a business college, too, for the Baron went on to show that anybody who tried the "short-change" game upon the stallion was foredoomed to humiliating failure.

Various gold, silver, nickel, and copper coins were placed before the beast by the visitors, and the schoolmaster stated that by one stamp Hans meant gold; by two, silver; by three, nickel, and by four, copper. He then required the horse to indicate the gold coin, the silver coin, and the rest. This he did, invariably, in his hoof language, no matter how often the positions of the coins were changed. Granting his ability to identify colors, this performance does not appear so very difficult, yet Hans went on to distinguish between a fifty-pfennig and a ten-pfennig piece, which do not materially differ in hue. Nor were fractions, that stumbling-block of childhood, too much for him, for when the Baron asked:

"How many fourths are required to make a unit out of three-fourths?" Hans answered by one beat of his hoof.

On the day I first saw Hans, I was formally presented to him, the Baron leading him up to me and saying distinctly:

"Hans, this is Mr. Heyn."

"Very happy to meet you," said I, but a glance at the grave face of the schoolmaster assured me that it was no joke to him. Consequently, I did not doff my hat as I had intended.

Twenty-four hours later I saw the beast again, and on that occasion the Baron called the class in spelling. A large blackboard, on which was drawn an alphabetical and numerical chart was placed before the horse. This chart was constructed by means of vertical and horizontal lines numbered at the top and side. At the intersections of the lines were placed the letters of the alphabet. Any letter could then be located by two numbers. It was more like a ship's chart than anything else, a letter representing the ship whose location the observer indicates by the intersections of the lines of longitude and latitude.

"Will you be so good," said the Baron to me, without mentioning my name, mind you, "as to approach the horse?" I did so.

"Now, Hans," said the baron, "what is this gentleman's name?"

Hans stamped once and then, after a pause, four times. At the intersection of the first vertical and the fourth horizontal lines was written the letter "H." By the same methods the stallion went on, without hesitation, to indicate the letters "e," "i," and "n." This was, sure enough, my name, the substitution of "i" for "y" being explained by the statement that Hans had been brought up to spell phonetically.

The animal had been introduced to General Köring ten days before. The General was present when Hans spelled my name, and his own name was correctly spelled immediately after mine. A ten-year-old lad stood close to the blackboard.

"Who is the person standing next to the blackboard?" asked the stallion's instructor.

"Boy," replied Hans, with ready forefoot.

"And who are standing next to him?"

"Ladies," said Hans, in the same way.

Next five men were placed in a row, and the stallion was asked such questions as these:

"Which of these men is the tallest?"

"Which is the stoutest?"

"Which has his arm in a sling?"

"How many of them are officers?"

"Which of them have umbrellas?"

"Which have swords?"

Granting a number for each man in line, counting from left to right, Hans was never mistaken. There is a theory to account for all this which is not the one held by the Baron. We shall soon come to that. Just now, we are interested solely in what the horse does or appears to do.

One of the Baron's "demonstrations" purported to show that photography is no closed book to Hans. On one occasion, in my presence, the schoolmaster exhibited to the stallion the photograph of the Russian Ambassador who was one of a row of persons lined up in front of the animal and told off by number.

"Tell me," said the Baron, "whose photograph this is." Hans stamped five times, the Ambassador being, in fact, No. 5 in line.

This performance was explained by Dr. Zell, on the theory that the photograph, having been in the Ambassador's pocket, carried an individual odor of the sort that enables a dog to trace the footsteps of his master. This explanation scarcely commended itself, however, for the horse did not approach the Ambassador closely.

So far, we have seen, if we accept the Baron's view, that Hans can count, add, subtract, multiply, read, distinguish colors and coin values, tell the time, the day of the month and week, differentiate between tall and short, stout and thin, tell women from men and boys, recognize persons by their names and identify them by photographs.

But the Baron went on to show that Hans' education also included music. A scale was drawn upon a blackboard, the various written notes numbered at the side. Then the schoolmaster produced an harmonica and blew upon it several notes, requiring the stallion to tell what notes they were, by indicating their positions on the visible scale. This he did successfully. Yet anybody who has been to the circus has convinced himself that horses have not even a sense of rhythm, since one has only to watch a "high-school horse" to see that it is really the band that keeps time with him, not he with the band.

Aside from the astonishment which the doings of this remarkable quadruped invariably arouse, he occasionally does something which, at the time, seems positively startling, though subsequent explanation may make it plain. For example, I was present once when the Baron, indicating one number of the group of spectators, inquired:

"How many fingers has this gentleman on his right hand?"

"Four," said Hans, and everybody looked pained for the error. But Hans was right, as usual. The man had actually lost one finger in an accident.

Again, when the color tests were in progress, Herr Schillings, who has achieved fame as an African explorer, and who occasionally acts as schoolmaster in the absence of the Baron, asked the horse this complicated question:

"What is the color of the collar on the uniform of the officer who stands before you?"

Hans stamped twice, indicating the carmine-red rag which was No. 2 on the line. The officer's collar was really a different shade of red, No. 8, in fact.

"Be careful, Hans," remonstrated Herr Schilling gravely. "Now, repeat the answer."

This time the horse stamped eight times.

Such things "Kluge Hans" does, and many more, but none, I think, that cannot be explained by whatever theory is held to account for the performances I have described. Differ as the disputants may, and do, as to the theory, they are all agreed as to the motive that inspires the horse. This sums itself up in one word — carrots. And though I had not the courage to inquire, I have no doubt the Baron would hold that the superiority of vegetable matter over mind is thus demonstrated beyond doubt.

The processes of Hans' education, as described by the Baron, are simple enough.

They extended over a period of four years, during which time the schoolmaster worked eighteen hours a day with his pupil — a course whose severity few human students of the same age would have survived.

"I began the education of Hans," said the Baron, "by holding up before him red-and-white balls arranged on a wired frame — a contrivance familiar to all teachers in the primary schools — by means of which he was taught to stamp once for one ball, twice for two balls, and so on. After that I taught him to recognize the signs that stood for the numbers, for which purpose I used figures cut out of zinc. The alphabet he learned by being shown the several letters, written large, and at the same time repeatedly pronounced by myself, and the sounds of numbers in the same way.

"Later on I taught him to recognize whole words, by means of the letters composing them, care being taken to select only words spelled phonetically. Objects for which these words stood were shown him as I pronounced the words, so that he gradually came to identify the words with the objects.

"Then came the more difficult process of teaching the stallion to express the impressions made upon his mind. To do this I would ask him, for example, 'How much is four plus three?' writing 4 + 3' on the blackboard. Then I would say 'four,' and raise his forefoot four times. Then I would say 'three,' and raise it three more times immediately announcing the result, 'seven,' and raising his forefoot seven times. In the same way he was taught to understand the value of four minus three, and so on through the list. Of course, all this required an amount of patience almost inconceivable, and there were many disappointments, but his intelligence grew and grew until it reached the development that made the world hear of it."

Of course, the reader has already seen that no amount of "education," such as the Baron thus outlined, could enable Hans really to do the problems that he seems to do, unless it had also developed in him an independent power of reasoning. No mere connotation of sounds and numbers, for example, could help him to know that four times four was sixteen, and not seventeen. A stated set of questions, drilled into him by infinite repetition he might learn to master, but, as a matter of fact, he does more than that, correctly performing almost any simple computation that may be requested by anybody present.

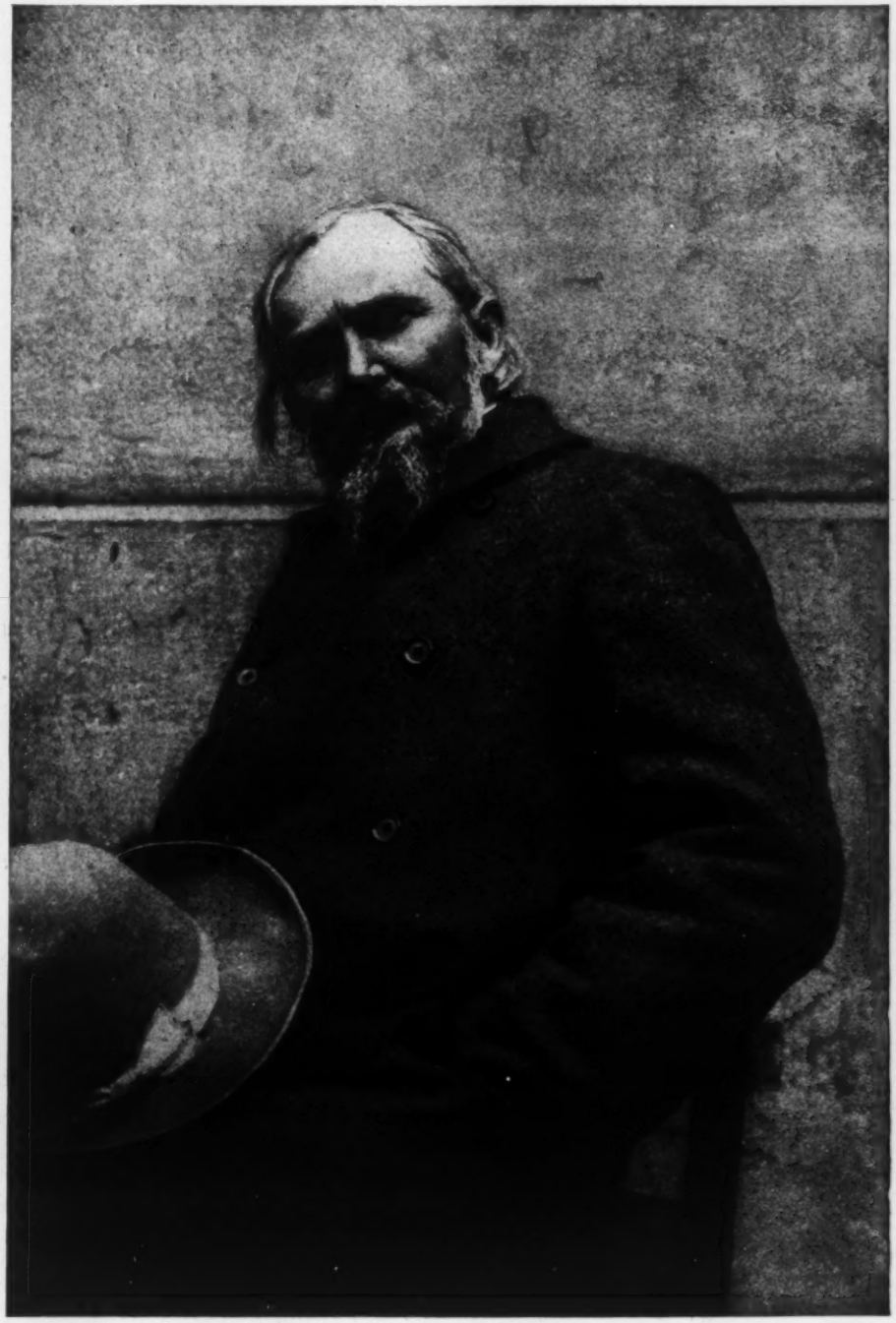
Naturally, when the scientists began to realize what a phenomenal beast was Hans (for he is phenomenal, no matter on what basis his phenomena arrange themselves), there was great disputatious uproar. First, they came to see him severally, then in groups, and, lastly, they appointed nothing less than commissions to examine him and report.

At first there was much talk of tricks and chicanery. The Baron was nothing but a common fakir who ought to be exposed, if not imprisoned. The doings of his horse were explained as the result of a series of clever signals, known by and perceptible to only himself and Hans.

But this theory fell to the ground before the interposition of no less a creature than Hans himself, who stopped that kind of talk once and for all. And this he accomplished by the simple process of doing his sums with his old master out of sight and hearing, at the behest of people whom he had scarcely seen before, and who were obviously incapable of abetting any fraud, had they the actual ability to do it.

Dr. Meissner, an eminent specialist on the psychology of animals, was one of the first to father the fraud theory, but he has since confessed himself entirely in the wrong. On the other hand, Major-General von Zobel, who was one of those for whom the horse answered a number of mathematical questions correctly, and Professor Carl Möbius, privy councillor and director of the Berlin Zoölogical Museum, run to the other extreme, beyond which even the Baron von Osten himself could scarcely go. "A very extraordinary exhibition of animal intelligence," the General termed it, and not "horse-training" at all.

Behold the imposing array of names and titles composing the first of a succession of commissions to examine "Kluge Hans": Herr Busch, circus director; Count Otto zu Castell-Rudenhausen; Dr. Grabow, overseer of schools; Dr. Ludwig Heck, director of the Berlin Zoölogical Garden; Dr. Oscar Heinroth, assistant in the Berlin Zoölogical Garden; Dr. Richard Kant, Major von Keller, Major-General Köring, Dr. Meissner — veterinary surgeon and assistant in the Royal Veterinary College, and Prof. W. Nagel, of the Psychological Institute of the Berlin University.



BARON VON OSTEN

WHO HAS DEVOTED MANY YEARS TO THE EDUCATION OF HANS. HE DECLARES THAT ANY COACH-HORSE OF AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE CAN BE EDUCATED — NOT TRAINED, BUT EDUCATED

This body assembled avowedly to sift the fraud charge, and concluded unanimously that this accusation was groundless, for two good reasons not totally devoid of humor: "In view of the character of the persons superintending the performances, and considering the precautionary measures adopted by the examiners."

Then came the eminent Professor Stumpf, who, with his assistants, took charge of Hans and conducted a most elaborate series of experiments, in which they were cheerfully assisted by the Baron. In his report Professor Stumpf sums up as follows:

"The experiment failed in those cases where the answer was not known to any of

Hans, the eight-year-old stallion who has astonished all Europe by intelligent actions never before accomplished by any member of brute creation

Though met only to try the fraud charge, the commission made in its report one observation which, if well founded, entirely vitiates the conclusions drawn by a later commission which thought it had solved the problem. This statement was as follows:

"Another series of experiments was carried out where the answers to the questions asked by Herr von Osten *could not possibly be known to the questioner himself*. The majority of the undersigned, moreover, have personal knowledge of many individual cases where, in the absence of Herr von Osten, correct answers have been given to other persons. Among these cases were some, where *the questioner was himself in ignorance of the answer, or mistaken as to the proper answer.*"

those present, as, for instance, when written figures or articles to be counted were so placed before the horse as to be invisible to the persons present, and especially to the person asking the questions. The horse, therefore, can neither count, read, nor reckon."

Contrast this with the statement of Commission number one, which, as we have seen, distinctly declared that the horse *did* answer correctly when his questioner could not. Professor Stumpf, however, goes on:

"The horse was also unable to make the proper answer when blinders were put on him so that he could not see the persons present, especially the questioner. He therefore requires optical aids.

"These aids, however — and this is the most peculiar and interesting moment in the

case — do not, necessarily, have to be intentional. In the absence of Herr von Osten, the horse gave a number of answers quite correctly to various persons, especially to Herr Schillings and Herr Pfungst, who, after they had busied themselves with the horse for some time, were able to secure correct answers almost without exception, and without giving any conscious sign."

Apparently this well nigh stumped the eminent Professor Stumpf, for he goes on to draw his conclusions with a noteworthy absence of that consciousness of inviolable certitude which often characterizes the dicta of the Teutonic scientist :

"As far as I can see," he says — and these observations undoubtedly consists of the reward given him in the shape of carrots and turnips." (May not one interpolate that a similar motive impels the laborer to carry the hod or swing the pick ?) "Nevertheless, the surprising character of this independent activity on the part of this horse, and the certainty with which he observes even the slightest movements remain a most wonderful phenomenon.

"The movements which thus produce a corresponding action on the part of the horse are, in the case of Herr von Osten, so infinitesimal, that it is no wonder that they should escape the attention of trained and experienced observers. Herr Pfungst, whose

Hans on exhibition before an assembly of scientists, foreign diplomats and members of the nobility

can't you see him scratching his eminent head ? — "these facts can only be reconciled with the following theory : In the course of the long training in reckoning which the horse has had, he must have come to observe those slight, unconscious movements of the body of the teacher, and to have interpreted these as signs.

"The motive impelling the horse to make powers of observation have been specially developed by laboratory work embracing facial expressions of even the shortest duration, has, however, been able to detect various movements of Herr von Osten which constituted the condition precedent to the horse's achievements, and, in consequence of this discovery, he was able so to control his own movements, of which he had hitherto

been unconscious, as to transform them into conscious ones. He was able, therefore, by appropriate movements, to control the answers of the horse at will, without even asking the question, or commanding the horse to answer.

"Furthermore, the same result was attained when Herr Pfungst made no conscious movements at all, but simply concentrated his mind upon the desired number, since the appropriate movement thus occurred unconsciously." Professor Stumpf concludes:

"The revolution of our conception of the animal-soul, hoped for by some and feared by others, is apparently not destined to be realized. If such extraordinary teaching talent and unprecedented patience as has been exhibited by Herr von Osten during his four years daily labor with Hans has not resulted in producing a scintilla of anything which may be regarded as 'thought,' it must be admitted that the assertion of the old philosopher — that animals extending up to and including the hoofed species, are incapable of thought — has now been substantiated by experiments carried out on the grandest scale."

This is all very well, of course, but the reader will not have forgotten the statement of that first commission of examiners that Hans *did* correctly answer questions, the answers to which were known neither by his questioners nor by anyone else present. How is any conclusion to be reached until this statement is proved or refuted?

But granting that Professor Stumpf is right, Hans still remains a marvel — even though he can not think — certainly the prince of all observers, brute or human. Most people will agree with Major Schoenbeck, who, on reading Professor Stumpf's report, wrote to the *Lokal-Anzeiger*, saying:

"If we accept the explanation that this horse is capable of such close observation as to act in obedience to almost imperceptible and even unconscious movements, and with that certainty which is attributed to him, it must be admitted that these facts are evidence of an intelligence of which we have not hitherto dreamed, and which can by no means be founded upon mere instinct."

PARDNERS

BY

REX E. BEACH

AUTHOR OF "PARDNERS," A BOOK OF ALASKAN STORIES, OF WHICH THIS IS THE TITLE STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

"MOST all the old quotations need fixing," said Joyce in tones forbidding dispute. "For instance, the guy that alluded to marriages germinating in heaven certainly got off on the wrong foot. He meant pardnerships. The same works ain't got capacity for both, no more'n you can build a split-second stop-watch in a stone quarry. No, sir! A true pardnership is the sanctifiedest relation that grows, while any two folks of opposite sect can marry and peg the game out *some* way. There goes them cussed dogs again!"

He drove abruptly at the tent-flap, disappearing like a palmed coin, while our canvas structure reeled drunkenly at his impact. The sounds of strife without rose shrilly into blended agony, and the yelps of Keno melted away down the gulch in a rapid and rabid diminuendo.

"That black malamoot is a walking delegate for strife," he remarked, returning

—"Sometime I'll lose my temper — and that's the kind of pardners me and Justus Morrow was."

Never more do I interrupt the allegory of my mate, no matter how startling its structure. He adventures orally when and in the manner the spirit calls, without rote, form, or tone production. Therefore I grunted aimless encouragement.

"I was prospectin' a claim on Caribou Creek, and had her punched as full of holes as a sponge-cake, when the necessity of a change appealed to me. I was out of everything more nourishing than hope and one slab of pay-streaked bacon, when two tenderfeet 'mushed' up the gulch, and invited themselves into my cabin to watch me pan. It's the simplest thing known to science to salt a tenderfoot, so I didn't have no trouble in selling out for three thousand dollars.

"You see, they couldn't kick, 'cause some of us old timers was bound to get their money anyhow — just a question of time; and their inexperience was cheap at the price. Also, they was real nice boys, and I hated to see 'em fall amongst them crooks at Dawson. It was a short-horned triumph, though. Like the Dead Sea biscuits of Scripture, it turned to ashes in my mouth. It wasn't three days later that they struck it; right in my last shaft, within a foot of where I quit diggin'. They rocked out fifty ounces first day. When the news filtered to me, of course, I never made no holler. I couldn't — that is, honestly — but I bought a six-hundred-dollar grubstake, loaded it aboard a dory, and, having instructed the trader regarding the disposition of my mortal, drunken remains, I fanned through that camp like a prairie fire shot in the sirloin with a hot wind.

"Of course, it wasn't such a big spree; nothing gaudy or Swedelike; but them that should know claimed it was a model of refinement. Yes, I have got many encomiums on its general proportions and artistic finish. One hundred dollars an hour for twenty-four hours, all in red licker, confined to and in me and my choicest sympathizers. I reckon all our booze combined would have made a fair sluice-head. Anyhow, I woke up considerable farther down the dim vistas of time, and about the same distance down the Yukon, in the bottom of my dory, seekin' new fields at six miles an hour. The trader had follered my last will and testament scrupulous, even to coverin' up my legs.

"That's how I drifted into Rampart City, and Justus Morrow.

"This here town was the same as any new camp; a mile long and eighteen inches wide, consisting of saloons, dance-halls, saloons, trading-posts, saloons, places to get licker,

WILLIAM P. JOYCE

"bachelor of some arts and plenty of science"

and saloons. Might not have been so many dance-halls and trading-posts as I've mentioned, and a few more saloons.

"I dropped into a joint called The Reception, and who'd I see playing bank but Single Out Wilmer, the worst gambler on the river. Mounted police had him on the woodpile in Dawson, then tied a can on him. At the same table was a nice, tender

"'Any of you gentlemen got ideas on the subject?'"

Philadelphia squab, 'bout fryin' size, and while I was watching, Wilmer pulls down a bet belonging to it. That's an old game.

"'Pardon me,' says the broiler; 'you have my checks.'

"'What?' growls Single Out; 'I knowed this game before you quit nursin', Bright Eyes. I can protect my own bets.'

"'That's right,' chimes the dealer, who I seen was Curly Budd, Wilmer's pardner.

" 'Lord!' thinks I, 'there's a pair to draw to.'

"'Do you really think you had ought to play this? It's a man's game,' says Wilmer, nasty.

"I expected to see the youngster dog it. Nothin' of the kind.

"'That's my bet!' he says again, and I noticed something dry in his voice, like the rustle of silk.

"Single Out just looks black and snarls at the dealer.

"'Turn the cards!'

"'Oh, very well,' says the chechako, talking like a little girl.

"Somebody snickered and, thinks I, 'there's sprightly doin's hereabouts. I'll tarry awhile and see 'em singe the fowl. I like the smell of burning pin-feathers; it clears my head.'

"Over in the far corner was another animal in knee panties, riggin' up one of these flash-light, snappy-shot, photograft layouts. I found afterwards that he done it for a living; didn't work none, just strayed around as co-respondent for an English newspaper syndicate, taking pictures and writing story things. I didn't pay much attention to him hiding under his black cloth, 'cause the faro-table was full of bets, and it's hard to follow the play. Well, by and by Wilmer shifted another stack belonging to the Easterner.

"The lad never begged his pardon nor nothin'. His fist just shot out and landed on the nigh corner of Wilmer's jaw, clean and fair, and Single Out done as pretty a head-spin as I ever see — considering that it was executed in a cuspidor. Of all the cordial, why-how-do-you-do mule-kicks handed down in rhyme and story, that wallop was the adopted daddy.

"When he struck, I took the end of the bar like a steeplechaser, for I seen Curly grab at the drawer, and I have aversions to witnessing gun plays from the front end. The tenderfoot riz up in his chair, and snatchin' a stack of reds in his off mit, dashed 'em into Curly's face just as he pulled trigger. It spoiled his aim, and the boy was on to him like a mountain lion, follerin' over the table, along the line of least resistance.

"It was like takin' a candy sucker from a baby. Curly let go of that 'six' like he was plumb tired of it, and the kid welted him over the ear just oncet. Then he turned on the room; and right there my heart went out to him. He took in the line-up at a sweep of his lamps:

" 'Any of you gentlemen got ideas on the subject?' he says, and his eyes danced like waves in the sunshine.

"It was all that finished and genteel that I speaks up without thinkin', 'You for me, pardner!'

"Just as I said it there come a swish and flash as if a kag of black powder had changed its state of bein'. I s'pose everybody yelled and dodged except the picture man. He says, 'Thank you, gents; very pretty tableau.'

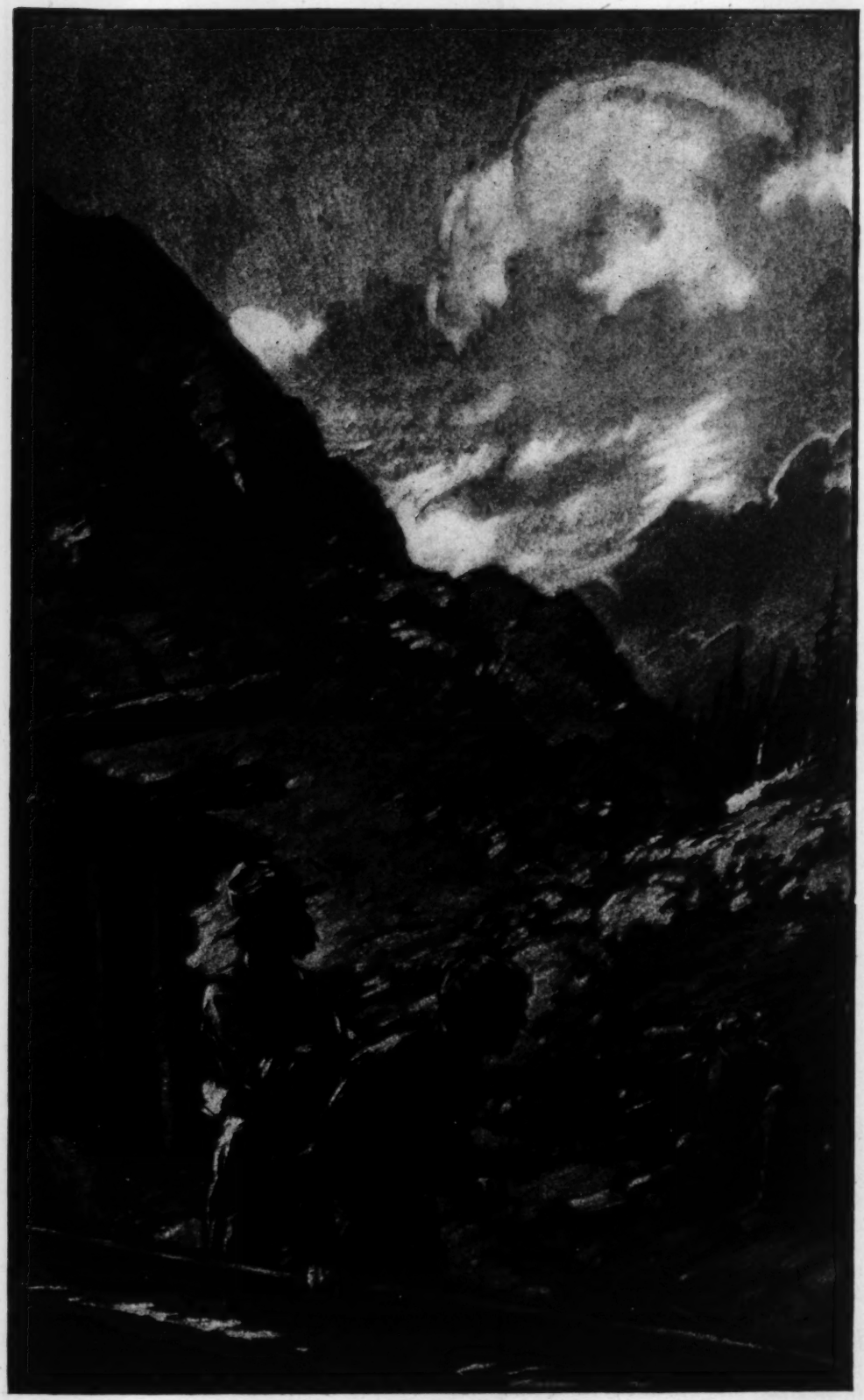
"It was the first flash-light I ever see, and all I recall now is a panorama of starin' eyeballs and gaping mouths. When it seen it wasn't torpedoed, the population begin crawlin' out from under chairs and tables. Men hopped out like toads in a rain.

"I crossed the boy's trail later that evening; found him watchin' a dance at the Gold Belt. The photografter was there too, and when he'd got his dog-house fixed, he says:

" 'Everybody take pardners and whoop her up. I want this picture for the *Weekly*. Get busy, you, there!' We all joined in to help things; the orchestra hit the rough spots, and we went highfalutin' down the center, to show the English race how our joy pained us, and that life in the Klondike had the Newport whirl looking like society in a Siwash village. He got another good picture.

"Inside of a week Morrow and I had joined up. We leased a claim and had our cabin done, waiting for snow to fall so's to sled our grub out to the creek. He took to me like I did to him, and he was an educated lad, too. Somehow, though, it hadn't gone to his head, leaving his hands useless, like knowledge usually does.

"One day, just before the last boat pulled down river, Mr. Struthers, the picture man, come to us — R. Alonzo Struthers, of London



"'Don't let me kill him, Billy'"

and 'Frisco, he was—and showin' us a picture, he says:

"'Ain't that great? Sunday supplements! Full page! Big display! eh?'

"It sure was. 'Bout 9x9, and showing every detail of The Reception saloon. There was Single Out analyzing the cuspidor and Curly dozin', as contorted and well-done as a pretzel. There was the crowd hiding in the corners, and behind the faro table stood the kid, one hand amongst the scattered chips and cards, the other dominatin' the layout with Curly's 'six.' It couldn't have looked more natural if we'd posed for it.

It was a bully likeness, I thought, too, till I seen myself glarin' over the bar. All that showed of William P. Joyce, bachelor of some arts and plenty of science, late of Dawson, was the white of his eyes. And talkin' of white—say, I looked like I had washing hung out. Seemed like the draught had riz my hair up, too.

"'Nothing like it ever seen,' continues Struthers. 'I'll call it "The Winning Card," or "At Bay," or something like that. Feature it as a typical Klondike card game. I'll give you a two-page write-up. Why, it's the greatest thing I ever did!'

"'I'm sorry,' says Morrow, thoughtful, 'but you mustn't run it.'

"'What!' says he, and I thinks, 'Oh, Lord! There goes my only show to get perpetufied in ink.'

"'I can't let you use it. My wife might see it.'

"'Your wife!' says I. 'Are you married, pardner?'

"'Yes, I'm married,' and his voice sounded queer. 'I've got a boy, too—see.'

"He took a locket from his flannel shirt and opened it. A curly headed, dimpled little youngster laughed out at me.

"'Well, I'm d——!' and then I took off my hat, for in the other side was a woman—and, gentlemen, she *was* a woman! When I seen her it made me feel blushy and ashamed. Gee! She was a stunner. I just stared at her till Struthers looked over my shoulder, and says, excited:

"'Why, it's Olive Troop, the singer!'

"'Not any more,' says Morrow, smiling.

"'Oh! So you're the fellow she gave up her art for? I knew her on the stage.'

"Something way deep down in the man grated on me, but the kid was lookin' at the picture and never noticed, while hunger peered from his face.

"'You can't blame me,' he says finally. 'She'd worry to death if she saw that picture. The likeness is too good. You might substitute another face on my shoulders; that can be done, can't it?'

"'Why, sure; dead easy, but I'll not run it at all if you feel that way,' says the artist.

"'Then Morrow resumes: 'You'll be in Denver this fall, Struthers, eh? Well, I want you to take a letter to her. She'll be glad to see an old friend like you, and to hear from me. Tell her I'm well and happy, and that I'll make a fortune, sure. Tell her, too, that there won't be any mail out of here till spring.'

"Now, I don't claim no second sight in the matter of female features. I ain't had no coachin'; not even as much as the ordinary, being raised on a bottle, but I've studied the ornery imprints of men's thoughts, over green tables and gun bar'ls, till I can about guess whether they've drawed four aces or an invite to a funeral. I got another flash from that man I didn't like, though his words were hearty. He left, soon after, on the last boat.

"Soon as ever the ground froze we began to sink. In those days steam-thawers wasn't dreamed of, so we slid wood down from the hills, and burned the ground with fires. It's slow work, and we didn't catch bed-rock till December, but when we did we struck it right. Four feet of ten-cent dirt was what she averaged. Big? Well, I wonder! It near drove Morrow crazy.

"'Billy, old boy, this means I'll see her next summer!'

"Whenever he mentioned her name he spoke like a man in church or out of breath. Somehow it made me feel like takin' off my cap—forty below at that, and my ears freeze terrible willing since that winter on the Porcupine.

"That evening, when I wasn't looking, he sneaked the locket out of his shirt and stared at it, famished. Then he kissed it, if you might rehabilitate such a scandalous, hold-fast-for-the-corner performance by that name.

"'I must let her know right away,' says he. 'How can I do it?'

"'We can hire a messenger, and send him to Dawson,' says I. 'Everybody in camp will pay five dollars a letter, and he can bring back the outside mail. They have monthly

service from there to the Coast. He'll make the trip in ninety days, so you'll get news from home by the first of March. Windy Jim will go. He'd leave a good job and a warm camp any time to hit the trail. Just hitch up the dogs, crack a whip, and yell 'Mush on!' and he'll get the snow-shoe itch, and water at the mouth for hardship.'

"Not being house-broke and tame myself, I ain't authority on the joys of getting mail from home, but, next to it, I judge, comes writing to your family. Anyhow, the boy shined up like new money, and there was from one to four million pages in his hurried note. I don't mean to say that he was grouchy at any time. No, sir! He was the nickel-plated sunbeam of the whole creek. Why, I've knowed him to do the cooking for two weeks at a stretch, and never kick — and *wash the dishes too.*

"He was a wise one, too. I've seen him stirring dog-feed with one hand and spouting Gray's Elegy with the other. I picked up a heap of knowledge from him, for he had American history pat. One story I liked particular was concerning the origin of placer mining in this country, about a greaser, Jason somebody, who got the gold fever and grub-staked a mob he called the Augerknots — carpenters, I judge, from the mess they made of it. They chartered a schooner and prospected along the Asy Miner, wherever that is. I never seen any boys from there, but the formation was wrong, like Texas, probably, 'cause they sort of drifted into the sheep business. Of course, that was a long ways back, before the forty-nine rush, but the way he told it was great.

"Well, two weeks after Windy left we worked out of that rich spot, and drifted into barren ground. Instead of a fortune, we'd sunk onto the only yellow spot in the whole claim. We cross-cut in three places, and never raised a color, but we kept gophering around till March, in hopes.

"'Why did I write that letter?' he asked one day. 'I'd give anything to stop it before it gets out. Think of her disappointment when she hears I'm broke!'

"'Nobody can't look into the ground,' says I. 'I don't mind losin' out myself, for I've done it twenty years and I sort of like it now, but I'm sorry for the girl.'

"'It means another whole season,' he says. 'I wanted to see them this summer, or bring them in next fall.'

"'Sufferin' sluice-boxes! Are you plumb daffy? Bring a woman into the Yukon — and a little baby?'

"'She'd follow me anywhere. She's awful proud; proud as a Kentucky girl can be, and them people would make your Uncle Lucifer look like a cringing cripple, but she'd live in an Injun hut with me.'

"'Sure! And follerin' out the simile, nobody but a Siwash would let her. If she don't like some other feller better while you're gone, what're you scared about?'

"He never answered; just looked at me pityfyin', as much as to say, 'Well, you poor, drivelin, old polyp!'

"One day Denny, the squaw-man, drove up the creek:

"'Windy Jim is back with the mail,' says he, and we hit for camp on the run. Only fifteen mile, she is, but I was all in when we got there, keepin' up with Justus. His eyes outshone the snow-glitter and he sang — all the time he wasn't roasting me for being so slow — claimed I was active as a toadstool. A man ain't got no license to excite hisself unless he's struck paydirt — or got a divorce.

"'Gi'me my mail, quick!' he says to Windy, who had tinkered up a one-night-stand post-office and dealt out letters, at five dollars per let.'

"'Nothing doing,' says Windy.

"'Oh, yes there is,' he replies, still smiling; 'she writes me every week.'

"'I got all there was at Dawson,' Windy give back, 'and there ain't a thing for you!'

"I consider the tragedy of this north country lies in its mail service. Uncle Sam institutes rural deliveries, so the bolomen can register poisoned arrowheads to the Igorrotes in exchange for recipes to make roulade of naval officer, but his American miners in Alaska go shy on home news for eight months every year.

"That was the last mail we had till June.

"When the river broke we cleaned up one hundred and eighty-seven dollars' worth of lovely, yellow dust, and from the post, for grub, seven hundred and thirty-five dollars in beautiful yellow bills.

"The first boat down from Dawson brought mail, and I stood beside him when he got his. He shook so he held onto the purser's window. Instead of a stack of squares overrun with female chiropody, there was only one for him — a long, hungry sport,

with indications of a law firm in the northwest corner. It charmed him like a rattler. He seemed scared to open it. Two or three times he tried and stopped.

"'They're dead,' thinks I; and, sure enough, when he'd looked, I knew it was so, and felt for his hand. Sympathy don't travel by word of mouth between pardners. It's the grip of the hand or the look of the eye.

"'What cause?' says I.

"He turned, and s'help me, I never want to see the like again. His face was plumb gray and dead, like wet ashes, while his eyes scorched through, all dry and hot. Lines was sinkin' into it as I looked.

"'It's worse,' says he, 'unless it's a joke.' He handed me the dope: '*In re* Olive Troop Morrow *vs.* Justus Morrow,' and a letter stating that out of regard for her feelings, and bein' a gentleman, he wasn't expected to cause a scandal, but to let her get the divorce by default. No explanation; no word from her; nothing.

"God knows what that boy suffered the next few weeks, but he fought it out alone. She was proud, but he was prouder. Her silence hurt him the worst, of course; but what could he do? Go to her? Fine! Both of us broke and in debt. Also, there's such a thing as diggin' deep enough to scrape the varnish off of a man's self-respect, leavin' it raw and shrinking. No! He done like you or me — let her have her way. He took off the locket and hid it, and I never heard her name mentioned for a year.

"I'd been up creek for a whipsaw one day, and as I came back I heard voices in the cabin. 'Some musher out from town,' thinks I, till something in their tones made me stop in my tracks.

"I could hear the boy's voice, hoarse and throbbing, as though he dragged words out bleeding, then I heard the other one laugh — a nasty, sneering laugh that ended in a choking rattle, like a noose had tightened on his throat.

"I jumped for the door, and rounding the corner, something near took me off my feet; something that shot through the air, all pretty and knickerbockery, with a two-faced cap, and nice brown leggin's. Also, a little camera was harnessed to it by tugs. It arose, displaying the face of R. Alonzo Struthers, black and swollen, with chips stickin' in it where he'd hit the woodpile. He glared at Morrow and his lips foamed like a crab out of water.

"'I hope I'm not intrudin',' I ventures.

"When the kid seen me, he says, soft and weak, like something ailed his palate:

"'Don't let me kill him, Billy.'

"Struthers spit and picked splinters forth from his complexion.

"'I told you for your own good. It's common gossip,' says he. 'Everybody is laughing at you, and ——'

"Then I done a leap for life for the kid, 'cause the murder light blazed up white in his face, and he moved at the man like he had something serious in view.

"'Run, you idiot!' I yells to Struthers as I jammed the youngster back into the cabin. All of a sudden the gas went out of him and he broke, hanging to me like a baby.

"'It can't be,' he whispers. 'It can't be.' He throwed hisself onto a goods box and buried his face in his hands. It gripes me to hear a man cry, so I went to the creek for a pail of water.

"I never heard what Struthers had said, but it don't take no Nick Carter to guess.

"That was the fall of the Fryin' Pan strike — do you mind it? Shakespeare George put us on, so me and the kid got in ahead of the stampede. We located One and Two above Discovery, and by Christmas we had a streak uncovered that was all gold. She was coarse, and we averaged six ounces a day in pick-ups. Man, that *was* ground! I've flashed my candle along the drift face, where it looked like gold had been shot in with a scatter-gun.

"We was cleaned up and had our 'pokes' at the post when the first boat from Dawson smoked round the bend.

"Now, in them days, a man's averdupoise was his abstract of title. There was nothing said about records and patentees as long as you worked your ground; but, likewise, when you didn't work it, somebody else usually did. We had a thousand feet of as good dirt as ever laid out in the rain; but there was men around drulin' to snipe it, and I knowed it was risky to leave. However, I saw what was gnawin' at the boy, and if ever a man needed a friend and criminal lawyer, that was the time. According to the zodiac, certain persons, to the complainant unknown, had a mess of trouble comin' up, and I wanted to have the bail money handy.

"We jumped camp together. I made oration to the general gnat-bitten populace, from the gang-plank, to the effect that one William P. Joyce, trap, crap, and snap

shooter was due to happen back casual most any time, and any lady or gent desirous of witnessin', at first hand, a shutzenfest with live targets, could be gratified by infestin' in person or by proxy, the lands, tenements, and hereditaments of me and the kid.

"Well, we hit the Seattle docks at a canter, him headed for the Postal Telegraph, me for a fruit-stand. I bought a dollar's worth of everything, from cracker-jack to cantaloupe, reserving the local option of eatin' it there in whole or in part, and returning for more. First fresh fruit in three years. I reckon my proudest hour come when I found, beyond peradventure, that I hadn't forgot the 'Georgy Grind.' What? 'Georgy Grind' consists of feeding rough-hewed slabs of watermelon into your sou' sou'east corner, and squirting a stream of seeds out from the other cardinal points, without stopping or strangling.

"I et and et, and then wallered up to the hotel, sweating a different kind of fruit juice from every pore. Not wishing to play any favorites, I'd picked up a basket of tomatoes, a gunny-sack of pineapples, and a peck of green plums on the way. Them plums done the business. I'd orter let bad enough alone. They was non-union, and I begin having trouble with my inside help. Morrow turned in a hurry-up call for the Red Cross, two medical colleges, and the Society of Psycolic Research. Between 'em they diagnosed me as containing everything from housemaid's knee to homesickness of the vital organs, but I *know*, I swallered a plum pit and it sprouted.

"Next day, when I come out of it, Justus had heard from Denver. His wife had been gone a year, destination unknown. Somebody thought she went to California, so, two days later, we registered at the Palace, and the 'Frisco police begin dreaming of five thousand dollar rewards.

"It was no use, though. One day I met Struthers on Market Street, and he was scared stiff to hear that Morrow was in town. It seems he was night editor of one of the big dailies.

" 'Do you know where the girl is?' says I.

" 'Yes, she's in New York,' he answers, looking queer, so I hurried back to the hotel.

"As I was explaining to Morrow, a woman passed us in the hall with a little boy. In the dimness, the lad mistook Justus.

" 'Oh, papa, papa!' he yells, and grabs him by the knees, laughing and kicking.

" 'Ah-h!' my pardner sighs, hoarse as a raven, and quicker'n light he snatched the little shaver to him, then seeing his mistake, dropped him rough. His face went gray again, and he got wabbly at the hinges, so I helped him into the parlor. He had that hungry, Yukon look, and breathed like he was wounded.

" 'You come with me,' says I, 'and get your mind off of things. The Eastern Limited don't leave till midnight. Us to the theater!'

"It was a swell tepee, all right. Variety house, with moving pictures, and actorbats, and two-ton soubrettes, with Barrios diamonds and hand-painted socks.

"First good show I'd seen in three years, and naturally humor broke out all over me. When joy spreads its wings in my vitals, I sound like a boy with a stick running past a picket fence. Not so Morrow. He slopped over the sides of his seat, like he'd been spilled into the house.

"Right after the sea-lions, the orchestra spieled some teetery music, and out floats a woman, slim and graceful as an antelope. She had a big pay-dump of brown hair, piled up on her hurricane deck, with eyes that snapped and crinkled at the corners. She single-footed in like a Derby colt, and the somnambulists in the front row begin to show cause. Something about her startled me, so I nudged the kid, but he was chin-deep in the plush, with his eyes closed. I marked how drawed and haggard he looked; and then, of a sudden he raised half onto his feet. The girl had begun to sing. Her voice was rich and low and full of deep, still places, like a mountain stream. But Morrow! He sunk his fingers into me, and leaned for'rad, starin' as though Paradise had opened for him, while the sweat on his face shone like diamond chips.

" It was the girl of the locket, all right, on the stage again — in vaudeville.

"Her song bubbled along, rippling over sandy, sunlit gravel bars, and slidin' out through shadowy trout pools beneath the cool alder thickets, and all the time my pardner sat burning his soul in his eyes, his breath achin' out through his throat. Incidental, his digits was knuckle-deep into the muscular tissue of William P., the gent to the right.

"When she quit I had to jam him back.

"For an encore she sang a reg'lar American song, with music to it. When she reached

the chorus she stopped. Then away up in the balcony sounded the tiny treble of a boy's soprano, sweet as the ring of silver. The audience turned, to a man, and we seen perched amongst the newsboys, the littlest, golden-haired youngster, 'bout the size of your thumb, his eyes glued to the face of his mother on the stage below, pourin' out his lark song, serious and frightened. Twice he done it, while by main stren'th I held his father to the enjoyments of a two-dollar orchestra chair.

"'Let us in,' we says, three minutes later, to the stranger at the stage door, but he looked upon us with unwelcome, like the seven-headed hydrant of Holy Writ.

"'It's agin' the rules,' says he. 'You kin wait in the alley with the other Johnnies.'

"I ain't acclimated to the cold disfavor of a stage door, never having soubretted along the bird and bottle route. I was for the layin' on of hands. Moreover, I didn't like the company we was in,—'Johnnies,' by designation of the Irish terrier at the wicket. They smoked ready-made cigarettes, and some of 'em must have measured full eight inches acrost the chest.

"'Let us stroll gently but firmly into, over, and past the remains of this party, to the missus,' says I, but Morrow got seized with the shakes, of a sudden.

"'No, no. We'll wait here.'

"At last she come out, steppin' high. When she moved she rustled and rattled like she wore sandpaper at the ankles.

"Say, she was royal! She carried the youngster in her arms, sound asleep, and it wasn't till she stepped under the gaslight that she seen us.

"'Oh!' she cried, and went white as the lace of her cloak. Then she hugged the kiddie clost to her, standing straight and queenly, her eyes ablaze, her lips moist, and red, and scornful.

"Gosh, she was grand — but him? He looked like a barnacle.

"'Olive!' says he, bull-froggy, and that's all. Just quit like a dog and ate her up by long-distance eyesight. Lord! Nobody would have knowed him for the same man that called the crookedest gamblers on the Yukon, and bolted newspaper men raw. He had ingrowing language. It oozed out through his pores till he dreened like a harvest hand. *I'd* have had her in my arms in two winks, so that all hell and a policeman couldn't have busted my holt till she'd said she loved me.

"She shriveled him with a look — the likes of which ain't strayed over the Mason-Dixon line since Lee surrendered — and swept by us, invitin' an' horspitable as an iceberg in a cross-sea. Her cab door slammed, and I yanked Morrow out of there, more dead than alive.

"'Let me go home,' says he wearily.

"'You bet!' I snorts. 'It's time you was tucked in. The dew is fallin' and some rude person might accost you. You big slob! There's a man's work to do to-night, and as I don't seem to have no competition in holding the title, I s'pose it's my lead.' I throwed him into a carriage. 'You'd best put on your nighty, and have the maid turn down your light. Sweet dreams, Gussie!' I was plumb sore on him. History don't record no divorce suits in the Stone Age, when a domestic inclined man allus toted a white-oak billy, studded with wire nails, according to the pictures, and didn't scruple to use it, both at home and abroad. Women was hairy, them days, and harder to make love, honor, and obey; but principles is undyin'.

"I boarded another cab:

"'Drive me to number —' giving him the address I'd heard her use.

"'Who is it?' came her voice when I rang the bell.

"'Messenger boy,' I replies, perjuring my vocal cords.

"When she opened the door I pushed through and closed it behind me.

"'What does this mean?' she cried. 'Help!'

"'Shut up! It means you're killing the best boy in the world, and I want to know why.'

"'Who are you?'

"'I'm Bill Joyce, your husband's pardner. Old Tarantula Bill, that don't fear no man, woman, or child that roams the forest. I'm here to find what ails you ——'

"'Leave this house, sir!'

"'Well, not to any extent. You're a good girl; I knowed it when I first seen your picture. Now, I want you to tell me ——'

"'Insolent! Shall I call the police?' Her voice was icy, and she stood as solid as stone.

"'Madam, I'm as gentle as a jellyfish, and peaceful to a fault, but if you raise a row before I finish my talk I'll claim no responsibility over what occurs to the first eight or ten people that intrudes,' and I drawed my

skinnin' knife, layin' it on the pianner. 'Philanthropy is raging through my innards, and two loving hearts need joining!'

"'I don't love him,' she quotes, like a phonograft, ignoring my cutlery.

"'I'll take exception to that ruling,' and I picks up a picture of Justus she'd dropped as I broke in. She never batted an eye.

"'I nursed that lad through brain-fever, when all he could utter was your name.'

"'Has he been sick?' The first sign of spring lit up her peaks.

"'Most dead. Notice of the divorce done it. He's in bad shape yet.' Morrow never had a sick day in his life, but I stomped both feet on the soft pedal, and pulled out the tremulo stop.

"'Oh! Oh!' Her voice was soft, though she still stood like a birch.

"'Little girl,' I laid a hand on her shoulder. 'We both love that boy. Come, now, what is the matter?'

"She flashed up like powder.

"'Matter? I thought he was a gentleman, even though he didn't love me; that he had a shred of honor, at least. But no! He went to Alaska and made a fortune. Then he squandered it, drinking, fighting, gambling, and frittering it away on women.'

"'Hold up! Your dope sheet is way to the bad. There's something wrong with your libretto. Who told you all that?'

"'Never mind. I have proof. Look at these, and you dare to ask me why I left him?'

"She dragged out some pictures and throwed 'em at me.

"'Ah! Why didn't I let the kid kill him?' says I, through my teeth.

"The first was the gambling-room of The Reception. There stood Morrow with the men under foot; there was the bottles and glasses; the chips and cards, and also the distressful spectacle of Tarantula Bill Joyce, a number twelve man, all gleaming teeth and rolling eyeballs, inserting hisself into a number nine opening, and doing surprising well at it.

"'Look at them. Look at them well,' she gibed.

"The second was the Gold Belt dance-hall, with the kid cavorting through a drunken orgy of painted ladies, like a bull in a pansy patch. But the other — it took my breath away till I felt I was on smooth ice, with cracks showing. It was the inside of a cabin, after a big 'pot-latch,' displaying a table littered up with fizz bottles and dishes galore. Diamond Tooth Lou stood on a chair, waving kisses and spilling booze from a mug. In the center stood Morrow with another girl, nestling agin his boosum most horrible lovin'. Gee! It was a home splitter, and it left me sparring for wind. The whole thing exhaled an air of debauchery that would make a wooden Indian blush. No one thing in particular; just the general local color of a thousand-dollar bender.

"'Charming, isn't it?' she sneered.

"'I don't savvy the burro. There's something phony about it. I can explain the other two, but this one —.' Then it come to me in a flash. The man's face was perfect, but he wore knickerbockers! Now, to my personal knowledge, the only being that ever invaded Rampart City in them things was R. Alonzo Struthers.

"'There's secrets of the dark-room that I ain't wise to,' says I, 'but I feel that this is going to be a bad night for the newspaper enterprise of 'Frisco if it don't explain. I'll fetch the man that busted your Larrys and Peanuts.'

"'Our what?' says she.

"'Larrys and Peanuts — that's Roman. The kid told me all about 'em. They're sort of little cheap gods!'

"'Will you ever go?' she snapped. 'I don't need your help. Tell him I *hate* him!' She stamped her foot, and the iron come into her again till the pride of all Kentucky blazed in her eyes.

"She couldn't understand my explanations no more than I could, so I ducked. As I backed out the door, though, I seen her crumple up and settle all of a heap on the floor. She certainly did hate that man scandalous.

"I'm glad some editors work nights. Struthers wasn't overjoyed at my call, particular, as I strayed in with two janitors dangling from me. They said he was busy and couldn't be interrupted, and they seemed to insist on it.'

"'It's a bully night,' says I, by way of epigram, unhooking the pair of bouncers. 'You wouldn't like me to take you ridin' perhaps?'

"'Are you drunk, or crazy?' says he. 'What do you mean by breaking into my office? I can't talk to you; we're just going to press.'

"'I'd like to stay and watch it,' says I, 'but I've got a news item for you.' At the

same time I draws my skinner and lays it on the back of his neck, tempting. Steel, in the lamplight, is discouraging to some temperaments. One of the body-guards was took with urgent business, and left a streamer of funny noises behind him, while the other gave autumn-leaf imitations in the corner. Struthers looked like a dose of seasickness on a sour stomach.

"'Get your hat. Quick!' I jabbed him, gentle and encouraging.

"Age allus commands respect. Therefore the sight of a six-foot grizzled Klondiker in a wide hat, benevolently prodding the night editor in the short ribs and apple sauce, with eight bright and chilly inches, engendered a certain respect in the reportorial staff.

"'You're going to tell Mrs. Morrow all about the pretty pictures,' I says, like a father.

"'Let me go, curse you!' he frothed, but I wedged him into a corner of the cab and took off his collar — in strips. It interfered with his breathing, as I couldn't get a holt low enough to regulate his respiration. He kicked out two cab windows, but I bumped his head agin the woodwork, by way of repartee. It was a real pleasure, not to say recreation, experimenting with the noises he made. Seldom I get a neck I give a cuss to squeeze. His was number fifteen at first, by the feel; but I reduced it a quarter size at a time.

"When we got there I helped him out, one hand under his chin, the other back of his ears. I done it as much from regard of the neighbors as animosities to him, for it was the still, medium small hours. I tiptoed in with my treatise on the infamies of photography gurgling under my hand, but at the door I stopped. It was ajar; and there, under the light, I spied Morrow. In his arms I got glimpses of black lace and wavy brown hair, and a white cheek that he was accomplishing wonders with. They wouldn't have heard a man-hole explosion.

"'He's still fitting to be my pardner,' I thinks, and then I heard Struthers's teeth chatter and grind. I looked at him, and the secret of the whole play came to me.

"Never having known the divine passion, it ain't for me to judge, but I tightened on his voice-box and whispered:

"'You've outlived your period of usefulness, Struthers, and it's time to go. Let us part friends, however.' So I bade him Godspeed from the top step.

"Looking back on the evening now, that adieu was my only mistake. I limped for a week — he had a bottle in his hip pocket."

A MORNING IN MAY

BY

CLAUDE C. WASHBURN

I was out in the cool of the morning,
When the birds were beginning to sing.
Each calling to each
In the day newly-born,
Each calling to each
In the fresh-scented morn;
Calling — "Oh it is Spring! it is Spring!"

And the dew-laden lilacs about me,
And the hum of an early bee's wing,
And the murmuring boughs
Of the new-leafing trees,
And the soft-stirring boughs
Rustling low in the breeze
Whispered — "Ah, it is Spring! it is Spring!"

The Marriage Morn

By ETHEL TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. Y. CORY

SHE had looked for the sun hour after hour during the wakeful night, but now, when he came flooding magnificently into the room, her head was well down among the pillows and she was far away from all thought or care of him.

At seven a child tugged at her.

"Oh, wake up, wake up," urged a little disgusted voice. "How *can* you go on sleeping and sleeping?"

The girl's eyes flew open, alarm in them.

"What is it?" she asked.

The child surveyed her impatiently.

"You *are* a nice one," she said; "why, it's the very day!"

Then Ellice sat up in bed, and her loose plait came undone and all the waves of her bright young hair fell around her shoulders, a tender veil for the suddenly pink cheeks.

"What day?" she said faintly.

The child gazed at her speechlessly. "You can't have forgotten," she cried; "why, it's the day I'm going to be bridesmaid!"

She had raised her excited voice and the last words came out quite shrilly.

"Why, so it is!" The girl shook her veil still closer around her.

"And just look at this piece of hair!" Maude's voice fell almost into a crying key as she held out one long strand of light, perfectly straight hair that had escaped in the night from the pins that were to make all the rest of her head a mass of curls. "You couldn't have *half* done it last night, Ellie. I shall look just horrid; not a bit a proper bridesmaid."

"Perhaps I could curl it with the tongs," Ellice said softly. "Run off and dress, darling, and I'll try later."

"You'll want to be putting on all your own things then," Maude said, with an aggrieved glance at the billowy wedding-dress laid out in readiness on the ottoman.

"I will find time," said Ellice, and the small nightgowned figure disappeared through the doorway, clutching in one hand the refractory strand of hair that had refused to lie in a packet with its neighbors all night.

Then the girl slipped out of bed, locked her door, and crossed instantly, with bare eager feet, to the window.

Such a happy day! A sun, shining-eyed and yet gentle, though here were the days of midsummer. He let the dew tremble on the grass, and the rose-leaves, and the spider's magic silver that swung between the shrubs, for more than an hour beyond the short grace he usually allowed it.

How trim were the flower-beds! how closely cropped the lawns!

They looked unfamiliar to Ellice's eyes, for this was no house of wealth; she was used to standing early at her window and being nodded to by long-haired, poetic lawns and careless wealths of flowers and weeds. And there was Tom already down — dear old ugly Tom, her brother — going anxiously around

to see if a weed had dared to spring up, or a flower to die, since yesterday when he had worked so hard.

"Oh, leave a few weeds," she called out entreatingly. "It is just like everybody's garden now."

But he looked so hurt and horrified she hastened to say she was only in fun.

Oh, the blessed daylight. How joyous and clear everything looked now!

Last night — was it only last night she had stood at this same window and cried and cried and cried? She was tired, of course, tired to death, with helping with all the preparations, and packing her clothes, and writing hurried letters of thanks for wedding presents just come, and soothing Maude, and keeping her father good-humored.

She had sobbed that she wouldn't be married, that she couldn't be married — that it was all no use; she would slip away quietly in the morning and go and stay somewhere all by herself, and people could laugh and wonder till they died. She couldn't dress up in all those strange white clothes and be stared at by crowds of people she cared nothing for, and kissed by forty girl-friends and forty aunts and friends of her mother.

"crossed instantly, with bare eager feet, to the window"

Hal! Oh, Hal could follow her and they could be married in some quiet little church somewhere, in their quietest clothes.

No, she thought it would be better still if Hal didn't follow her — Hal, whom she loved with all her heart, and who was worthy of all that love.

She would rather just stay herself, and not plunge blindly into any strange waters.

All the throbbings of love, the tender ecstacies, seemed dead. Hal was a stranger to her — just a big man she did not know.

"I won't, I won't," she sobbed miserably, on her wet pillow. "I want to be just myself. I'll slip away early in the morning and they can send telegrams and stop the people coming."

And now it was early in the morning.

She stepped away from the window where she had flown to see how it went with the sun, and began to dress, looking about the dear shabby little room all the time. Already it looked denuded; some of the ornaments, most of the books were packed. What she had left behind were relics of very young days, not worth carrying to the home Hal had built for her. "Good-by, Sweetheart," "Not Wisely, but Too Well," and other such dear, foolish, well-thumbed novels leaned sadly together, left sternly behind when she packed the rows of the newer school of novelists ready for the new house. On the walls there still hung the school-girl drawings and feeble little paintings pride had had framed, the patch of Christmas cards from long forgotten schoolfriends, the texts her sixteen-year-old religious enthusiasm had illumined.

On the mantel-shelf there stood neglected a very blue china girl holding a crude pink china cat; the cook had given it to her during an attack of mumps at ten, and having nobly fulfilled its mission of comfort then, it had smiled out on her cheerily, morning and night, all the rest of her life as far as this white milestone. But, of course, it must not spoil the harmony of new, artistic rooms.

"The last time, the last time," Ellice said as she dressed and looked around. "When I see all these again I shall not be I."

"Ellice," said her father's voice at the door, "surely you are dressed! Maude says you have been up for a long time."

"Just a moment, dad," she called, and, in anticipation of the great toilette soon to be

made, did not dress carefully now, but slipped on a muslin wrapper. Not one of the elaborate ones her mother had made or bought for the trousseau, but just an old-fashioned, school-girlish little affair, skimpy in its folds, and with pale blue sprigs all over it.

Her father was fretting and fuming in the passage. He kissed her with sudden violence when she ran out to him, then blew his nose stormily.

"Come and see what you can do with mama," he said. "One of her faint attacks. I've been reasoning with her for hours and it's no use. She won't be fit for anything — very inconsiderate — not that I blame her. What's the use of bringing a daughter up to the age of twenty-two and then having her desert her home? But you girls have no gratitude. Off you go at the first chance, and never care a button about those left behind. Not that I blame you — I've been young myself — only it's hard — run and see if you can do anything."

Mrs. Layton was sitting on the second bottom step of the stairs, having reached so far only in her intention of going down early to hasten on the two young maids. She had one hand at her throat, helping her to struggle against the ball that kept rising there.

Of course, she had not slept all night, that was to be expected; but she had risen and dressed with the firmest of determinations to be calm and capable all day and not break down one moment to worry the dear daughter she was giving up. It was rather hard, therefore, that the first thing she saw on her way down was Ellice's old garden hat, with the pink poppies twisted round it, hanging from the stand.

"'And just look at this piece of hair!'"

Her husband was tender and irascible with her in turns. He tried to draw her gently up from the step where she had collapsed, but all spring had left her and she sat heavily, just as she had

"father was fretting and fuming"

dropped. He reasoned with her angrily that the confounded hat had hung there all the two years of the engagement, and she had never worried over it before. This when, fighting with dry, choking sobs, she had buried her face one moment on his broad waistcoat and tried to tell him how horrible it seemed that Ellice, her little girl, her first baby, was going from her arms to a stranger; that never again would she catch up that hat and go dancing out of doors to gather roses for their breakfast table!

"Oh, what nonsense!" said her husband. "Now, get up at once and let us have no more of this. Come along." He turned his own blinking eyes resolutely from the big, dangling hat and tried again, tenderly, to drag his wife up.

She grew more and more convulsive and shaking, however, as she fought with herself, and finally he went up for Ellice to come and help.

But the quick footfall in the passage above braced the mother instantly, and she struggled to her feet and went into the room where the wedding presents were laid out, and was painstakingly rubbing a finger-mark off a pair of entrée dishes when Ellice came to find her.

"These are — really very pretty — I like them best of all — so useful;" gasped the poor lady, a prayer in her heart that Ellice would not fling her arms round her neck, and undo her for all future time with a kiss.

And Ellice kept her arms down with an effort.

"I — shall have to be always running home to ask you how to keep such a lot of magnificence clean," she said soberly.

The mother swallowed very hard

"Silversmith's soap," she began, "and perhaps a little ammonia in the water."

Then the father, who had been listening anxiously outside the door for hysterics, tiptoed away relievedly. But first he detached the dangling hat and went stealthily outside, and hid it in the tool room in an empty barrel.

"Remember," said Ellice to the flurried, helpless maids, "the mistress must be kept very quiet and not worried. If you want to know anything, come to me."

But the maids protested that it wasn't a bit the thing. It was she who must be kept quiet.

"Remember," said the mother to the maids, "Miss Ellice must be kept very quiet and not worried. If you want to know anything, come to me."

"Of course," they said.

They had any amount of eager sympathy for the feelings of a bride, but a mother's were profoundly uninteresting to them.

So it fell out that Ellice merely knew of the harrowing fact that the jellies were not set, and that more ice must be sent for; that the hired spoons and forks — without which the noblest wedding would be ridiculous — had not yet arrived, and that misgivings were felt whether the quantity of cake would stand the impending attack, one box not having come to hand and it being too late to send over the long distance for more.

Then in came a string of girl-friends, with baskets of white flowers and greenery, to decorate the rooms. And they all kissed the bride-to-be, and wanted to know what it felt like, and fluttered up to see the dress which they pronounced "really sweet," and fluttered down again to see the new presents that had just come, and told each other they didn't think much of the going-away dress, and as for the hat! Why ever hadn't she asked their advice? Still, it was too late to offer any now, so they fell to work merrily, making a wedding-bell and interlaced initials in white roses, and lilies, and jasmine.

Then in came Maude's dearest friend, Lena Raymond, sister to Jack Raymond who cherished a hopeless passion for the bride.

"Well, how is he standing it?" asked Molly, one of the girls.

Lena had large, blue eyes, and now she languished them romantically.

"It's simply dreadful, poor fellow," she said. "He has hardly eaten a thing for three days, and I heard mother telling auntie she had listened to him pacing about the floor all night."

One of the girls thrilled deliciously.

"Suppose he came and tried to interrupt the ceremony, like in 'The Vows of Lady Adelaide'!" she whispered, hearing of Jack for the first time. "Suppose he tried to shoot her on the way to the altar!"

But the other girls laughed heartily. "Jack was sixteen — only just left school and gone into a bank."

Here Maude burst into the group — poor

"he detached the dangling hat and went stealthily outside, and hid it in the tool room"

little plain, conceited Maude. She was on the verge of tears again.

"Where's Ellice? Where's Ellice? Why doesn't she come and do my hair? Nasty, unkind Ellice! I know I won't look a proper bridesmaid."

Everyone offered to do the unfortunate hair and spare the bride.

"Ellice ought to be staying upstairs, all by herself, quite quietly," said a thoughtful friend. "We have just made her go up — don't be selfish, Maude."

Maude — poor fractious, delicate atom, whose little body had been brought up from babyhood with such difficulty that her

nature had been entirely spoiled — burst into angry tears, and stamped her tiny foot.

"I *will* have Ellice — I won't let anyone else touch me."

"What's to pay?" said Tom, coming up, worry on his brow because the flag arrangement at the gate was not quite up to his liking.

The girls shrugged their shoulders. "Only Maude in a tantrum, as usual — will insist on Ellice doing her hair and Ellice is tired out already."

"'Where's Ellice? Why doesn't she come and do my hair?'"

Tom tried bribery (a guinea-pig), and intimidation (threatened to turn the hose on her bridesmaid's hat), but Maude rushed upstairs to Ellice, roaring and holding out the long, straight lock.

Furthermore, she insisted on Ellice entirely dressing her, and, to save an upset to her mother's nerves, Ellice was forced to agree. Then Maude calmed down and purred like a kitten all through the beautifying operations.

"Aren't they *lovely* stockings," she said ecstatically, stroking the silk open-work hose. "Aren't they *sweet* shoes, and won't everyone think I look nice?"

Ellice kissed the poor child, with eyes suddenly wet. How dear the incessant care for her had made the child, and what a frail hold she had on life! the doctors were agreed it was next to impossible that she could grow up. The parting cut suddenly at her heart like a knife.

"Why, you're crying," said the child wonderingly and then, in sudden affright: "don't drop a tear on my dress, for goodness sake. Why are you crying? Is it 'cause your hair won't curl? Oh, yes, it's as curly as anything. Is it 'cause your white shoes pinch? So do mine, but I don't care."

And now the bride was laughing, and Maude never liked to be laughed at. She grew pettish and pulled at her sash, and said she didn't love Ellice a bit, and was glad she was going away.

But just then Tom came hammering at the door, and opening it Ellice found him cumbered with a big kitchen-tray on which stood a cup of lukewarm tea and a plate of particularly indigestible-looking pastry.

"Here," he said, "you'll have to find time to swallow these. I know you, you'll get faint and go and do a funk, and then there'll be a fine fuss. Let that brat alone — look here, Maude, if you don't cut this instant it'll be the saddest moment that hat of yours has ever seen."

And so frightful was his face, Maude melted out of the room in terror and rushed to guard her chiefest treasure.

"Here, down with it!" Tom put the tray on the bed and took the teacup and put it close beside her on the dressing-table, with a cream cake in the saucer.

And his ugly face was so tender and anxious Ellice drank up all the tea, and managed half the cream cake.

The lad sat on the edge of the dressing-table and watched her, sadness in his eyes as she piled up her hair as becomingly as she knew how.

"I feel as if you're going very fast, old chap," he said. "This will be a mopey sort of a hole without you."

"There's mother," said Ellice, struggling with a twist of hair that would *not* do up gracefully.

"Oh, of course, she's all very well," said Tom, who worshiped his mother, "but she's always looking after father."

"Well, there's father," said Ellice, using hairpins very fast.

"Oh, the governor," said Tom. "He's not a bad old chap, of course. But then he's always looking after mother."

"There's Maude," said Ellice, giving a final fluff, and pat, and shake.

"Oh, Maude!" said Tom, and added anxiously, "I hope all this won't knock her up, Ell. I did try to get her to try to have a little sleep, but you could as soon put a fowl to roost in the middle of the day."

"Coax her off to bed early to-night," said Ellice. "Sit with her yourself, Tom, and tell her one of your stories."

"Bless my soul, do you mean to say you aren't dressed?" cried her father, coming in at the open door, "and here are the carriages at the gate. What have you been about? Tom, you young hound, go and get dressed

this instant. I've a great mind to horsewhip you. We'll be the laughing-stock of the neighborhood."

Ellice gasped with horror, and clutched at the buttons of the little, blue wrapper.

"Just five minutes, dad — go out and I'll be down — just five minutes."

But he raged about the room.

"I know what it will be, mama will be upset again. And the trouble I've had with her — we couldn't button her dress — may the devil fly away with all dressmakers. And look at this coat! I feel like a shop-walker."

"If only you'd go, dad," implored Ellice. "My hair is done and I've got my shoes and stockings on already — I can jump into the dress in a second."

He was rattling the ornaments about, looking bitterly at the walls.

"Where's that picture of the fishing boat? Have you packed it up?" he demanded, glaring from an empty place over the mantelpiece to his daughter.

"That little thing," faltered Ellice, "why, I did it when I was ten — my first quarter's painting. Hal only asked for it because he said — " she laughed a little, "it was the very worst attempt of the kind he had ever seen in his life."

"Oh, of course, you put that fellow first — your own father can go to the wall. And, hang his impertinence, I know as much about painting as he does; it was very creditable indeed."

"I'll unpack it. I'd no idea you valued it, dad darling. I'll send it back at once — but oh, oh, if you would go!"

"There, what did I tell you? Now, here's your mother, now we'll have a nice scene. Here have I been all the morning trying to save her worries, and now you go and upset her by not being dressed. She'll have a frightful attack. Where's Tom? Where is the young hound? He'd better go up to the church, I suppose it's packed by this, and try to keep things back an hour. Well, I wash my hands of it all."

As he left the room the mother entered, fully dressed, quiet, capable, smiling, and she finished the dressing of her daughter in five minutes. Then she reached up — Ellice was taller than she — and put the snowy veil tenderly over the girl's head, and crowned her, herself, with the bridal wreath, and held the face one moment between her hand and looked deep into the eyes, and placed one kiss on the young brow.

"Now, we mustn't keep them waiting," she said, and they ran down together into the hall and were crushed frantically into the carriage by the fuming father, who insisted that they were, at the very least, three-quarters of an hour late.

Maude was the sole bridesmaid — she had willed it so — and she and Ellice had one carriage to themselves.

The bride's heart was pierced. All in that one moment in the bedroom when those eyes looked into hers, she had been married, become a mother, cherished her daughter, and given her up. Oh, the tragedy of life, the frightful tragedy — oh, she was going to cry,

"'Aren't they lovely stockings,' she said ecstatically"

cry frightfully — this dreadful feeling in her throat — oh, how her heart was thudding, how her knees were trembling!

Then she became conscious that Maude was giving her instructions — little Maude, almost lost to sight beneath the bridesmaid's hat and the huge bouquet.

"And, when I'm walking up behind you, don't go too fast or they won't see my sash prop'ly. And don't take all the room up, I want to stand on the step thing, too — if I don't, no one will see me. Are you *sure* that piece of hair isn't coming straight again? He's got to wait, hasn't he, while I unbutton your glove? I shan't hurry and don't you try to help, it's my work. I've got to write my name in the book, too, haven't I? I make lovely capital M's, lots better than Lena's."

The church at last — not late at all — indeed, the girl-friends are quite disappointed that the bridegroom has not had to stand in torture longer.

Tom at the door — Tom with his dear, old, ugly face shiny with his very recent ablutions, Tom with his hurriedly knotted necktie under his left ear.

He squeezes her arm as she passes.

"Buck up, old chap, buck up," he whispers.

Her father, beads of nervous anguish on his brow, drags her arm through his and plunges up the aisle at such a rate that Maude is forced almost to run to keep up and is wildly angry.

A forest of hats and heads, a face or two as seen in a dream, a heliotrope tie with white spots, to the left; some one to the right in blue foulard, with a pattern of daisies on it — where had she seen that pattern before? oh, yes, at the bargain sale she went to to get pretty things for her trousseau.

Hal! How odd his back looked in that coat! What a tall fellow he was! He had had his hair cut too short.

"Which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with his presence and the first miracle that he wrought in Cana of Galilee."

Oh, good gracious, she was being married, married — the clergyman was looking straight at her; it was she being married, not anyone else! Let her collect her thoughts; yes, she was in church — oh, oh, she had meant to be quiet in her bedroom all this morning, to kneel and pray and think of what all this meant. Being married! Yes, it was a most solemn thing (hurriedly, and because Maude nudged her sharply from behind — "I will"); Hall wasn't nervous, that was plain, but his voice didn't sound like his own a bit in that "I will."

"Who giveth this woman?" Oh, great heavens, her father was crying — poor dad, darling dad — none of them were in the frightful condition he was; he was shaking like a leaf!

Oh, wouldn't there be a prayer soon? If *only* she could kneel and rest a minute! Why was Maude pinching her again? She had said everything after the parson like a parrot — oh, yes, the glove. What a wide ring and how red — not a bit like her mother's thin, pale circle! Prayers at last: "Oh, God, make me good, make me good — dear God, bless him. Hal, I love you, I love you. Oh, God, make me good, dear God, bless us both."

The dream lifts one moment; she is being kissed by — her husband.

Then it closes round her again, peopled heavily with well-dressed figures who, some of them, kiss her, and, some of them, do not. She fancies it is the men, chiefly, who do not, but is not sure. She talks a lot — she is quite surprised at her sudden flow of conversation, but has not the faintest idea in the world what she is saying. Hal is beside her,

but is no help to her; he is too hard-worked himself, and anxious to say the right thing, and remember all these people.

The dream lasts a year at least, though she walks about, as a change to shaking hands, and she saws at a dream-cake that is very hard and obstinate for a cake of that nature, and she breaks her dream-bouquet into bits, and gives a flower to everyone.

Then she sees — her husband — take his watch surreptitiously out of his pocket, and a most unholy light of joy comes into his eyes.

"The release has come," he whispers in her ear, "another half-hour of this and I'd have been a lunatic for life. We can cut and get our things on."

Then the report goes round, "Gone to change her dress," and the guests fill in the time with again examining the wedding presents, and again visiting the marquee where the plates of cake, Mrs. Layton assures herself, are, indeed, getting alarmingly low; however the ices and other things may be standing the attack.

"That you, Jack?" she says, seeing the boy standing near the door of the tent. "I hope you are looking after yourself; get yourself some trifle; I know you have a weakness for that."

"I want nothing, thank you, Mrs. Layton," says Jack sternly. He is standing with folded arms and smileless, rigid face beside the pretty young married woman for whom he has been finding tea.

Just so did he stand all through the church service, just so was his expression when he went to shake hands with the newly made pair. He had a vague knowledge that people turned to look at him from time to time, but why should he strive to disguise the fact that this marriage was irrevocably wrecking his life? They must have known of his passion for her — let them, if they must, gaze on the havoc now wrought.

"This is my particular chum, Jack Raymond, Hal," Ellice had said, shaking his hand warmly. "You must often come to see us, with Tom, Jack, and I'll be sure to have lemon cheese-cakes for dinner. I'll learn to make them expressly to honor you."

But where was the heroic attitude now? At the mention of lemon cheese-cakes he gave her one wild look, glared bitterly at the bridegroom, and plunged away into the crowd, only to be invited by Mrs. Layton to help himself to some trifle! Would it never be recognized that he was a man and with all a man's feelings?

"she breaks her dream-bouquet into bits, and gives a flower to everyone"

Ellice is dressed at last — she feels she is going very fast indeed now. She has said good-by to her mother, to her father. The girl-friends run up in twos and threes for a last word and a kiss — dear, dear companions of the life just closing, her heart swells with love for every one of them. The maids run up and squeeze her hand; out in the passage she can hear her father fuming that she will miss the train, "never was there such a girl!" Maude, with heavy eyes and the color faded out of her poor little cheeks, sits on the bed, still clinging to her bouquet, still conscious of the hat. She has been scolding Ellice for going so quickly up the aisle, but she is too worn out to be as energetic as usual about it. When Tom comes in and shoulders the portmanteaus in melancholy silence, she bursts into a howl and clings around Ellice's waist, entreating to be allowed to "come too."

The painful scene lasts five minutes, and she is only pacified by being promised a pantomime, and another new hat, and new shoes, with buckles on — her father's recklessness.

Out on the landing — right to the staircase that is already lined with guests —

back again to the little room for a parasol left behind.

The desolate little room! It cries out after her. Again comes the stab of loneliness, of terror. She is going, going fast — and where, with whom?

To a strange country — with a stranger.

And then his door opens and he comes out.

She looks wildly around the room — the blue girl with the pink cat! — oh, she must take it with her — she cannot leave it.

"You are ready, dear one?" he says, coming to her door, no stranger at all, just Hal.

The terror dies; she goes towards him with happy eyes.

"Quite ready," she says. "Don't laugh, I *must* take this. Can you hide it inside your coat until we get in the carriage?"

He takes the vulgar little ornament tenderly, as if he understands.

"Still clinging to her bouquet, still conscious of the hat."

Then they plunge down the staircase, and through the hall, and across the wide veranda, with shoulders up and heads down against the hail of rose-leaves, and rice, and confetti.

The carriage gathers them into its glad embrace, and starts instantly off with them. Ellice's eyes see, out of a hundred and forty, just four people — a woman with a gloved hand fumbling at the lace at her throat, a broad man in a frock-coat walking off in the direction of the tool house, Tom trying to anticipate Maude's grief by picking her up in his arms, Maude struggling indignantly because he is crushing her hat.

Gone — gone.

It is an hour later, and the gate has closed on the latest lingering guest.

"There, I knew how it would be, mama is getting one of her attacks. Not that I blame her, it's natural enough. Tom, you young hound, let that ice-cream alone and come and help me with mama. I know she's going to have one of her attacks."

And, in very truth, Mrs. Layton is sitting on the second bottom step of the stairs again.

"There, there," he says, sitting down beside her, untying her wedding bonnet with gentle hands and drawing her head to his shoulder. "We will soon see her again. We haven't lost the little girl for ever, you know."

CREDENTIALS

BY

ROSE TRUMBULL

"I preach the Word. Why then that hiss,
And why God's message laughed to scorn?"
"Your cheek hath known no Judas' kiss,
Your brow no crown of thorn."